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June 1955 • 35c



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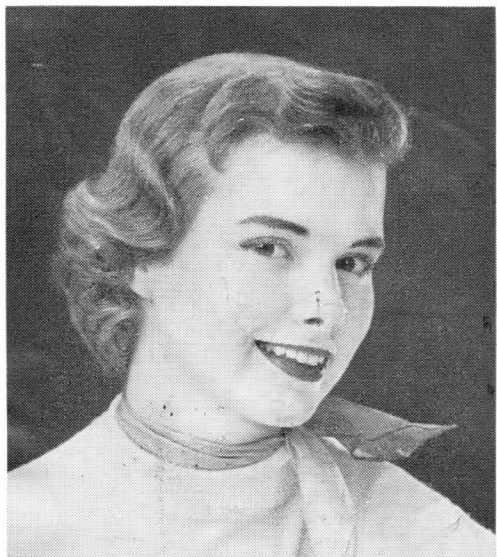
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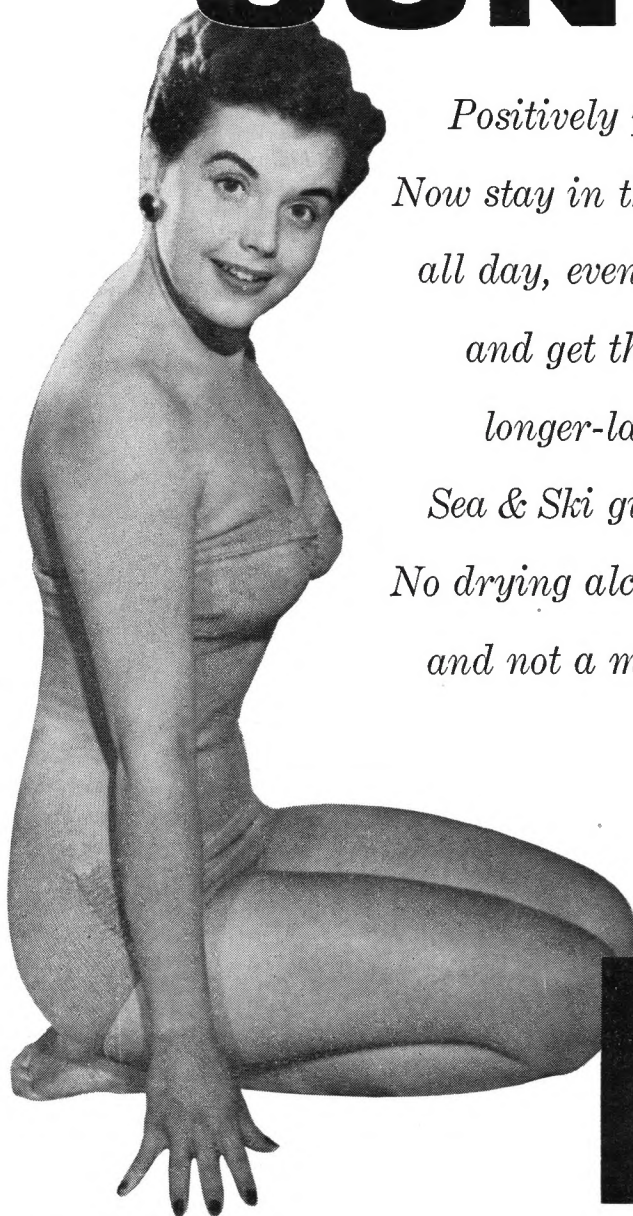
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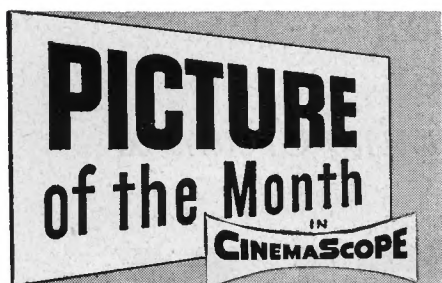
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Our selection this month is M-G-M's "Love Me Or Leave Me" about which you are going to hear a great deal. When people in show business who are usually just professionally polite enthuse about a performance or a picture, you know it's something. M-G-M's got that something in CinemaScope and color and packed with Academy Award potential in its new dramatic musical.

This is the fabulous Ruth Etting story, starring Doris Day and James Cagney, and presenting the songs and excitements of a



career-story that began in a tough dance hall of Chicago's Roaring '20s and ran the glamour-gamut to Hollywood's movie life and Broadway's Ziegfeld Follies.

It takes one top trouper to portray the life of another. So here is the dawn of a new Doris Day. She's the same warm, sunny Day with the stop-everything voice. But she's also sultry, full of the heat lightning that flashes out in a savage conflict between the man who tried to "own" her and the one she watched out of the corner of her heart.

Cagney doesn't sing in this. He doesn't dance. He just turns a soul inside out and wrings it dry. He is Marty Snyder... Marty, the Chicago rough guy who wanted to crash the big-time, who spoke with a gun when the smooth talk ran out, who rubbed everyone the wrong way but found the right way at last. Marty's another feather in Cagney's cap—and maybe another "Oscar" on his mantel!

Co-star Cameron Mitchell is brilliant as Johnny Alderman, the young piano player who dared to love a gangster's girl.

Producer Joe Pasternak and director Charles Vidor have brilliantly utilized CinemaScope to capture the syncopated tempo of the Flapper Age from its torchy tunes to its Charleston dance rhythms.

The songs read like an all-time Hit Parade: *Ten Cents a Dance, You Made Me Love You, Mean to Me, My Blue Heaven, I Cried for You*, and, of course, *Love Me or Leave Me!*

Call it one of M-G-M's biggest musicals. Call it a life drama with music or call it a superb dramatic musical—by any name, it's one of the year's top entertainments.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Color DORIS DAY, JAMES CAGNEY in "LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME" co-starring CAMERON MITCHELL with Robert Keith, Tom Tully. Screen play by Daniel Fuchs and Isobel Lennart. Story by Daniel Fuchs. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Charles Vidor. Produced by Joe Pasternak. An M-G-M Picture.

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COVER—Twenty-one-year-old and pony-tailed Miss Shirley Jones—the "Oklahoma!" movie version's star—looks delightful enough to eat. There's more of her, sketched by our man Whitcomb, on page 40. What kind of girl is pretty Shirley? Well, her "Oklahoma!" co-workers tendered her a bracelet inscribed—To Shirley Jones, God bless your bones, From we to you, Your loving crew. Does that tell you?

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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

GIRL VAGABOND, MEN'S WOES, TALL CORN

Paris, the Riviera, Morocco, Italy—tennis vagabond Karol Fageros has played tennis everywhere, and it's always with expenses paid, including transportation. All Karol takes along, she explains lightheartedly, is "money for cokes and lipsticks and things like that."



Tennis vagabond at Coronation Ball.

What started Karol on this fun and glitter vagabond life which is led by dozens of U.S. tennis amateurs (see our picture story beginning on page 26) was a severe case of waistline-itis. Karol had to avoid strenuous exercise while recuperating from a childhood attack of rheumatic fever. "By the time I was twelve," she told us, "I was so fat I used to cry myself to sleep. Boys *hated* me." Luckily, Karol took the desperate step of switching from crying to tennis. Right away she started dropping pounds, and is now a girl whom male vagabonds are particularly anxious to date.

Ever Meet a Bull?

The other day we found ourselves wandering down a strange path of conjecture, one—who knows—that may lead to a great discovery. What set us off were some random notes we had made on Dr. Phillip Polatin's list of things men worry about (page 60).

What electrified us was Psychiatrist Polatin's item four: meeting bulls. After all, we wondered, how often does a man meet a bull? We were reasonably certain that not one man from here to Madison Avenue comes up against one of the brutes even once a year. Could the item mean Wall Street bulls? After some reflection, we abandoned this one as something that would hardly plague the average man.

Then we happened to glance at our

notes, and there, clear as anything, was the answer. The item read: "meeting bills."

One thing *we're* worried about now is that we can't read our own handwriting.

An Oscar for "Oklahoma!" Corn

How high is an elephant's eye? Well, when the \$6,000,000 movie version of "Oklahoma!" went before the cameras the ten acres of corn especially planted for the production near Nogales, Arizona, was seven feet, eight inches high. If \$6,000,000 says that's where it would stare back at an elephant, that's good enough for us. The corn is a hybrid type that is planted in May and ordinarily harvested in October. But the movie boys said October wouldn't do—they wanted the corn to grow faster. In fact, they wanted it at its peak on July 14. So each of the 2,100 stalks was individually watered and cultivated, and reached its peak on July 14. It was then trucked to the movie location, replanted, and, as far as we're concerned, deserves an Oscar.

In case you want to know how a town feels when it's invaded by a movie company of 325 people, it feels fine. In Nogales, Arizona, where "Oklahoma!" was filmed (why in Arizona? See Oklahoma-born Jon Whitcomb's article, page 40), the Nogales Chamber of Commerce figured the filming funneled more than



Cornstalks as high as a you-know-what.

\$500,000 into the townspeople's pockets. It cost Rodgers and Hammerstein about \$20 a day to house and feed each individual during the seven-week stay. And what with hiring local labor to dig the wells to irrigate the corn, plus the building of a complete farmhouse for \$100,000—well, as we started to say, Nogales feels fine. —H. La B.

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"Everybody Loves My Baby"
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SCREEN PLAY BY DANIEL FUCHS
Story by Daniel Fuchs Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR
DIRECTED BY CHARLES VIDOR PRODUCED BY JOE PASTERNAK
AN M-G-M PICTURE

Dietrich's Scented Songs

The husky-voiced pro and the newest gimmick in records, the pick of Count Basie, miracle-priced hi-fi, and top treats from Chopin to Mambo



The scent of jasmine is wafted with the hypnotic husky voice of Marlene Dietrich from a new, perfumed disk by Columbia.

BY PAUL AFFELDER

Sweet Smelling Dietrich. To find new sales gimmicks, manufacturers have been trying to outdo competitors in the fancy packaging of records. The latest departure is to be found—or rather, smelled—in a Columbia disk of Marlene Dietrich's opening night at London's swank Café de Paris; it's been scented with Arpège perfume, by Lanvin. There's more than sweet aroma here, though—an entire night-club program, complete with rhymed prologue by **Noel Coward**, and with the inimitable Dietrich introducing eleven of her most famous songs, then singing them in her own husky fashion. Of course, "La vie en rose," "Lili Marlene," and "The Boys in the Backroom" are on the program. (*Marlene Dietrich at the Café de Paris*. Columbia ML 4975. \$5.95.)

Tunes of the Twenties. This season's favorite indoor sport seems to be reviving music and musicals of the twenties. Latest to join the parade is the second filmed reincarnation of the 1927 musical, "Hit the Deck," which includes

several **Vincent Youmans** favorites, such as "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Hallelujah!" But one of the best is a hitherto unknown number recently discovered among the composer's effects, now reconstructed with lyrics by Leo Robin as "Lady from the Bayou" and delivered with plenty of pep by Ann Miller, who, together with Kay Armen, stands out in a cast that lists Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Vic Damone, Tony Martin, and Russ Tamblyn. (*Hit the Deck*. M-G-M E 3163. \$4.98.)

More Mambomania. Customarily, the best purveyors of mambos are the strictly Latin American bands. That's why it's surprising to find **Sonny Burke** and his lively orchestra dishing out a dozen of them with such verve and abandon, coupled with a good, steady, danceable beat. Yet it was Burke who helped to introduce the new dance craze here, and he ought to further it with this collection. It includes a wide variety of types, with "Baba au Rhum," "Phffft Mambo," and the amusing "Long Hair Mambo" as the best bets. (*Let's Mambo*. Decca DL 8090. \$3.98.)

Low Cost Hi-Fi. Usually it's impossible to assemble a truly good basic hi-fi system that costs under \$300 and won't jam your living room with electronic equipment. But now Lafayette Radio, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N.Y., will sell you directly or by mail order an excellent, compact system for a total price of only \$124. It includes: sturdy, smooth-running, jam-proof Collaro RC-54 three-speed changer; General Electric triple-play variable reluctance cartridge; Lafayette LA-54 twelve-watt amplifier and Lang BL-10 speaker. The speaker is the star of the package. The first really satisfactory small-speaker unit we've encountered, its cabinet measures only 8 x 9 x 16 inches and matches a speaker six times as big and expensive in the fullness and clarity of both bass and treble. The amplifier is an exact duplicate of a well-known one costing half again as much, and has a frequency range of 20-20,000 cycles. It also features separate

bass, treble, and loudness controls, plus two selectors providing sixteen different combinations of equalization to match all popular recording characteristics, jacks for all types of phonograph pickups, radio, TV, and tape, and a jack for recording on tape. The system comes ready to connect and play.

Stockings in Long Run. Probably no Broadway show ever had as long a tryout as "*Silk Stockings*," the Cole Porter-George S. Kaufman-Leueen MacGrath-Abe Burrows musical version of the movie, "Ninotchka." It was well worth the wait, however, because it resulted in one of Porter's smartest, most sophisticated collections of words and music. This good-natured spoof of Communism has turned up the Grable-like Gretchen Wyler and husky-voiced Hildegard Neff, and has returned Don Ameche to Broadway as a singing matinee idol. RCA Victor's original-cast disk recreates memorably warm love songs like "All of You" and "Silk Stockings," and witty Porteriana like "Stereophonic Sound," "Paris Loves Lovers," and "Siberia." In addition, there are bursting boilers like "Josephine" and "The Red Blues." (*Silk Stockings*. RCA Victor LOC 1016. \$4.98.)

Chopin sans Sentiment. It has been said that if a pianist can master both books of Chopin Etudes, he can play just about anything. Too often, however, in an effort to cover up their technical difficulties, pianists interpret these etudes too sentimentally. But **Gulomar Novacek**, in her new recording of the 12 Etudes, Opus 10, happily avoids excesses of sentimentality, giving a clean, strong, vibrant account of this appealing music. Chopin's Scherzo No. 1 in B Minor is also included on this sparkingly reproduced disk. (*Chopin: 12 Etudes, Opus 10; Scherzo No. 1 in B Minor, Opus 20*. Vox PL 9070. \$5.95.)

Greater Swan Lake. Until the Sadler's Wells Ballet danced the full four-act "Lac des Cygnes" here a few years ago, Americans knew "Swan Lake" only

in a condensed one-act version. Still, it seems, we haven't heard nearly all of Tschaikowsky's wonderful music for this popular work. **Antal Dorati**, a veteran ballet conductor, has gone back to the composer's original score, which he presents for the first time on records in a vibrant reading with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in a lavishly packaged and brilliantly reproduced Mercury album. In addition to the many familiar numbers, there is a lot of "new" material, including the nucleus for another Tschaikowsky violin concerto, artfully performed by concertmaster Rafael Druian. (*Tschaikowsky: Swan Lake*. Mercury Set OL-3-102. 3-12". \$22.75.)

Longhair Trumpet. Those who think of a trumpet solo as belonging only in a brass band or in the hands of Louis Armstrong will have their ears pleasantly opened by **George Eskdale's** musically exciting handling of Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E Flat Major. Some years ago, Eskdale's performance of the second and third movements of this work on an old 78 rpm disk was a treasured collector's item. Now he plays the whole concerto even more skillfully than before. Franz Litschauer conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra in sprightly support, doing the same for Erna Heiller's

deft interpretation of Haydn's Harpsichord Concerto in D Major on the other side of the record. (*Haydn: Trumpet Concerto in E Flat Major; Harpsichord Concerto in D Major*. Vanguard VRS 454. \$4.98.)

The Count Is Jumping. With reissues of old hits on long-playing micro-groove, jazz fans can spend less time digging through piles of old disks in dusty second-hand shops. Now a dozen choice **Count Basie** items of the 1936-40 era have been collected on Epic's "Lester Leaps In." Its title pays homage to Lester Young, whose lively alto sax shares the spotlight with the Count's easygoing, but always infectious, work on the ivories. All the many varieties of jump tunes are here, but the best of them is a spirited rendition of "Twelfth Street Rag." (*Lester Leaps In*. Epic LG 3107. \$3.95.)

BEST BETS FOR YOUR BASIC LIBRARY (2)

(Approximate cost: \$63.)

Stokowski Conducts Bach, Vol. 1 (Chaconne, Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor, etc.) (RCA Victor)

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major ("Eroica")—Toscanini (RCA

Victor), Walter or Leinsdorf (Columbia)

Rubinstein Plays Brahms (Intermezzi, Capriccios, Rhapsodies) (RCA Victor)
Gilbert and Sullivan: The Mikado—D'Oyly Carte Opera Company (London, 2-12")

Grieg: Piano Concerto in A Minor; Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 1 in G Minor—Dorfman (RCA Victor)

Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra; Chausson: Poeme; Ravel: Tzigane-Grumiaux (Epic)

Mozart: Symphonies No. 35 in D Major ("Haffner") and No. 40 in G Minor—Walter (Columbia)

Ravel: Bolero, La Valse, Valses nobles et sentimentales, Alborada del Gracioso, Pavane pour une infante defunte—Freitas Branco (Westminster)

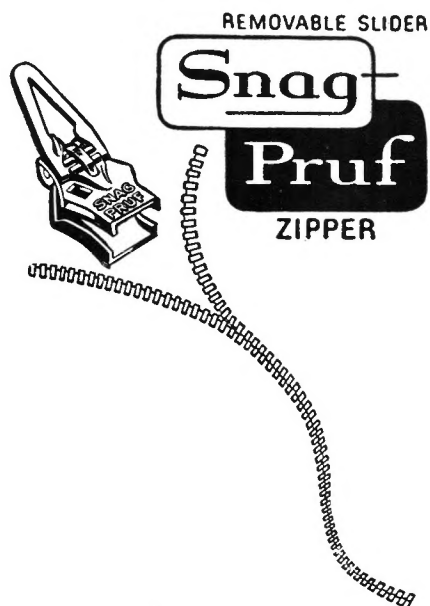
Schumann: Piano Concerto in A Minor. Scenes of Childhood—Novaes (Vox)

Richard Strauss: Death and Transfiguration, Don Juan, Till Eulenspiegel—Horenstein (Vox)

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor—Ormandy or Kletzki (Columbia) Dorato (Mercury)

Toscanini Conducts Wagner (Excerpts from "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal") (RCA Victor, 2-12")

THE END



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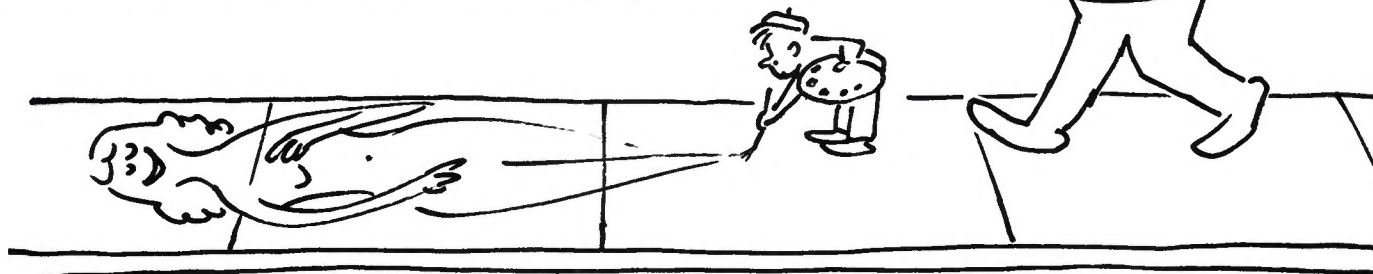
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BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

"Indecent" art. When is a picture "immoral"? When it arouses only immature sexual responses—says psychiatrist Wladimir G. Eliasberg (New York)—by giving the viewer a sense of being a "peephole" watcher and evoking no human warmth or love. Art is sexual in a mature way when it portrays not some physical detail but a complete human being, and is both aesthetically and emotionally stimulating. Because clear-cut judgments of "morality" in art aren't easy, Dr. Eliasberg suggests that courts be guided in these cases by special panels of psychologists, clergymen, educators, artists, writers, etc.

Whistle wooing. Our corner wolf-whistlers are mere amateurs compared with Mexican Kickapoo Indian swains, who have evolved a complete whistle-courting



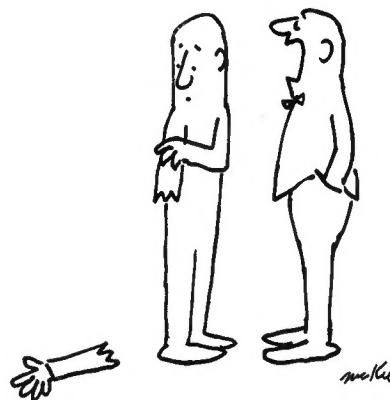
language which they have taught to their willing squawette friends. As reported by ethnologists Robert E. Ritzenthaler and Frederick A. Peterson of the Milwaukee

Museum, who visited the Indians, from dusk to midnight any evening the young bucks go to trysting spots and woo-whistle in musical accents and cadences that can be almost as easily understood as words. ("Yoo-hoo, Doe-Eyes. What-cha doin' tonight?" Girl whistles back, "Got to papoose-sit." or "I'll be down soon's the moon's up an' Pop's out.") The whistling is done by cupping the hands, blowing through the thumb knuckles, and—but haven't we got enough trouble with our teenagers without teaching them this?

Family facts. Interesting new statistics on American families come from census expert Paul C. Glick. *Marriage age:* Average now for first marriages, groom, twenty-two years and nine months, bride, twenty (a year and a half younger for each than in 1940). *Childbearing:* The average new mother has her first child when she's twenty-two and a half, and has or will have two to three children—the last when she's twenty-six. (The trend is toward more children per mother, and fewer childless women.) *Homes:* Most moving is done at the outset; after ten to fifteen years of marriage, only one in five couples moves in any given year, usually because of children's needs. *Living with parents:* If couples are, in two out of three cases it is with the wife's folks. *Working wives:* Until children come, forty per cent of wives have jobs; then this drops to fifteen per cent, but after all children are in school, one-third of wives have jobs again. *Income:* For average American couples, about \$4,000 a year. *Marriage duration:* Young couples now can count on forty-one years of married life together before one or the other dies.

"Talk your arm off." You've heard or said that someone could do this to you. Surprisingly, the psychologists at McGill

University found that when you have to listen too long to a bore's jabbering, it does actually affect your arms, causing muscle strain, tiredness, and an achy feeling. Moreover, the other person's jawing



makes your jaw tired. This came out in experiments in which subjects heard dull recorded talks while devices attached to them revealed their muscle tensions.

Problem campers. Should a "problem" child be sent to summer camp? It depends on the child, the parents, and the camp. Child analyst Rosetta Hurwitz (New York) says: "Many emotionally disturbed children are helped if they want to go to camp; if there are home conflicts and tension is lessened while they are away; and if the camp has an understanding staff, plays down competition, and helps children to adjust. Often alert counselors spot previously overlooked symptoms, which can then be properly dealt with. Even when a child seems unadjusted while in camp, the experience may later prove to have had various beneficial effects. If a young child fears camp and dreads separation from his parents, however, it might be advisable to wait until he's older and better

prepared. Also, it is often wise to skip camp some years and give the child a summer with his family. Parents must always ask honestly whether they are sending the child to camp for his own sake or because they want a vacation for themselves. In any case, where there is doubt about camp, competent guidance should be sought."

Only child not lonely. One compensation in being an only child is that you are likely to seek and find a richer social life outside the home, especially if you are a girl, according to Professor Paul H. Landis (Washington State). Among thousands of college and senior-high students, he found the only-child girls more mature and independent, and more active socially and in leadership, than the others. Half belonged to sororities, compared to sixteen per cent of girls from large families. While the only child worried more about the future, the large-family child was more troubled by current problems and relationships with brothers, sisters, classmates, and parents. This applies chiefly to girls, however. In the case of a boy, being an only child is less advantageous.

Careless collegians. If your college son or daughter comes home for vacation looking sickly, don't be too surprised. Dr. B. F. Jenness, health director at Texas Western College, reports that all too many American college students don't get enough sleep (not turning in until between midnight and 2 A.M.); don't eat sensibly or regularly, often missing meals; don't dress properly for bad weather; and spurn medical advice and treatment because it may curtail their



activities. Much of this is due to the general carelessness of young people. While it can be corrected when they are at home, early training can also keep them on the proper health paths when they're away.
THE END



"NOT A MAN IN SIGHT..."

From the Reader's Digest feature, Life in These United States... "true stories showing appealing or humorous side-lights on the American scene."

As I was driving along a country road with four other women as my guests a tire went flat. My heart sank with it, for my tire-changing experience was nil and the road was empty of aid. Pulling to the side, I hunted out the tools, remarking as I did so:

"Not a man in sight, of course. What we need is an angel from heaven!"

Imagine our astonishment when a cheery voice above our heads said, "I'll be down in a minute, lady." Unknowingly, I had stopped beside a telephone pole at the top of which sat our "angel"—a line repairman.

A Friend in Need

We got a chuckle out of that little story and we hope you did too. Best thing about it is that it isn't an isolated case.

Many a time each day, telephone men and women go out of their way to help someone in trouble. Their friendly, neighborly spirit is one of the nice things about telephone service.

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YOUR VACATION GUIDE

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE



Once a boom town where \$80,000,000 in gold came from the earth, Central City, Colorado, now attracts tourist greenbacks. Its summer festival brings such stars as Helen Hayes to the Opera House stage.

America's Liveliest Ghost Town

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Mink and calico mingle at the world's strangest opera, held annually in the once-fabulous mining town of Central City, Colorado. Again this summer there will be a twenty-eight day season, July 2 to 30, and tourists from every corner of America will be battling for tickets. This summer's program will include five Gilbert and Sullivan creations to be performed by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London.

The summer cultural program, which also includes concerts and musicales, is performed in the center of a noisy throwback to the roaring days of seventy-five years ago. Waiters with handle-bar mustaches sing ballads of gold-rush days. Player pianos pour out their tinny tunes. Denver debutantes toss bouquets of flowers to the conglomerate opening night opera audience of socialites, music lovers, uranium prospectors, saloonkeepers, cowboys, and students.

Central City slid into peaceful oblivion after the big gold strikes petered out in the nineties. So many tunnels had been dug through the mountain that the whole mountaintop above the city caved in to form the spectacular "Glory Hole," which can be seen today. No one knows how much gold or how many bodies are bur-

ied in the endless workings of the mines.

Aside from the Opera House, where such notables as Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt, and Otis Skinner were lured by fabulous fees to entertain the miners and their families in the gold-strike days, there are the famous Teller House Hotel, the Central City Historical Museum, "Old 71" (one of the early narrow-gauge trains), an antique vehicle exhibit, and the Coeur d'Alene Mining Museum.

A handful of lucky tourists manage to get overnight accommodations at the Teller House, which still has most of its original furnishings, including the settees and beds which were hauled into the mountains by oxcart to provide suitable comfort for President U. S. Grant. The Teller House was built in 1872, and its most widely publicized feature is "The Face on the Barroom Floor," now covered by a table to protect it from eager visitors.

Most visitors stay at Denver hotels and drive to Central City, or take the bus, which costs \$2.42 for the round trip. Air lines and railroads serving Denver will usually forward requests for tickets to the opera performances.

Central City is loaded with entertaining diversions. An antique store operates under the name "Unusual Junk" and

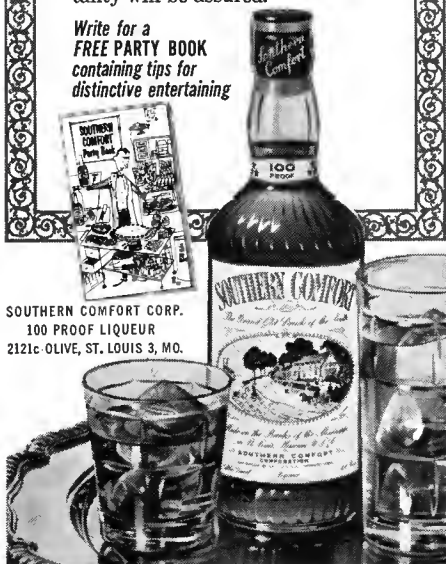
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carries this greeting over its front door: "You wonder if we have it. We wonder if you want it. We both wonder what it's worth." The bars and mechanical music makers are legion, and the display that always stops visitors is the iron shell of an early submarine. It was hauled from the bottom of nearby Missouri Lake and is believed to have been propelled by chemicals.

Bullfights are not always gory. In the Basque city of Pamplona, in the Spanish Pyrenees, fighting bulls are turned loose in the streets on July 7. Amateur matadors, usually seeking to prove their courage to a lady love, challenge the bulls to charge. Sometimes the sport gets rough for the matadors, but the bulls never get hurt.

The French side of the Basque country holds bullfights regularly in Provence. The action is the same as in the big arenas of Madrid, but there is no slaughter. In France, too, there is a special kind of bullfight in the Roman arena at Nîmes. Here the "matadors" dress in white flannels and berets and depend upon their dexterity to snatch a tassel from the bull's horns.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

Florida moved into the big time as a summer vacation area when the transportation lines, hotels, sightseeing, and car rental companies got together to make up an irresistible price package. This year's "Millionaire's Vacation on a Piggy Bank Budget" program is the most ambitious tourist lure in the six-year history of the Flower State's summer promotions.

Sixty-three beach-front hotels are participating, with economy rates for a stay of six nights and seven days ranging from \$17.95 to \$39 a person on the basis of two people occupying a double room. Car rental rates have been brought down to as little as \$19.95 a week, including gasoline, oil, insurance, and one hundred miles of driving.

Meals are not included in the hotel package rates, but most of the participating hotels are offering a brunch-and-dinner combination at a rate of \$3 or \$4 a day.

National Air Lines is offering a number of extensions to other Florida cities and to Havana, Nassau, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and Mexico.

Estimating on the basis of two people traveling together, and taking a medium rate hotel at Miami Beach, the cost of a one-week Florida summer vacation would be about \$170.80 a person. This includes round-trip night air coach from New York, hotel room, meals, car rental, tips, and sightseeing. On the same basis, a two-week vacation would come to about \$244.80 a person.

THE END



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On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe BY DAVID E. GREEN

Monkmeyer



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN...Are you interested in milking more days out of your normal life span? The *Kunglig Medicinsk Salskap*, the official magazine of Sweden's top medical association, investigated the rising death rate for business executives, and found that the most efficient prophylactic against premature deterioration of the arteries (are you reading, Mendès-France?) is—milk!

SWITZERLAND . . . Citizens of this country are given an internal-revenue choice. They may choose to pay a tax of 100 Swiss francs (about \$25) and have the authorities examine their books—or to pay 200 francs, in which case their word is taken and their books are NOT examined. Needless to say, this has been a great year for European companies to incorporate in Switzerland.

PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO...Prince Rainier III, age 31, of this, the world's tiniest principality (area 6 square miles), is one of Europe's most handsome royal bachelors. Recently he visited Paris, and the French drew up an honor guard of 270 soldiers and policemen: that is exactly 30 TIMES the size of Monaco's armed forces!

SOLOMON ISLANDS . . . A native of these Pacific isles showed no enthusiasm recently when government officials arrived at his hut with the news that he had won \$15,000 in the state-run lottery. Realizing he was unable to understand the meaning of money, the officials converted his winnings into wives, which sell for \$100 each, told him he had won 150 wives. at which point the native howled and jumped for joy. (What do they put away for a rainy day?)

MILAN, ITALY . . . A five-year-old girl has been ordered to smoke five cigarettes a day. The doctors who treat Luciana Barboni hope this will help to control her perpetual hunger. The girl has bulimia, and needs daily 5 pounds of bananas, 2 pounds of meat, and 3 pounds of rice. The best Italian physicians have examined her and have not found the cause of her disease. Her father is unemployed; the Italian President has granted him 25,000 lire.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK . . . King Frederick IX is developing a new title—"The Character." One of the reasons is his pride in his tattoos—a fierce dragon on his chest, various and sundry birds flying up and down his arms. In mufti he wears a dagger in his belt, about which he says, "It's useful for sharpening pencils, peeling apples, and hunting." On the classical side, he loves to lead the royal orchestra, and in a recent lottery he offered as prizes thirty original compositions, which his loving subjects heard for the first time.

LÜBECK, GERMANY . . . The latest in coin machines made its appearance here. Lonely hearts can meet mates by depositing two German marks (about 47¢). You indicate gender and approximate age desired, and out comes a card with a photograph and personal details. The unspoken agreement is that the coin depositor be matrimonially inclined.

PARIS, FRANCE . . . Paris is the only city in the world without a speed limit, and despite the jams drivers tear through town at fifty miles an hour. It was Fred Allen's observation that every corner in Paris has a church so pedestrians can say a prayer before trying to cross the street.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA . . . The Caracas Optimist Club elected as champion All-Time Optimist the general of Caesar who, when forced to retreat, sent this report: "It was necessary that we proceed to a point of vantage which lay behind us."

THE END

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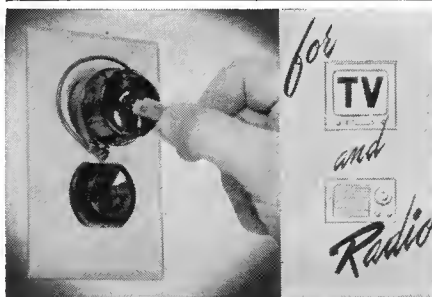
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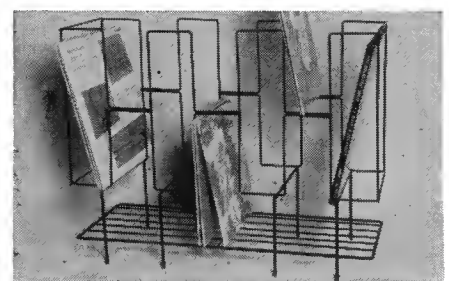
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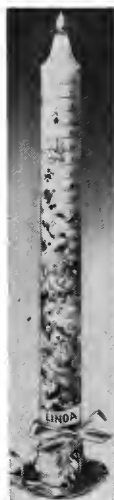
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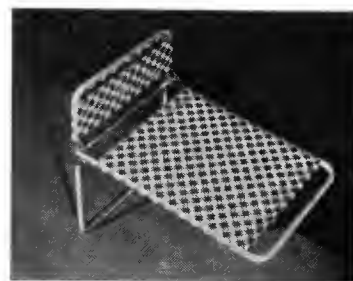
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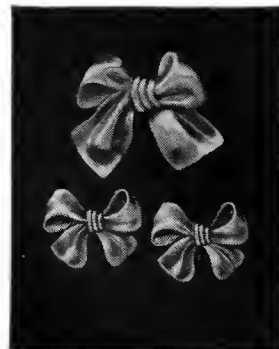
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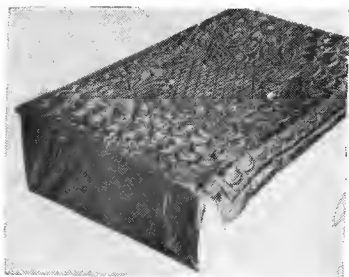


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There Was a Man



It was like Bruce Cutting to insist that I drive down with him to the Cape. His invitation was open and friendly, as if all the years meant nothing, as if change and growth were just ideas, interesting but rather impossible ideas. And he wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

"We can go down tonight," he said to me over the telephone. "As a matter of fact I'd much rather. The Friday traffic is awful."

It was then Thursday afternoon. I'd finished the call I'd traveled to Boston to make, and I was ready to take the train back to New York. I'd phoned him only to say "hello" and to hope that Nancy and their two boys were well.

"Do you have to be back tomorrow for anything special?" he asked.

"I ought to catch the train," I told him. "I still have some calls to make."

"When do you go back to California?"

"Next Wednesday if I can make it."

"Lord, you're not thinking of going to New York just for tomorrow? You're not going to find anyone at all there over the

weekend. Can't you wait until Monday?"

The real meaning of spending a weekend among them suddenly dawned, with that mixture of dread and pleasure which had confused me so many years ago. He mistook my hesitation for polite reluctance.

"All right then," he went on, "if all you need is urging. I'll pick you up in about an hour."

It would have been silly to ask how he could get away on a Thursday afternoon. His father before him had taken the long weekends throughout the summers and so it was natural, really inevitable, that Bruce should not work on Fridays. I was happy for him. He'd been pushed far enough along to be able to take the long weekend for granted.

How could I have forgotten how beautifully their lives were arranged? I decided it was very comforting to be back in Boston.

And I told him so when we were driving toward the Cape.

"Yes, I suppose it is," he said with

Seeing her suddenly,
it all came back —
that frustrating
almost-love affair
ten years before,
and the brutal way
I'd ended it. . . . Now
she smiled sweetly.

"Seen a ghost?" she asked



There Was a Man (continued)

that sublime but unconscious pride. "Except for the war years, I've never been away from it long enough to know. But I understand what you mean. I feel the same way when we go to the Cape every spring. Oh, you'll laugh and call it more of the same old ritual. But we love it. Nancy and I would like to live on the Cape all the time. Do something down there. But what kind of winter jobs are there in a summer resort?"

"I wouldn't think there'd be any," I replied. I meant that I couldn't think of anything that would support him in the style to which he and his wife, and by now their children, were very much accustomed.

"Maybe we'll have to retire," he said, turning to me with a smile on his handsome face. "Our trouble is we're not old enough to have inherited it, and we're too young to have earned it."

That was an astoundingly truthful admission. And it sounded wrong, especially coming from him. None of them had ever talked like that before.

I learned later how much and how glibly they discussed jobs or expansion or merger or investment. If the war had caused any upheaval it had produced this new kind of frankness.

"I've forgotten when you left," Bruce said to me. "Before the war, wasn't it?"

"Father sold the cottage in 1941," I told him. "But I was back for the next summer. It was hardly what you'd call a summer. I was at Camp Edwards."

"Oh, yes, I remember. You had a lucky break, coming back like that."

It was a coincidence, maybe an Army quirk, that sent me to train outside my home town. Technically, it was my second home town. But until then I'd been on Cape Cod enough summers to think of it as home. And whether or not it was a lucky break was debatable. Bruce Cutting was not the man I would choose to argue the point with.

"It was fouled up then," he said. "Some of us were getting out of college and some weren't and some were taking those speed-up courses. You couldn't keep track of anyone. That must have been the last time I saw you. wasn't it?"

I'd seen him on one other, very important, day. "No," I told him. "I went to your wedding."

"Well, hell, you don't expect me to remember that, do you? Wait until you get married. You'll be lucky if you can remember what the bride looked like, much less who was there."

I had been just another one of the herd. Why should he remember?

As for Nancy, I couldn't imagine that Bruce would ever forget how lovely she'd been—a beautiful bride, with long black

hair folding over her shoulders in the style affected by young girls then.

She had cut her hair, so that it was short and curly, but she greeted me with the same warmth. When Bruce and Nancy were married it was like the joining of kingdoms, the king of the boys and the queen of the girls. Everything about it was right and good. It was still right and good.

"We've put you up in the big house," she told me after she'd squeezed my hand. "I'm afraid you're going to rattle around up there. Bruce's mother and father are on a cruise. We don't have room here."

Their summer cottage, behind the big house and off the circular drive, had been built when their first son was born. The arrival of the second had taken their guest room. However, I was to spend all my time with them.

"I want to hear about your mother and father," she went on. "and all about this job that takes you from one end of the country to another. What a lucky guy!"

At that moment I couldn't think of anyone luckier than Bruce Cutting.

"Tomorrow I'm going to put you to work," she said. "We're having one of those parties, the kind that gets us out of debt for a year—we hope. You'll know some of the old timers that are left."

I told her that it would be wonderful, that I was happy Bruce had urged me to come. And instantly I was sorry I'd put it that way. I was still worried about being asked, not asking, to come.

She hesitated, giving me the smallest nod, just the slightest downward twist of her head. But then she smiled and added, "You remember Carol Howe—it's Carol Howe Logan now—you'd know that anyway, wouldn't you? Well, they're coming up from Chatham."

I spun around and stared at her. My mind raced and fumbled. I tried to think of an excuse, any excuse, that would let me depart gracefully. I didn't want to see Carol Howe—or Carol Howe Logan. When you've deliberately tried to hurt a woman, to hurt as viciously and cruelly as you know how, you're not very anxious to face her again.

It was my Greek friend, Cpl. George Costas, who made me see Cape Cod through the eyes of a stranger. We, to use his own sickening word, were "buddies." He pounced on that expression and overworked it for almost three years, through training at Camp Edwards and then North Africa and Sicily and Italy and into Germany.

"This Cape Cod," he told me, "is nothin'. Sand in your ears and sand in your eyes. Grubby pine trees. You mean to tell me people pay good money to spend a vacation here? Listen, buddy, you ever been in Chicago? Chicago is a

town, a real vacation town. They live it up. They got somethin' moving every minute, twenty-four hours a day. Cape Cod—the Indians should keep it."

"What did you expect?" I asked him.

"I don't know. Fishing boats maybe. But not all this sand—and miles and miles of nothin'."

I realized that my own Cape Cod hadn't been what the brochures and advertisements describe.

It hadn't been fish nets and dories and commercial draggers or Howard Johnson's or summer hotels with wide verandas. I had been part of a very small and very protected and very lucky group of boys and girls who grew up in the summer sunshine thinking the depression and the NRA Eagle were just more of the grown-ups' jokes, and dull humor at that. It was a world that revolved around a private beach, a tennis court, and a class of sailboats known as Herreshoff 12½ footers.

At least, I like to think I was a part of them. Actually it was only accidental. Our cottage, a small single-storied house with weathered shingles and a fieldstone chimney, was close enough to those big houses to be considered a part of their circle. But there the license stopped.

My origin was Cincinnati and theirs was Boston, or Milton, or Concord. Mine was Peabody High School. Theirs was Andover or Exeter or St. Marks or Noble and Greenough. Something was wrong with Ohio State. By the time I was drafted I didn't talk about it.

It had been Carol Howe, more than any of them, who taught me this.

She had started the process early, about the time I got my driver's license. "While we go together," she told me bluntly, "you don't have to tell everyone your father runs a laundry."

"What's wrong with running a laundry?"

"Nothing's wrong with it. Only just don't talk about it."

"Bruce Cutting talks about his father."

"That's different."

"I don't see why. My pop runs a fine laundry."

"Oh, stop it! That's not the point. And don't call him your 'pop.' And talk about something besides the football team from Peabody High. And it isn't Peabody High. It's Peabody High School."

"We won the section championship."

"Never mind! You refuse to get the point! Nobody's interested in Peabody High School or laundries."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm interested in both of them."

"Now don't be sensitive about it," she said more softly. "I didn't mean to be rude. You're too sensitive about everything. I'm only trying to help you—to



"Stop it!" she cried angrily, and then a moment later surprised me with a long, full kiss.

help us both, as a matter of fact."

I took my lessons seriously. And I learned them well.

We were together constantly. If, during those summers, it was understood that Bruce and Nancy were a pair, then so were Carol and I. There was enough affection to carry us through the winters, and at the beginning of each summer we were able to pick up again without much awkwardness. By the time I went into the Army I was as serious about her as the frustrating rules of that crowd would allow.

But despite my learning the manners of a young New England gentleman, I didn't think Carol was that serious about me. It was George Costas again who

made me understand the flaws in such a complex.

At the time, he was angling a little fix, or so he called it. He was after a job in the motor pool.

"Got to get off my feet, buddy boy. All them trucks and jeeps going to waste while we hike around. That's kinda stupid, ain't it?"

I asked him what he could do about it.

Easy. I'll hustle the mess sergeant for a beef roast and slip it to the lieutenant in transportation, ease a transfer by promising more, and then pay off the mess sergeant with a ride in my jeep."

"Wait a minute! These guys are no

dopes. You're playing with big people, at least they're big around here."

"Mister, there's no such thing as big people. They're only smarter. Learn the tricks and the dumb ones will follow like sheep. This Army is no different from outside. The secret is to find a place where you can give out a few favors. Pat my back and I'll pat yours."

If his conniving wouldn't work I was sure he'd swing it by sheer physical bullying. He was huge, over six feet, with a barrel chest and boxer's shoulders and arms.

But if it was aggression and nerve I lacked, then George made me understand it.

I changed my approach, and the effect

There Was a Man (continued)

on Carol was hard to judge. I was with her as often as possible during that summer. We weren't given many passes, but whenever we were allowed to leave camp I hitchhiked a ride or took a bus into town and then walked to her house.

There weren't many young men around, only a few on the Cape on leaves or passes. It was a confused world. For the girls, who were no longer girls but were fast becoming women, it was a crazy and cruel interruption. Perhaps that's why Carol and I argued so much.

One evening, she stopped me and knocked my arm away. "Stop pawing!" she said. "Why do you always have to be pawing all over me—like an animal?"

"Oh, Carol," I said, "let's not fight."

"I'm not fighting!" she cried. "But you don't have to pet me like a kitten! You start all the fights."

"I didn't start any fight! What's the matter with you, anyway?" I shoved her away from me and was ready to sulk. It was the only defense I knew. I could fashion myself after Bruce Cutting only up to a point. I could study his reactions, I could imitate his walk. I could talk the way he did. But in this I was alone.

She watched me for a moment and we were both silent. Then she began to laugh softly. "Come here," she finally said and she made a little cooing sound. She reached her arms around my neck and pulled me towards her, and then she gave me a long, full kiss.

There were other arguments, other fights. I provoked our last one, because I was sick of playing the little gentleman. By the end of that summer I didn't care about saying the right thing, or doing it. Whatever hurt she suffered, Carol brought on herself, because she insisted on playing the silly game right up to the end.

"I suppose you're not going to be around for the Labor Day dance?" she asked me one night.

"I don't know," I told her. "There are all kinds of rumors. We're starting to repeat some of the training problems so I guess we're as ready as we'll ever be. Who knows? We may pull out tomorrow."

"Can't you ask them for a furlough?"

"We're on an alert right now. I'm lucky just to be sitting here. This outfit is all set to roll."

"Tell them you'll catch up with them."

"Carol, this isn't the Headmaster's office or the Dean's office. You don't arrange things by getting a note from your mama. Where have you been? The country is at war."

"Well, I'm sick of it. I'm sick of all the foolishness—your running up and down beaches and bobbing around in the bay in those silly square boats. I'm sick

of gas rationing and I'm sick of fish."

"You'd better get used to it, baby. It looks like a long one."

"Don't call me 'baby.' Why don't they do something about it?"

"Just who the hell do you think you are?"

"What do you mean? Just who the hell do you think you are—talking like that?"

"I'll tell you who I am. I'm a private in an army with the job of defending spoiled brats like you—"

"That's the beginning of a pretty speech," she interrupted me. "But before you go on you should remember something. Don't forget, I knew you when."

"When what?"

"When you were a gangling, naïve little hoy with knock-knees. When you weren't too big for your britches."

"Then I owe all my social success to you—"

"Just about. Yes."

"I forgot to say 'thank you,' toots. It's been real."

"Where are you going?"

"Bye bye, Carol. Buy Bonds."

"Don't be cute. Where are you going?"

"Back to the camp. Where else would I be going?"

"Are you coming tomorrow night?"

What was the use, even if I could get away? We were worlds apart. Too much energy had been wasted already, trying to bring them together. "I don't think so."

"Mother and Father won't be here. They're going to be in Boston overnight."

"I can't do it. We're on an alert."

"Oh, you and your alert! Go ahead back to your Army, soldier boy. Have a big fun for yourself!"

I was disgusted and confused when I returned to the camp. I'd tried my best to follow her direction, to play the part she'd picked for me. It had ended in hurt and dismay and, finally, in anger. Pure, blind, vengeful anger.

The next morning, George Costas tried to pull me out of it.

"Buddy, you look like the peach at the bottom of the pile. What's the matter, pal?"

"For God's sake don't call me 'pal'! Nothing's the matter. Mind your own business."

"That's what a huddy's for. What do you think I'm your buddy for?"

"To get lost."

"Say, you need a woman, buddy. Guy who acts and talks like you do needs a good woman. Besides a big fix there's nothing like a real good woman."

I looked up at him slowly. I studied his face carefully, wondering about him. That was the beginning. "I'll bet you like women, George," I said to him at last. "I'll bet you're quite the guy with women."

"I'm telling you, it's hard for me to decide. A big fix—or a good woman."

I tried to be casual about it. It wouldn't work unless he absolutely trusted me, unless he believed me. "You know any women, George?"

"You mean around here? Are you kidding? On this sand bog there's a woman?"

"I know a good woman, George. She's all woman, this one. You'd love her, George. She'd be just right for you, buddy."

"You been holding out on me?"

"I grew up around here in the summertime, George. I know a few women."

"Well, you rascal you. How do you like that? You been holding out on me!"

"You want a date, George? I'll fix you up if you really want a date."

"That's a funny thing," he said, "now you mention it. I've been wondering about that. Here we are ready to leave the old U.S.A. You know a real good woman, buddy?"

"This is all woman, George. All woman. You'd love her."

His eyes grew bright and danced with anticipation. He was almost drooling. "What do you know? Fix it up, buddy. Ol' buddy was holdin' out on me!"

I was assigned orderly duty that night. So I wouldn't have been able to see Carol even if I'd wanted to go. I even felt sanctimonious when I arranged the date. It was the truth. I couldn't get away. I explained it over the telephone.

"—but I want you to show the town to a friend of mine," I told her. "A guy I've been training with. He's anxious to see the bright lights—if you can find any."

She said she might as well. She didn't have anything else to do and she didn't want to sit home alone.

George left for his date in grand style. I don't know how he swung it but he pulled away in a staff car, complete with driver. He was huddled in the back seat and hiding in the shadow. I was sure the guard would throw him a salute when he passed through the main gate.

My hours in the company orderly room were lonely. And they dragged. By midnight I was asking myself just what I'd done. I was wondering what evil I'd caused. By two in the morning I was a haggard mess. I paced the floor, smoking one cigarette after another.

At three o'clock, like a big blow out of the northeast, he came banging through the door. His face was flushed. He'd been drinking and his eyes were brilliant. He had an arrogant smile on his face.

"Why, you ol' buddy you!" he roared at me. "You hold-out buddy, you!" He reached to his back pocket and then pulled out his wallet. He slammed it on

the desk in front of me. "There!" he shouted. "That says you don't know much about the dame!"

"Know much about her? What are you talking about? I grew up with her."

"I'm not talking about that! Go ahead—I'll bet every buck in the wallet."

"What's the matter?"

"You said she was a good woman. You said she was all woman. A real woman, you said, buddy. I'll bet every buck in the wallet you never found out. Come on. Take the bet, buddy!"

"What happened?"

"What do you think happened? You fixed George up with a woman. That's what happened. You fixed him up with a tiger, that's what happened."

"A tiger?"

"A woman, buddy! She led me through every room in that house."

"You chased her all over the house?"

"Of course I chased her. That's what she wanted."

I flopped my head into my hands and then groaned. "Oh, no, George. No. You had it all wrong. No, no. My God, what did you do?"

"I busted down the bathroom door. I mean I busted the lock. She can have it fixed."

"Oh, George, no. You had it wrong."

"It's a good thing I did. She was going to jump out the window. I had to get the screen out of the bushes."

"No, George. You don't understand."

"All woman, you said, buddy. Every buck in the wallet says you never found out!"

That awful night finally ended with his having a fit of giggles and then stumbling off to bed. It left me exhausted and bitterly ashamed and very frightened. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't think clearly. I grew more anxious and terrified and perplexed. Everything was finished, completely and forever, when I did nothing.

The summer ended when the alert turned into a restriction and the restriction turned into secrecy. I didn't see Carol nor did I call her. We bounced out of Camp Edwards one cold morning not long afterward. The next stop was Casablanca. By then Cape Cod was safely far behind me.

For the party, Nancy asked me to watch the trays of hors d'oeuvres and to make sure the empty ones were refilled in the kitchen and then returned to the tables outside.

I kept busy as their guests arrived, saying "hello" to old friends. I watched the drive carefully, hoping I'd see Carol when she arrived. I knew I couldn't avoid her. But I did want to be ready.

When the party was well along, and Carol had not appeared, I hoped some-

thing had kept her from coming to it.

I was weaving my way behind a group of people when Nancy stopped me and asked me to get some more ice cubes.

I filled the bucket and then threaded my way back across the lawn. When I pushed through to put the bucket on a table, I brushed against someone, and I was startled, when I turned to beg her pardon, to find myself staring at Carol. Both of us stood blinking at each other.

"Well, well," she finally said. "Will you look who's here!"

"Hello, Carol."

"Where did you come from?"

"I'm staying with Bruce and Nancy," I told her. "Over the weekend."

"What do you know about that?" she said, raising her eyebrows. "You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"How are you, Carol? When did you get here?"

She didn't pay any attention but turned to pull at the sleeve of a man standing beside her. When he faced me at last she introduced him as her husband. His name was Harry.

"This is an old what you might call friend of mine," she told him.

I disliked him immediately. He was fairly tall, stoop-shouldered, and his cashmere jacket draped in soft folds. He was a bad imitation of Bruce Cutting. He had a freshly scrubbed baby face, but his jowls were too heavy and pink. His pants were held up by a bright plaid belt and they'd slipped below his stomach.

"Sure, honey," he said quickly. "Say, I'm going over to talk to the boys."

"That's it, Logan, go talk to the boys," she said. "Rah, rah, there we were on the ten-yard line. Remember, Logan? Go talk your little game. Have a big fun, Logan."

He frowned at her and a quizzical smile swept across his face but then disappeared. "Yeah, Sure, honey," he told her. He turned abruptly and shouldered his way through the crowd.

"Kick another field goal, Logan," she said, but he didn't hear. She waited while he left, then looked at me. She took a deep breath.

"Well, buddy," she said. "Long time no see."

"Where did you learn that?"

"What? The 'buddy'? Come on now, don't be coy. Where is he, by the way?"

"Where is who?"

"Don't play games with me, George. George—what was his name?"

"Costas. George Costas."

"That's it. Where is he?"

"He's in Dundee. That's a town in Illinois, near Chicago."

I was going to tell her about the fruit and vegetable store George owned. But I noticed that her eyes were taking on a strange, inward look. They were glazed and not seeing. I knew she wasn't listening to me.

"There was a man," she whispered. "An honest-to-God man." THE END



"Dramatic moment, isn't it, Coach? Bases loaded, two out, last of the ninth, score tied, and everything depending on me, a .037 hitter."

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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

How To Pinpoint Pain

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

A new discovery that literally puts a finger on pain will relieve not only physical suffering but mental anguish about it as well for two groups of pain victims.

In one group the pain seems to originate in a breast, or there is abnormal sensitivity to pressure there—a mystery in the past, because no tumor, no cyst, no other well-established cause accounted for it. Most victims are women, but an occasional man joins the group.

The other group, which includes many men as well as women, suffers from mysterious attacks of headache, accompanied by dizziness, imbalance, and, sometimes, nausea. In some cases there is a protracted state of mild dizziness between attacks.

The cause of both types of pain, it's now clear, often lies, not where the pain itself is, but in a muscle—in a local spot with increased sensitivity to pressure that acts as a trigger to shoot pain into a far-off area. The sensitivity may stem from muscle injury, unusual or excessive exercise, or chilling. General fatigue, acute infectious illness, nutritional defi-

ciencies, or nervous tension may predispose one to this sensitivity.

Thanks to recent studies, physicians can now pinpoint the trigger area, then uncock it with a simple treatment. It may be in a muscle under the arm or in one that runs up the side of the neck. When the portion of the muscle containing the trigger is rolled under the fingers, there's a twitch, or contraction, sometimes vigorous enough to produce a perceptible jerk. The clearest check comes when finger pressure is sustained on the spot; the pain and other symptoms in the breast or head start up.

For treatment, ethyl chloride is sprayed over, and Novocain injected into the trigger area.

After other possible causes had been eliminated, every one of a group of patients who had suffered with breast pain and soreness for as long as six months was relieved. The greatest number of treatments needed in any case was four.

There was quick and gratifying relief after the same treatment in most of the group of patients with headache, dizziness, and imbalance.

Withdrawal sickness in addicts deprived of drugs or alcohol has been controlled by reserpine, the drug now in wide use for mental disease and high blood pressure. In most cases of addiction to morphine, heroin, and other opium derivatives, reserpine produces a tranquilizing effect within two hours and often permits sleep, with few of such withdrawal symptoms as retching, diarrhea, jumpiness, and chills. It requires even less time to control the jumpiness and hangover shakes of alcohol, cocaine, and marihuana users.

In bronchiectasis, unresolved pneumonia, pulmonary emphysema with chronic bronchitis, fibrocystic disease of the pancreas, and lung abscess, the enzyme trypsin, in aerosol form, liquefies sticky mucus and clears the breathing passages. In patients with inoperable cases of severe bronchiectasis, a short treatment has kept air passages free from sputum and from purulent secretions for

prolonged periods. Long-lasting benefits have been obtained in other diseases as well.

Drowsiness and fatigue associated with various emotional problems, including menopausal depression, have been reduced or eliminated almost entirely with Meratran. The new stimulant drug gave relief during the day without interfering with sleep at night and without suppressing appetite or elevating blood pressure. Every one of thirty-nine patients benefited.

"The insulin of gout" is a name given to probenecid, also known as Benemid. First introduced in 1949, it has been used in thousands of patients with chronic gout to lessen the frequency and severity of attacks. A recent review indicates that the drug is singularly safe. Used daily for as long as four years by 2,502 patients, it has produced side effects in only 175. No deaths have occurred.

The most common side effects are nausea and gastrointestinal upsets, which often can be controlled by administering lower doses.

When the eyes are affected by shingles, cortisone or ACTH provides dramatic relief. In a recent study, pain disappeared in all but one case within twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Inflammation showed rapid, marked improvement, and increased tension within the eye also subsided promptly. In no case was there any permanent visual loss from the virus disease.

In some skin conditions in which tension and emotional problems play a role, reserpine can help. The drug, already noted for its value in high blood pressure, showed a beneficial relaxing and calming effect in some patients with such emotionally produced or complicated skin troubles as atopic dermatitis, neurodermatitis, pruritus ani and vulvae, chronic hives, and excessive perspiration.

In insomnia and severe pain conditions, chlorpromazine is proving to be of value because it increases the effectiveness of sleeping medications and pain-relievers. In recent tests, patients who had not slept well with barbiturates and other agents benefited when chlorpromazine was added. Others suffering from severe pain, including that of terminal cancer, had more effective relief on lower doses of narcotics when chlorpromazine was added.

Golf hands have been reported by one physician in a number of women patients. The pain, swelling, and tenderness in the hands seem to be caused by gripping the golf club handle too tightly, too often, and without sufficient interruption. The tension compresses muscles, nerves, blood vessels, and bones. It may produce signs and symptoms in both hands, but one hand is usually the greater sufferer. Treatment includes increasing the thickness of the golf club handle with rubber wrappings, using unfinished calf gloves instead of thinner, ordinary golf gloves, and lightening the golf schedule. Ethyl chloride sprays may be used to relieve the pain. Reduction of the amount of salt in the diet helps remove swelling.

For ozena, a notably stubborn disease of the nose with an offensive discharge, a new treatment combines local application of specially prepared forms of streptomycin, terramycin, and chloromycetin with use of vasodilators, Priscoline, and niacin. Of thirty-five patients treated, seventeen showed striking improvement and thirteen others benefited. Three improved slightly; two obtained no benefits. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

and *NOW*...His
Happiest
Motion Picture!

WALT DISNEY'S Lady AND THE Tramp

More laughs...heart...story than you ever expected to find in a movie theatre. A gay picture with wonderful new Disney stars. For sheer entertainment, many call it Walt Disney's greatest.

From the novel by Ward Greene

with the Happiest songs of all

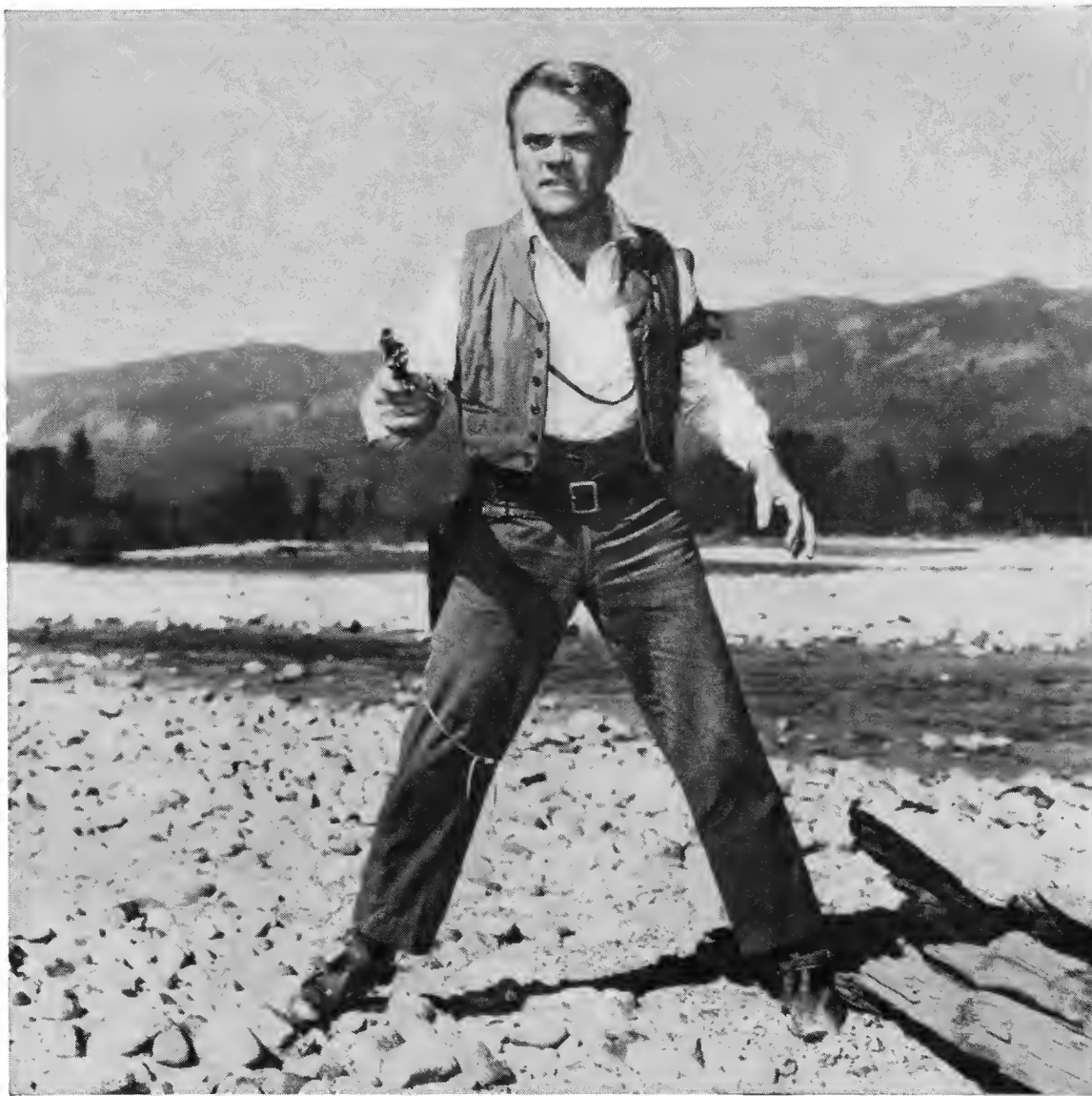
Siamese Cat Song
He's A Tramp
Bella Notte
La La Lu
Peace on Earth



The *FIRST* all-cartoon feature in
CINEMASCOPE

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BEST WESTERN—In “Run for Cover” James Cagney found the action-packed Western role he was looking for. Paramount’s Technicolor-VistaVision filming in rugged Colorado setting made great physical demands, but rigid training gave Cagney stamina and a saddle skill equal to that of young co-star John Derek.

CAGNEY'S YEAR

MOVIE CITATIONS BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

My favorite story about Jimmy Cagney is the one Bob Hope tells. It happened eight months ago, when Paramount was filming “The Seven Little Foys.”

The script contained a scene in which Bob, as Eddie Foy, Sr., was to be honored at a testimonial dinner. In the course of the evening the guests were to be entertained by Foy’s biggest box-office rival, George M. Cohan.

“Let’s get Jim Cagney to play Cohan,” Bob suggested to Paramount. (Jimmy had snared an Academy Oscar in 1942 for his portrayal of Cohan in “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”)

The Paramount executives snorted.

“You crazy? Even if Cagney should agree to play a single scene, we would have to pay him his regular per-picture price of \$200,000.”

“Let me try to argue him into taking the part, first,” Hope begged. “Then I’ll mention money.”

He arranged a lunch date, but before he had half finished his appeal, Jimmy said, “I’d love to play Cohan again.”

Old Song and Dance Still Great

“Now, about the dough . . .,” began Bob.

Jimmy interrupted. “Remember that time during the war when I asked you to play a couple of army outposts with

me, and you did? That’s my pay for this stint.”

Bob adds, “And my pay for getting Paramount this big bargain is that I never had a scene so completely stolen from me in my entire thieving career.”

And he’s right. In that single flash, Cagney is downright magnificent—as fleet of foot as when he was a kid on Broadway, but as deft in characterization as only a mature artist can be.

It amuses me when I hear some of the younger set referring to 1955 as “Cagney’s year” because, besides the Hope picture, he has three others coming out in the next few months. The man who brought the first of the great gangster

portrayals to the screen, back in 1930, now displays his versatility in a variety of roles. He plays the vicious captain in "Mister Roberts." He is a very good but mysterious man in "Run for Cover." And my spies report that in the third film, "Love Me or Leave Me," he is spectacular as half good man, half bad.

He's as Smart as He Looks

It amuses me because I know that 1955 is not Cagney's first great year. The ex-chorus boy of Broadway always has been just as smart as he looks. And he's as smart off the screen as on. He has a farm on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, where he conducts elaborate experiments in soil conservation. He owns my old San Fernando Valley ranch. Marsons Farm, where he breeds race horses. He has his own stable of trotting horses, too. He has a third ranch, for cattle raising. They all make money.

He's also a Sunday painter and a week-day yachtsman. He is married to his one and only wife, whom he met in vaudeville when he was a hooper and she was a chorus girl. They have two adopted children, a girl fourteen, and a boy fifteen. Family ties are very strong in the Cagney clan.

Jimmy's mother would have wanted it this way. She kept her family together through years of hardship on New York's Lower East Side, and she lived to see them all achieve success. Jimmy tells me that as she lay dying, she called them all to her side. She was unable to speak, but she motioned to Jimmy and held up her first finger. This, she indicated, stood for him. Her second finger stood for her son Bill, who is Jimmy's professional manager and producer, the third for Ed, who is Jim's business manager, and the fourth for Harry, who is a doctor.

She held up her thumb to indicate Jeanne, her only daughter. Then she wrapped her four fingers over her thumb and laid the fist in her other hand.

The boys understood. She wanted them to stay together always, and to look after Jeanne.

Jimmy is always looking after someone. It's many a long year since he's earned less than a quarter of a million every twelve months, and this year he will come closer to a million. He can do exactly as he likes, on screen or off, but he enjoys small generosityies like being in the Hope picture, or helping a fellow actor. In a scene in "Run for Cover" he moved in on John Derek, a young actor, so that Derek would be in better focus. During the shooting of M-G-M's "Love Me or Leave Me," Jimmy surprised everybody one day by demanding an unusually early lunch break. No one understood why until after lunch, when a young player who had been blowing his scenes all morning returned to the set letter-perfect. Cagney had spent the lunch break rehearsing the boy quietly in his dressing room.

THE END

THREE OTHER FINE PICTURES . . .



BEST PRODUCTION—"Daddy Long Legs," an enchanting CinemaScope musical by Twentieth Century-Fox, retells Jean Webster's immortal tale. As the debonair "Daddy," Fred Astaire shakes a long leg in delightfully witty dances, and Leslie Caron is charming as the little French orphan girl.



BEST YOUNG ROMANCE—The Naval Academy furnishes a distinguished backdrop for "An Annapolis Story," decked out in Technicolor by Allied Artists. Loyal brothers John Derek and Kevin McCarthy (above) share the adventures of classroom and combat—but each wants all of Diana Lynn.



BEST ACTION FILM—"Strategic Air Command" is the first large-scale outdoor film to be photographed in Paramount's VistaVision. A thrilling behind-scenes glimpse of our powerful peacetime Air Force, it's also reassuring. James Stewart and June Allyson again play husband and wife.

Tennis Vagabond



PRACTICING at Miami Beach's fashionable Surf Club, Karol smashes one over. To maintain stamina in the hot sun, she took a vitamin-B pill and two salt tablets. Her nightly sleep quota: nine hours.

Karol Fageros, ranking amateur star, lives in the lap of luxury—exclusive country clubs, expensive clothes, and travel abroad. She has everything, except money, and each defeat on the courts is a very real threat to her romantic way of life



KAROL DISCUSSES grips with Howard Zaeh, pro at the Surf Club, which was glad to foot Karol's bills during the Miami Beach part of her circuit. Local stores often make good-will gestures to visiting tennis players; they rounded out Karol's wardrobe. This Serbin of Miami blue-and-white checked gingham skirt and Orlon sweater with gingham collar and cuffs were a gift from Burdine's.



WITH FELLOW VAGABOND Eddie Moylan of Trenton, New Jersey, Karol jubilantly reads press notices after her Hollywood, Florida, tournament. Moylan is the seventh-place male player in the U.S. Karol was elated at winning a silver plate, Eddie at winning a portable radio. That evening they took in a jai alai game, drove to a party in Fort Lauderdale.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY GEORGE BARRIS

Twenty-one-year-old Karol Fageros is a "tennis vagabond"—one of the kids who love to play tennis and who follow the sun around the tournament circuit, playing for expenses.

Karol is an amateur. This means, according to the Amateur Athletic Union, that she "engages in sport solely for the pleasure and physical . . . or social benefits [she] derives therefrom." All three are plentiful.

Nicknamed "Fat Roast" at the age of twelve because of fat accumulated during her recuperation from rheumatic fever, Karol took up tennis at her mother's in-

sistence and played on suburban Miami courts with tennis balls discarded by better and richer players. By the time she was eighteen, a slimmed-down and shape-ly Karol had won a Florida State Junior Championship. She is now Canadian National Champion.

Three years ago, Karol joined the tennis-playing kids who travel from club to club, sometimes driving their own cars, chipping in for Cokes, "working" (playing tennis) two or three hours a day. Clubs which hold tournaments provide Karol with transportation, room, board, and sometimes even spending money.

Strict regulation by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association keeps the allotment for expenses other than transportation from exceeding fifteen dollars a day, although a Davis Cup player is under other rules.

When not swinging a racket, Karol and other amateurs are lionized by local clubs and invited to dances and house parties. They play bridge, swim, sail, and date eligible members of the opposite sex. But Karol must take her pleasure sparingly, for only as long as she plays good enough tennis to keep her national ranking will the clubs be likely to pay her way on the glamorous fun circuit.

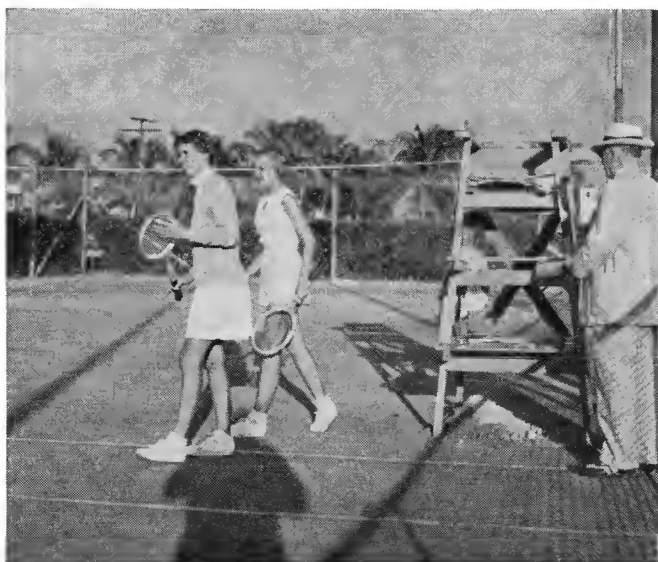
(continued)



KAROL BECAME ANXIOUS about a troublesome knee after a Florida match. She was particularly upset because she was scheduled for an important game the next day, but after half an hour's massage her knee difficulty disappeared. If she had been injured badly enough to have had to quit temporarily, she would have maintained her ranking on an "insufficient data" basis. Vagabonds Lois Miller and Pat Stewart hope, like Karol, to become top tennis stars some day.

A BIG MOMENT for Karol came in Coral Gables, when she walked out to confront famous Doris Hart (left), who overcame leg injuries to become national champion. Karol wasn't expected to win, and she didn't, but being matched against so worthy an opponent gave her prestige.

KAROL TOOK HER DEFEAT very much to heart and tortured herself by thinking that if she hadn't been up late the previous night, driving back from a match in another city, she might have had a chance. To have defeated Doris Hart would have been a sensational upset.



Karol fails her big chance to upset champion Doris Hart



ALONE, not wanting to talk to anyone, Karol made for the car that was to take her home. Up to this point, she had been scoring steady victories. Each defeat, she feels, puts her farther away from seeing more of the world. When she was nineteen, Karol and another girl vagabond rated a trip to Europe, paid for partly by Floridians and partly by the European tournaments in which they played. "I wasn't a tourist, I was a guest," Karol says. "Sometimes we tennis players don't have much money, but all over the world tennis people do whatever they can to help each other. It was wonderful. I think my trip to Europe was equal to at least two years of college. I'm dying to go again. I've got to keep winning."

IN THE CAR, her coach, Bill Lufser, urged Karol not to feel bad about losing to Hart. But she remained blue. Lufser, the coach at the University of Miami and three-time coach of Junior Davis Cup players in Sweden, spotted Karol when she was sixteen, helped shape her game.



KAROL'S MOTHER, an accountant, helps her thank Doris Hart for the game, merchants for trophies donated. Mrs. Fageros spends over twenty hours a week on Karol's fan and business mail. Karol lives with her mother, who is divorced, hasn't seen her father since early childhood.





AT HOME, Karol sits in rolled-up jeans, her feet in hot water with epsom salts, reading *World Tennis*. She can reel off the ratings of hundreds of tennis players. There are three kinds of kids on the circuit: "big operators," who rank highest; Karol's class, which is just below; and a group not good enough to rate getting their expenses paid. The lowest ranking players have either families who can afford to send them around the circuit to play for laughs, or sufficient good looks, dash, or charm so that clubs will sometimes pay their expenses just to have them around as drawing cards.

KAROL'S ONCE-A-WEEK FACIAL (left): a beaten egg put on her face and allowed to dry, then lukewarm water, followed by an ice cube rubbed across the skin. Presumably, this closes pores enlarged by excessive perspiration, an occupational calamity of tennis players. (Center) **KAROL SKIPS LUNCH**, the better to play tennis, but when she's home in Coconut Grove (a suburb ten miles outside Miami, Florida), she makes up for it with night raids on the kitchen. (Right) **ON TOUR**, one of her hostesses gave her the luxury of breakfast in bed with the family pet.





PRECIOUS RACKET hugged close, Karol started on the circuit with a small, one-suitcase wardrobe, mainly tennis shoes, socks, "working" outfits. **THE NEXT TIME** she got home (right), she reshuffled a wardrobe swollen by merchants' gifts. She uses about five rackets a year and, like most amateurs, is usually lucky enough to receive them as presents from well-known sporting-goods companies or stores.



SMALL FRY worship the ranking amateurs and are violently partisan about their favorites. Here three of the youngsters waylay Karol for a few pointers, and she advises them to skip rope every day to improve their timing, wind, footwork. Most of the boys who play at the clubs own expensive equipment and have had expert instruction. The proudest are those who play well enough to be ranked in the "Boys 15" (and under) U.S. Lawn Tennis Association classification.





THE LIVELY, GOOD-LOOKING KIDS get invitations wherever they go. Here, at an informal snack at the Fort Lauderdale, Florida, home of the Ormond Goulds (Gould is former chairman of the board of a large publishing concern), Mrs. Gould and tennis players Nelson Case and Don Dockerill get a kick out of Karol's feeding of aptly named Pantry.

AT A PARTY for tennis kids at the Surf and Town Country Club in Hollywood, Florida, Reynaldo Garrido, Cuban Davis Cup player, gets fed while Eddie Moylan and Al Harum, University of Miami tennis-team captain, watch.



AFTER A ROUTINE MATCH, Karol concentrates as Bill Lufser talks about the importance of strategy. In the course of the match, which lasted two hours, she lost four pounds, but will gain it back within a couple of days.





BACK HOME for a few days, Karol gave the lawn a good watering before she grabbed her racket, made for a neighborhood court to practice with a fellow amateur. Of the twenty ranking girl amateurs, Karol stands eighteenth, works harder than most to inch up.



TROPHIES are old hat to Karol, who owns over a hundred. After an appendectomy when she was fourteen, she was forbidden tennis—and then decided the game was tops, streaked to the courts as soon as allowed.



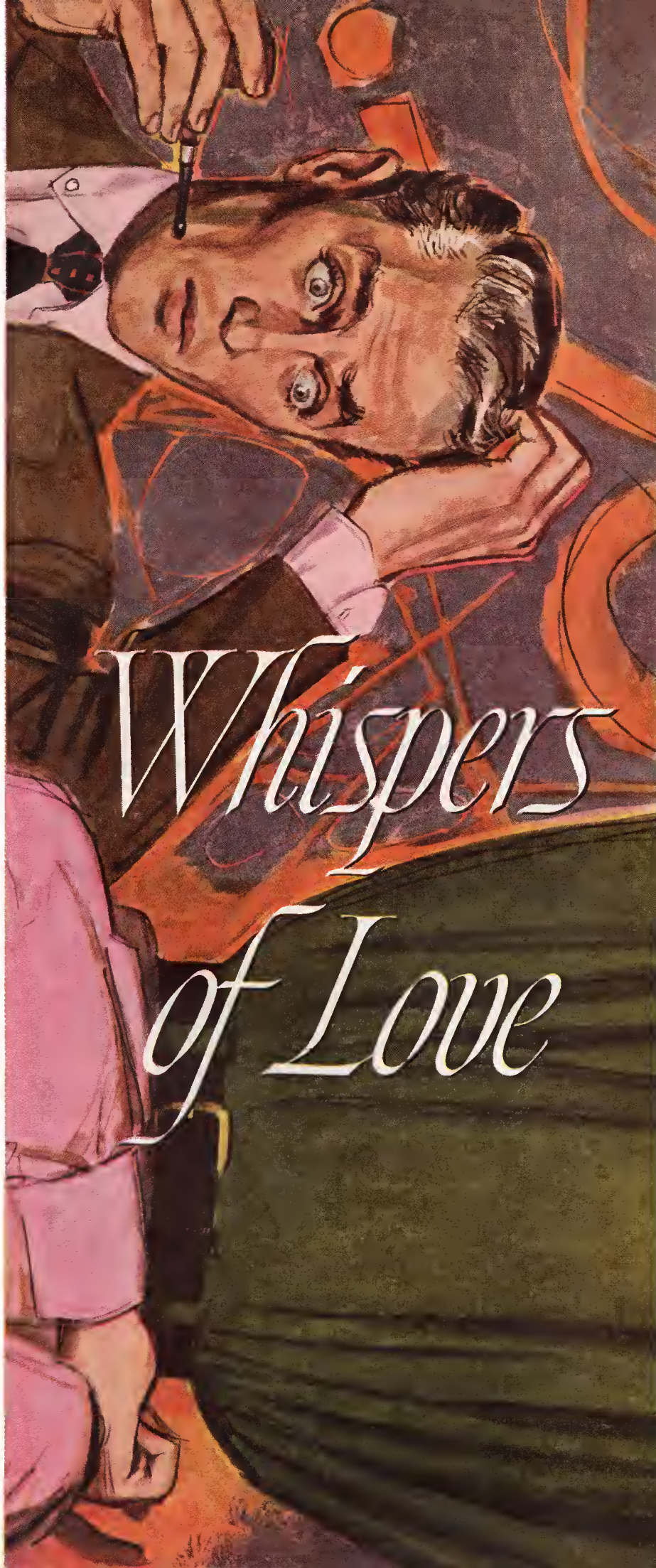
AN EXCEPTIONAL NIGHT: Karol stays home to polish her prizes. Nationally ranking male amateurs outnumber the girls two to one, keep them dated up.



AT THE RACQUET CLUB, Miami Beach, Karol posed for us, then had a final swim before she and her vagabond friends headed for the British West Indies—and their next tournament.

THE END 33





Their love seemed more than
adequate until their
thirteen-year-old daughter
cruelly compared it to
the perfect romance of the
couple down the street

BY SUSAN WEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

If, at the time Emily Forrester was thirty-five years old and had been married fourteen years, anyone had asked her if hers was a happy marriage, she would have said without hesitation that it was. Actually she had given the matter little thought over the years, which might in itself go to prove what a happy marriage it was. She had married Charles expecting happiness, and she had not questioned that she had it and that Charles had it, too. This was why it was so astonishing to have her daughter ask her why she didn't get a divorce.

If she had not been so surprised, she would have had sense enough to treat the question as rhetorical. For Betsy, at thirteen, was in a phase of unbridled intellectual development where her brain teemed with ideas and questions, and the only way she had of telling whether they rang true or were cracked was to project them into the open air and listen to the sound they made.

But Emily, in her surprise, said, "What do you *mean*?" and Betsy, nothing loath, told her.

To hear Betsy tell it, divorce was but the *coup de grâce* that would put her parents out of their misery. It was evident to an impartial observer, such as a daughter, that they were not content to take each other as they were but were always trying to *change* each other, as witness this morning when a simple discussion led to their *shouting*. (In vain Emily pointed out that she never wanted to change *him*; she just sometimes wanted to change his mind.) Betsy swept on to the matter of Emily's personal appearance. Her mother had been going around with the same old poodle cut ever since Betsy was a mere

"If you two can't be in love like the Weatherbys—romantically, that is—you might as well get divorced," Betsy said.

child. Does a woman who cares for a man let herself go like that? And how about her father's absent-minded habit of coming home in other people's clothes? It seemed as though he couldn't hang his hat on any hook or leave his overshoes in any vestibule without picking the wrong ones on the way out. And always for the worse until he'd finally managed to exchange a new gabardine top coat for one with an enormous paint stain or something in the middle of the back. Were these the signs of a contented man? And there was his interest in pretty girls.

"Now, Betsy," Emily protested, "you needn't make Daddy sound like Harpo Marx. He does not chase women. Of course he likes them pretty. If he didn't like pretty girls he wouldn't like me."

"Or play bridge three nights a week with the gorgeous Mrs. Roth," said Betsy.

"Two nights a week," said Emily. "And furthermore, if you had your wits about you when you appear to be listening to Daddy and me discuss things, you'd know he does it out of consideration for me."

Which was almost accurate.

When Marilyn Potter Roth had returned to town to live under her widowed father's roof while getting a divorce, Mr. Potter had retained Charles Forrester to handle the case and at the same time had seized him and Emily for semi-weekly bridge sessions. He had wanted Charles to handle the divorce because Charles was not a divorce lawyer and because Mr. Potter's attitude toward bridge was similar. He viewed partner and opponents with like suspicion and fought his lonely battles, ignoring all bidding but his own. Charles, understanding how such playing outraged Emily's sense of order and decency, connived with her to get old Major Humblot to take her place. The major had no card sense and the further qualification of great good nature. And although Charles, for professional reasons, continued to accept Mr. Potter's invitation, Emily did not feel that she had deserted him. He was not feeling too much pain, for there was a touch of the iconoclast in Charles, too. He had a sneaking admiration for Mr. Potter's methods, which only his sense of fair play kept him from emulating. And that was the way it came about that Charles played bridge Monday and Thursday evenings and she didn't.

It was on one of these evenings that Betsy asked her surprising question and Emily did her best to explain how romantic love turns into fine, old, aged-in-the-wood married bliss. After a few such phrases as *mutual trust and respect*, *common goals and ideals*, *deeper understanding*, she didn't need Betsy's expression to tell her she wasn't selling the product.

"Listen, Betsy," said Emily, "I know

I'm making marriage sound deadly dull, but believe me it's not. With the right man it is the most satisfying and exciting life a woman can have. And Daddy is the right man for me."

"The Weatherbys have an exciting marriage," said Betsy. "really romantic."

Emily frowned. "Who are they?"

"They're from Chicago. They moved into one half of that remodeled double house across from school. Mrs. Weatherby invited Bernice and me in to see her dolls. Not toys. You know, a *collection*. And we've been back a few times. I think she's lonely with Mr. Weatherby away. She simply lives for his return."

"Where's Mr. Weatherby?" asked Emily.

"Oh, he's in town. I mean she waits each day for his return from work. They're real lovers."

Emily said, "How do you know?"

"He came in once when we were there. He's attentive to her slightest whim. And they speak so softly to each other. But even if I'd only seen her alone I would have known. She is always perfectly groomed. She spends hours preparing herself just for him."

"And maybe sometimes," said Emily, "floats out into the kitchen and prepares a little food?"

"The Weatherbys always have dinner in a restaurant," said Betsy.

"It certainly isn't home life," said Emily, "and I don't believe it's marriage."

Betsy said, "I never said it was marriage as we know it." Which made Emily decide to give up. You couldn't argue people into believing you were happy. You had to show them.

Turning this idea over in her mind as she waited for Charles to come in, Emily concluded that they were going to have to show Betsy if they had to put on an act to do it.

Mr. Potter's bedtime was a prompt 10 P.M., and Charles was never home later than 10:15. This night, when he had not come by 10:30, Emily, happening to think of Mrs. Weatherby, took time out to freshen her lipstick. He came in at 10:36, hung his coat in the hall closet, got a beer from the refrigerator, and sank into a chair across from Emily.

"Potter!" said Charles laughing. "You should have heard him tonight. Poor Marilyn. I don't wonder she eloped, but I should think she'd have stayed eloped. Any marriage would be preferable to Papa Potter."

"What exactly was the matter with Roth?" asked Emily.

"Never saw him," said Charles. "Sounds like a very attractive guy. Marilyn says I remind her of him. Same general build, even."

"That is not grounds for divorce," said

Emily in her kindest tone of voice.

"Thank you," said Charles.

"But speaking of divorce," said Emily. She told him briefly Betsy's opinion of her parents' marriage. "And the poor child is full of misapprehensions," she went on. "It seems when she hears us discussing something and maybe getting a little excited, she thinks we're fighting. She doesn't understand what a safety valve outspokenness is and that we're not fighting but just getting everything out of our systems."

"How's that again?" said Charles.

"All right," said Emily, "so we are fighting. But it's wholesome fighting. We're not hugging our differences in hateful silence. We don't have secrets from each other. . . . What?"

"I didn't say anything," said Charles.

"Well, do we?" said Emily.

"Of course I have secrets," said Charles. "What lawyer doesn't? If I were a clergyman or doctor, you'd expect me to have secrets. Well, I can tell you that in the mere drawing up of a will or settling an estate a lawyer finds out plenty that can only be regarded as confidential."

"You think I'd tell?" said Emily.

"The reason I don't tell you," said Charles, "is not because I think you'd tell somebody else, but because I don't think even you should know."

"Oh," said Emily. "Well, as I was saying, we're going to have to speak softly in front of Betsy. And—oh, incidentally, try to hang on to your hat; she thinks the way you're picking up progressively worse hats is significant. And we must never show a difference of opinion. With a girl of Betsy's age a good example is vital."

"If she doesn't like our example, let her try to find a better," said Charles.

"She has," said Emily. "The Weatherbys."

"Who?" said Charles.

She told him. "It seems," she continued, "that they speak only in lovers' whispers."

"But why," asked Charles, "should we let Betsy push us around like this?"

"Oh, Charlie, she's *not*. She's only just thirteen. She can't help it if she doesn't have any sense of proportion, or perspective, or know about love, or marriage, or human nature, or even arguments, for heaven's sake. And we can't teach her or change her. We can only set an example and accept her as she is while she learns."

"You make quite a case," Charles said. "It sounds dandy for Betsy. Somebody should accept me. That's an idea. How about Betsy accepting us just as *we* are for a change."

"Of course," said Emily, "that's the big idea. And she will. Only it's like

peace and disarmament—somebody's got to begin."

Charles crooned in a loving whisper, "Okay, I'll buy it. I'll out-Weatherby Weatherby. I'll close windows for you, hold chairs for you, and pick up everything you drop except your challenges. But, hey," he said out loud, "don't you have to do anything?"

"Certainly," said Emily. "I go to the beauty parlor and get an Italian haircut."

It was just as she fell asleep that Emily remembered she had said nothing to Charles about the strong impression he was giving Betsy of an interest in Marilyn Potter Roth. It was queer that it had slipped her mind, but on the whole she was glad it had. She had given Charles enough to think about as it was. But she was pleased mainly because it showed that jealousy was not one of her faults. Why, many a wife would have asked him why he was twenty-one minutes late. It was odd he hadn't said why.

Charles and Emily really tried. A composite, condensed picture of the Forrester dinner table about this time would run like this:

Emily: That open window is making the candles blow.

Charles: Another drumstick, Betsy?

Emily: It's blowing wax on the table.

Betsy: Thank you, Daddy.

Emily: I wonder what will tomorrow's *weather-be*?

Charles: Rain.

Emily (inspirationally): So the flowers will not *wither'd be*!

Charles: It's an early spring.

Emily: The candles *are dripping*. *Wither-be* ye going tonight, Charles?

Charles: No place. What? Oh, would you like the window closed? (Rising and hurrying to the window.) You have only to give me a hint, a clue, a cue. I am at your service. (Faint rending sound as he closes the window on the curtain.)

Charles (on returning to the table): This is the spring I am going to blow myself to a power lawn mower.

Emily: Oh, Charles, *not* before we get new screening for the porch. Why, there are holes big enough for bats!

Charles (after a long thoughtful pause): Did I ever tell you girls how my Uncle Rob was about animals? He'd take a real personal fancy to them. He went out to buy a plow horse once, and even the farmer who owned this horse told my uncle that the beast didn't have what it took to pull a go-cart. But Uncle Rob just said, "I like his face. *Withers be damned!*"

Emily: On second thought, I think you'd better get the power mower.

Of course, it wasn't often so thick as

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that. Also, for two spontaneous people used to speaking their minds, it didn't stay that much fun. Looking before leaping, turning the other cheek, and counting to ten can become a strain when you're not used to it.

The result was that Emily found herself burdened with unfinished business, unexpressed opinions, and, soon, undischarged emotions. So much so that when she heard that Charles had to go to Detroit on business for two days, she had a guilty feeling of relief.

Since Charles was leaving from his office for the mid-morning train and Betsy was going to Bernice's for lunch, Emily began spring cleaning.

It was shortly before Charles' train was to leave that she found the gabardine with the paint spot missing from the hall closet. It was one thing for Charles to wear it at home where he was known and respected and quite another for him to appear in it on a business trip. Emily grabbed his winter overcoat, ran to the car, and stepped on the gas.

The train was in the station and she could see Charles standing by the steps talking to Marilyn Potter Roth. Emily started running toward them and then stopped. She just stood still by a baggage truck and pictured how it would be.

There they were, heads, together, talking so earnestly they hadn't seen her. Marilyn was ensembled and accessoried for an April morning. And there would be Emily panting up, clutching her coat to hide her apron, her bare feet in beat-up loafers. There would be Emily, like Mama to the rescue with Charles' coat. And there would be Charles saying that the overcoat was too hot and Mama saying but you can't go in *that* and Charles saying he wouldn't take any coat then and Mama saying but this early the weather can be treacherous. . . .

It was the role of Mama that stopped Emily and turned her back to the car. She wasn't going to play Mama to Marilyn's role of . . . what? She watched Charles swing onto the step of the moving train and Marilyn trot beside it a few feet and Charles reach down and touch Marilyn's shoulder. Then she backed the car around and went home.

So the two days Charles was away weren't as restful as she'd thought they would be.

And when Charles came home, it was clear the trip had done nothing to relax his nerves. Indeed, when Emily, mistakenly trying to recapture the light touch, began, "*Whether-be* it's time to . . ." Charles interrupted to say that in his opinion it was time somebody shot Mr. Weatherby.

Somebody did.

Whether be it that Mrs. Weatherby's

aim was deflected by excess of passion or by faint-heartedness, she only winged him. But the wound was dressed at the hospital and the incident made the papers, where Mrs. Weatherby was quoted as pleading the excuse that she and Mr. Weatherby were incompatible. A later edition carried Mr. Weatherby's statement that Mrs. Weatherby was "jealous as a cobra," and he rejoiced to say "with good reason."

Emily's first thought was to cushion the blow for Betsy. But Betsy turned out to be buoyed up far above the need of a cushion. Idol's feet of clay was a small price to pay for being one of the two people in the whole school most intimate with the principals in the scandal.

At this point Emily had the first inkling of what it was like for a wife and mother to have outlived her usefulness. Already out of touch with Charles' thoughts and purposes, now Betsy didn't need her. It was a lonesome feeling. *Nobody*, Emily thought, *knows I'm alive*.

In a practical attempt to prove to herself that she was, and even perhaps attract favorable attention, Emily bought a new spring print. She tried it on for Betsy on an evening when Charles was at the Potter's for his bridge game.

Triumphantly yanking up the zipper, she turned from the mirror to Betsy, who was lounging in the bedroom doorway. Looking at her, Emily felt a warm rush of pride. In a few years Betsy was going to have a darling little figure.

"Well?" said Emily, smiling.

"It should be let out some in the midriff," said Betsy, "to get rid of that wrinkle across the back."

Emily heard herself saying, "You take care of your midriff and I'll take care of mine."

Betsy said, "Well you *asked*. You don't need to bite my head off," and left.

Emily called after her, "Oh, honey, I'm *sorry*," and sat down suddenly at her dressing table and stared at her shamed face in the mirror.

So it had come to this; taking out her ill-humor and fright on Betsy. Because it was not Betsy whom she was jealous of. Emily knew perfectly well whom she was jealous of.

It seemed that ever since she had resolutely set out to present Betsy with the perfect marriage, the situation had steadily deteriorated until she had somehow managed to bring about the very state of affairs she had meant to prove didn't exist. So now here they were with a family life full of stresses and strains and here she was just a jealous wife studying to be a shrew.

And now what to do? What do jealous wives do now?

Put like that, it was no trick at all to

think about the perfect Mrs. Weatherby.

Emily sprang up. Action was the answer. You did something. If you didn't like your husband seeing another woman you got in there and broke it up. You didn't sit back and let propinquity take its course, you fought for your own.

As she hurried up the dark street toward Mr. Potter's she tried to figure what she would do when she got there. Maybe all that would be necessary would be to say she'd gotten lonely and had come to walk home with Charles. It was no more than the truth. How invigorating the plain truth was! The mere prospect of speaking it gave her courage. She even felt equal to telling Charles, on their walk home together, about her jealousy. It would be fun. She could make it sound like a compliment to him. They would laugh together at her foolish fancies.

Emily became so mellow with these thoughts that she slowed down so as not to interrupt a pair of lovers who had stopped to embrace almost under the lighted carriage lamp at the Potter gate.

When these harbingers of spring strolled on they turned in at the Potter gate and Emily heard Marilyn's laugh. She looked quickly at the man and in that moment the lamp light showed up the familiar paint spot on his top coat.

Emily, watching them go up the path and into the house, knew that she would not follow. Where was the spirit of Weatherby now? Where the impulse to action, to fight for what was one's own? She could not fight for her own because the plain uninvigorating truth was that Charles was not her own unless he wanted to be.

As Emily let herself into the house she heard Betsy bubbling away to Bernice on the upstairs telephone. Grateful for a moment's respite before she would have to pretend in front of Betsy that nothing had happened, feeling queer and dizzy, Emily walked into the living room.

"And where have you been?" asked Charles, putting down his newspaper.

Emily sat down in the nearest chair. "I thought . . ." she began.

"No," said Charles, "I have not been playing bridge. I've been playing cupid."

Emily just looked at him.

"The great reconciliation scene took place in my office tonight. I never thought I'd pull it off the way Roth was talking when I first saw him in Detroit. But he came around and the love birds are off right now to present a united front to old Potter, who isn't going to be able to break it up this time. Marilyn knows now whose side she's on."

"Oh, Charlie," said Emily in a quivering voice.

"I found it quite affecting myself,"

said Charles. "But won't the old boy be surprised! He thought I was getting her a divorce."

Betsy came clattering down the stairs. "Daddy," she cried, "*please* may I see the paper. Bernice says it's got all about Mrs. Weatherby going to Reno." She started off with the paper but hesitated in the doorway. "And will somebody please tell me what, exactly, 'incompatible' means when a person gets a divorce?"

"Means?" said Emily in a slap-happy voice. "It doesn't mean a thing. It's just a silly excuse stupid people give for . . ."

"Now Emily," said Charles, "don't confuse the girl. The word does have a meaning."

"It probably does," said Emily, "but I . . ."

"Probably does!" said Charles. "Look, Emily, Betsy is asking for information that deserves a simple dictionary answer."

"But she can find that in the dictionary," said Emily. "I am giving her something no dictionary will, the fruits of experience and observation. And that is that incompatibility, like ignorance of the law, is no excuse . . . period! Everybody is incompatible with everybody some of the time. What I mean is, if you can't get along with somebody you're incompatible with, who can you get along with?"

"Now you've confused me," said Charles. "And I don't think you know the meaning yourself. Here's Betsy still waiting. She asked for a definition, not homespun philosophy."

They looked at Betsy. She was slowly shaking her head but smiling. "Skip it," Betsy said, "maybe the meaning will come to me in a dream." Her smile widened. "And go right ahead, darlings, having fun in your own way."

Her parents were silent for a moment after Betsy left them.

Then Emily said, "Did you hear that? Did you see the way she looked at us? It was like a blessing."

"A benediction," said Charles.

"She's taking us just the way we are," said Emily.

"We're in," said Charles.

"Oh, Charlie," said Emily and went over and sat on his lap.

"And you know, Charles," Emily said, "she's going to be even more pleased when she finds you've gotten rid of that coat with the paint spot."

"I have?" asked Charles. "When did I do that? What makes you think . . . Emily, where were you, anyway, when I came home tonight?"

"The reason I won't tell you," said Emily, "is not because I think you would tell somebody else, but because I don't think even you should know."

THE END



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Miss Jones of "Oklahoma!"

As Laurey in the movie version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's hit, this pert unknown promises to be the brightest of all the great "Oklahoma!" stars

BY JON WHITCOMB

Stage-struck and barely twenty-one years old, Miss Shirley Jones, of Smithton, Pennsylvania (population eight hundred), recently landed movieland's plushiest role. The prettiest, zippiest doll we've seen in an aeon plays Laurey in the six-million-dollar production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's all-time classic, "Oklahoma!" and, to these eyes at least, Laurey never had it so good.

Shirley got into show business because her voice coach at home knew an actors' agent, Gus Schirmer, Jr. In New York for a visit, Shirley called on Schir-

mer, who introduced her to the Rodgers and Hammerstein casting director, John Fearnley. R. and H. just happened to be rehearsing a road company for "Oklahoma!" Fearnley had Miss Jones audition for them at the theatre. They liked her. To keep her busy while they considered her case, they popped her into the chorus of "South Pacific" for the duration of its Broadway run. Then she got more experience in "Me and Juliet," another R. and H. musical. Juliet took off for Chicago, and Shirley got a crack at the lead.

During the Chicago run, the producers flew her out



DREAM SEQUENCES like this one, of a fringe-topped surrey drawn by two white horses, “onc like snow, the other more like milk,” took up much of the year of preliminary preparation and the 107 days of actual shooting. Theatre veterans Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, whose first collaboration was “Oklahoma!” in 1943, are novice movie producers, spent most of their time on the 1954 “Oklahoma!” location as wide-eyed onlookers.

to the Coast for a screen test for the Laurey role. Back in Chicago, Shirley kept her nose glued to columnists’ reports about the famous singing stars who were also testing for the part. Then one day her agent phoned from the Coast. What he said was, “Hello, Laurey.” She doesn’t remember the rest of the call.

The secret of the Jones face is her animation. Miss Jones sparkles. Her eyes are hazel, her hair ash-blond, and her nose turns up at the end. She has the air of a child on Christmas morning, and life to her these days is an endless series of fascinating packages to be opened. I asked her if she’d seen herself as Laurey yet.

“Just rushes,” she said. “I’m dying to see the whole movie in Todd-AO. The rushes were always five days old, because they had to be flown from Arizona to New York for developing, and then flown back. Mr. Zinneman (the director) will hate me. I’m streamlined now, but I was plump in the picture. I love to cook, and I love to eat, and it takes will power to stay on my diet.”

“Oklahoma!” Was Filmed in Arizona

As you’ve certainly heard by now, they couldn’t shoot the picture in Oklahoma. Too many oil derricks. The story takes place about the turn of the century, when Oklahoma was a Territory. The film opens on a shot of sunflowers in close-up, panning to cornstalks against the sky. Setting a poetic mood, the script reads, “It is a radiant summer morning, the

kind of morning which, enveloping the shapes of earth—men, cattle in a meadow, blades of the young corn, streams—makes them seem to exist now for the first time, their images giving off a golden emanation that is partly true and partly a trick of the imagination, focusing to keep alive a loveliness that may pass away.” Then a distant figure appears riding a horse, the orchestra goes into “Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin’,” and the corn waves over horse and rider as Gordon MacRae sings one of the hit mood songs of the show.

They Grew Corn “as High as an Elephant’s Eye”

The corn, specially grown for the picture, was planted in the San Rafael Valley, thirty-six miles northeast of Nogales, Arizona. Scouts combed 250,000 miles of Western countryside before the right 1900-type location was found. Requirements: high corn, superb clouds, green valleys, open country, and a sky free of airplanes. Here the film company erected \$100,000 worth of farm buildings, including a two-story house, a barn, windmill, smokehouse, and hurricane cellar. (When I was a child in Oklahoma, we used to call them “’fraid holes.”) At the right moment, months in advance, a peach orchard was set out, and seven acres were planted to wheat and ten to corn. The deadline was July 14, a set date when the corn had to be high as an elephant’s eye.

Shirley remembers the shooting on location as a seven-week fight with the weather. It rained part of



GLORIA GRAHAME WAS PICKED by R. and H. for the honest fervor with which she murders high notes. As Ado Annie, the part that made Celeste Holm famous, she renders "I Can't Say No" in unforgettable off-key.



AFTER YEARS of resisting fabulous screen offers for their musical, Rodgers and Hammerstein became intrigued with Todd-AO's new 70-mm. film and felt it would do the show justice. "Oklahoma!" will be the first to use it. The top frame is standard 35-mm. film.

"Oklahoma!" (continued)

almost every day, resulting in washed-out roads and lots of mud. With 325 people in the movie task force, every motel for miles around Nogales was full, and tourists were warned out of the area. Sixteen of the company commuted from a hotel across the Mexican border. Besides Shirley as Laurey, the "Oklahoma!" cast consisted of Gordon MacRae as Curly, Gloria Grahame as Ado Annie (the part that was made famous on the stage by Celeste Holm), the dancer Gene Nelson as Will Parker, Charlotte Greenwood and her long legs as Aunt Eller, Eddie Albert as Ali Hakim, the peddler, James Whitmore as Andy Carnes, Rod Steiger as Jud, and Barbara Lawrence as Gertie Cummings. The dream versions of Curly and Laurey are danced in the picture by James Mitchell and Bambi Linn.

Starting out in New Haven as "Away We Go," the original stage version of "Oklahoma!" began its incredible run on March 11, 1943, to lukewarm notices. It encountered more apathy in Boston. Rodgers was heard to mutter, "Never again. I wouldn't open a can of beans here." But when it opened with a new title in New York City, the local critics exploded with Roman candles: "Superb!" "Truly delightful!" "Beautiful, delightful, imaginative, enchanting." "Thoroughly, attractively American." Even *The New Yorker's* Wolcott Gibbs liked it with "practically boundless" gratitude.

After the uproar, "Oklahoma!" settled down to business, and tickets became very hard to get. I would never have managed to snag a seat but for the kindness of Richard Rodgers late in 1943. He gave me a couple of house seats the first time I got a weekend pass from the Navy. The evening was one of the biggest thrills I can remember in the theatre. As one critic had predicted, the music grew on you. The whole show was staged in a golden glow, and the audience left humming "People Will Say We're in Love."

The company ran continuously for five years and nine weeks at the St. James Theatre. The second company performed for seven years and thirty-two weeks across the U. S. Chicago, for instance, had it three times for a total of eighty-four weeks. The original company, too, went on tour in 1943, and in 1951 the touring company debuted in New York. Subsequent companies have been playing somewhere ever since. Abroad. "Oklahoma!" has been staged in over ten countries. In London, applause at the première lasted so long that a stage pistol was finally fired to halt it. But one of the oddest things about "Oklahoma!" was that it was so hard to finance.

"Oklahoma!" Née "Helburn's Folly"

In 1943 the Theatre Guild was in a precarious financial situation, having gone several seasons without a hit. For this musical they needed \$100,000. Throughout the winter of 1942, Theresa Helburn staged auditions for possible angels for a show referred to in

some quarters as "Helburn's Folly," with Alfred Drake and Joan Roberts singing the major songs from the score. With Rodgers at the piano, the Guild budget was nicked \$25 each time to have the piano tuned, an item that still gives Miss Helburn an anxious twinge. Several millionaires attended the first musicale, but the take was only \$2,500. Once an audition was put on at Carnegie Hall for a movie executive who was considering the screen rights for \$75,000. He said No. Another studio, which already owned the film rights to "Green Grow the Lilacs," the Lynn Riggs play on which the "Oklahoma!" story line was based, felt that the public was "sick of Western musicals." In the end, the \$100,000 was scraped together in bits and pieces. The people who invested eventually got a return of 5,000 per cent on their money. It is estimated that "Oklahoma!" has grossed around \$30,000,000.

Record Breaker, Star Maker

When it opened in New Haven, the only well-known Broadway name in the cast was Betty Garde, playing Aunt Eller. During its long run, it went on to make big stars of unknowns like Alfred Drake, Celeste Holm, Joan McCracken, and Bambi Linn. Other actors who gained experience in one or another of the companies were Pamela Britton, David Burns, John Raitt, Howard Keel, and Shelley Winters. "Oklahoma!" made old-fashioned tap-dancing choruses passé by using ballet generously; Agnes de Mille, who had already done a cowboy ballet called "Rodeo," created dances which set the style for subsequent musicals.

As a movie, "Oklahoma!" will be making its debut in the Todd-AO process, a wide-screen system owned by Magna Theatre Corporation, in which Rodgers and Hammerstein own a block of stock. This projection process was developed by Mike Todd and an American Optical Company research scientist, Brian O'Brien, in an effort to put a sharply focused picture on a wide screen without seams or the use of multiple cameras and projectors. The film used is 70 mm. wide instead of 35, and the speed is 30 frames a second instead of the customary 24. For directional sound there is room on the 70-mm. film for 6 tracks. The picture will also be available, at a later date, in CinemaScope.

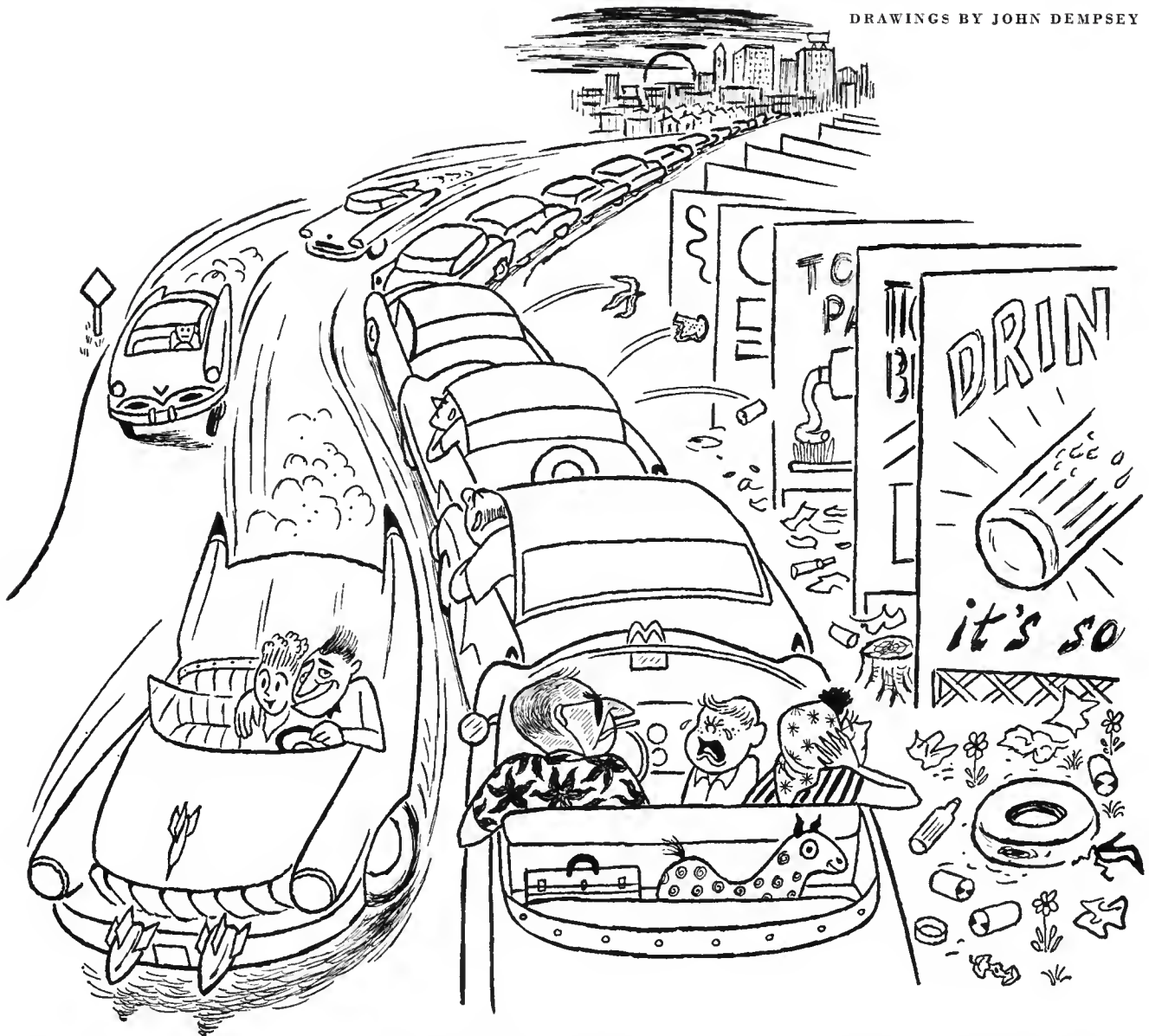
"It was like making the picture twice," says Shirley. "We had to do each scene two times, once for the Todd-AO camera and again for CinemaScope. It was my first movie job and I wanted to be Miss Cooperation. But one thing I just couldn't agree to. Laurey, you know, was a farm girl, and they didn't think she would be wearing long, artificial eyelashes. So I didn't. But the make-up people said mine looked false and wanted to cut them off. I went on strike. After all, they were mine. I grew them myself, and a girl's got a right to her own eyelashes, hasn't she?" THE END



HIGH SPOT: Gene Nelson, in Agnes de Mille's "Kansas City" ballet, cavorts with Charlotte Greenwood, jumps through a lariat, scrambles up to the top of a moving caboose, leaps onto a galloping horse—all in rhythm!



GORDON MACRAE lacked only one qualification for playing Curly, the likable, love-struck cowboy, but this was adjusted by the studio's hairdressing department, which put his hair up in curlers early every morning.



Traffic shatters nerves, yet many endure it because they feel they must "go some place."

The American Weekend

BY JAY C. CALHOUN

A young city couple recently went to spend the weekend in the suburbs. Late Saturday evening, they decided to play a quick and friendly bridge game before going to bed. Things were fine until the hosts, having won the first rubber, suggested that, since it was well past midnight, it might be a good idea to get some rest and start the next day fresh and relaxed.

But the visiting wife was having none of this. There would be no quitting, she announced angrily, until she and her husband had a chance to win their rubber. The hosts

and the woman's husband, although all three were tired after a hard week and strenuous day, finally consented to play one more rubber. Unfortunately, the rubber did not finish easily; and as nerves frayed and tempers flared the game dragged on into the night. By the time the visiting couple won—and the wife gained the revenge she was seeking—it was three o'clock, and the hosts weren't speaking to the guests and vice versa.

Things were even worse around the breakfast table early the next day, and the weekend continued to disintegrate

Why is it we beat ourselves to an emotional and physical pulp over weekends instead of finding the rest and relaxation we need? Here are the reasons behind, and some answers to, a problem so serious and widespread that one expert calls it a "national neurosis"

as the two couples went at each other on the golf course, using woods and irons instead of cards for weapons. When Sunday evening mercifully arrived, everyone had a bad case of ragged nerves. After what was supposed to have been two glorious days of rest and relaxation, the two couples faced another work week in much worse shape than they had finished the preceding one.

If this were just one isolated case, the story of one neurotic young woman, it wouldn't be worth bringing up. Unhappily, instead of being an example of what rarely happens on weekends in the United States, it is typical of the forty-eight hours between Friday and Sunday nights—the peak period of the week for conflict, strain, nervous and physical upset, alcoholic consumption, sexual promiscuity, mayhem, and generally strange behavior on the part of many average Americans, who, on the other five days of the week, are perfectly rational, respectable citizens.

This does not apply to all Americans, of course, but for certification of the fact that the weekend is a punishing period of time for many—when it is supposed to be a rejuvenator—you don't have to look much further than the automobile accident statistics, which will tell you that two out of every five fatal accidents occur over weekends. Your Monday morning newspaper will tell you what happens at private and country club parties when weekenders mix it up with too much alcohol and other people's spouses.

Things are so alarming that one eminent psychiatrist, Dr. David Abrahamsen of New York, has called it a "tragic thing" that more of us don't get fuller emotional satisfaction from our leisure. Columbia University neurologist Dr. Irving J. Sands goes so far as to use the term "national weekend neurosis." Sociologists find evidence of weekend frustrations in surveys and studies such as the one made recently among former Ohio University students ten years after their graduation. They considered the question of how to spend their leisure more baffling than finding solutions to health, in-law, and parent-child relationship problems. An extensive nation-wide survey of Americans at play, made by Dr. James A. Wylie of Boston University, found that 57 per cent of the 546 families he interviewed were dissatisfied with how they spent their leisure, particularly their weekends. An even more disturbing truth is that, despite the fact that we have more leisure time than any other country—and have one thousand more leisure hours a year than our grandfathers had—we have the highest rate of mental illness in the world.

Little Fun Despite a Lot of Effort

With the American work week cut from sixty hours to forty hours and the weekend going from no days to two days—and indications are that what with automation and

other technical advances, it may increase to three days—the question of weekend leisure becomes even more compelling. Because it is so important, sociologists and psychiatrists are giving more thought to solving the problem. They want to find out why Americans try so hard to have a good time, yet get so little enjoyment for their efforts.

Experts Ponder the Problem

The experts have been seeking, and sometimes finding, answers to such questions as you have no doubt asked yourself many times: Why do we go to all the trouble to pack the family into the car and battle traffic for hours "just to take a ride"? Why does Joe Brown—who has to get up at six o'clock on weekdays, get up at five o'clock every Saturday to stand in line and play a strenuous and tension-laden round of golf on a badly overcrowded course? Why does John Smith insist on going fishing every Saturday and Sunday, come rain, shine, snow, or sleet? Why does Jim Jones hide away in his basement every weekend for hours at a time sweating and straining to build a cabinet? Why did the young wife mentioned above want so much to get even at bridge that she ruined the weekend for everybody? Why does Fred Green compulsively mow his lawn and scrub down his walks twice each weekend, even though the lawn is as trim as anybody else's and the walks are always clean? Why, on the other hand, does another neighbor just sit and stare at his television set from Friday evening to Sunday night?

It is behavior like this that astonishes foreigners when they visit the United States. Sociologist Santha Rama Rau



For many, unable to think of new things to do, a rainy weekend can be an outright calamity.

We are constantly running away from ourselves, seeking escape through “super-duper” activity

of India told a conference on leisure time held in this country, “Surely nowhere else in the world do people fuss so about what to do with their leisure. I think it sad that some kind of guilt has been built up in this particular society that makes people so tense about the way they spend their spare time.”

This guilt and tension to which Miss Rau referred has for some time been a subject of study by sociologist David Riesman of the University of Chicago. At the end of World War II he tried to write into one of the bills of rights then being prepared a statement guaranteeing people “reasonable leisure.” Of this attempt he says, “This was my introduction to the discovery that many people are uncomfortable when discussing leisure. As with sex, they want to make a joke of it.”

The Dawn of the Recreation Era

What is the source of this uneasiness, this guilt and tension? How does it manifest itself in the actions of your neighbors, yourself, and your family? Why are the chances good that you are a weekend neurotic? The answer, according to Riesman and others, lies to a great extent in the vast changes America has undergone in the past few decades. The first twenty-five years of this century saw, as one writer put it, “the dawn of the recreation era.” Previously, Americans had been primarily concerned with producing. There was plenty of work for everybody to do, plenty of goals to reach, frontiers to expand, laurels to be won for working hard, long, and well. But gradually the machines

and the organizations took over from the individuals. People found less satisfaction in their work. They were unhappy because they were not as important as they had been.

Increasingly, they came to seek emotional satisfaction in their play rather than in their work. Hours were cut, yet production continued to rise. Advertising put on more and more pressure to sell products, and people had more time to use them. The emphasis shifted from production to consumption. The user became king, replacing the maker. And the more adept a person became at using America’s vast and wonderful output of goods, the better chance he had of winning the approbation of his friends.

The emphasis on consumption leads directly to recreation and to weekends. While a man and his family used to make their marks as good workers, now they must do it as good players. The better you play, the more popular you are. The nearer you can come to fitting the popular definition of a “Good Joe,” the more chance you have for social and business success. Today, as Riesman points out, you don’t get places by building a better mousetrap—there are lots of good mousetraps around—but you can make your mark by doing a better job of packaging your mousetrap and selling your mousetrap. First, however, you must sell yourself—a situation and a problem which never troubled your grandfather or perhaps even your father. They could grump around, be anti-social and un-cooperative, and still win prestige and get ahead—because they were producers, and in those days producing was the thing. Today, you and your wife and family must get out and win friends and influence people if you are to keep up with the group and get ahead.

This rise of “Good Joe-ism” has so narrowed the line between recreation and business that at times it is almost impossible to tell the two apart. Businessmen, for example, often make their biggest deals on the golf course, or at luncheons, when by the old standards they would supposedly be concerned only with enjoying themselves. Companies have moved into the field of recreation even more by establishing complete recreational facilities for their employees. When you work for a given company, you and your family are likely to spend your whole weekend visiting and playing with your co-workers and their families. In all likelihood, many from your company live in your neighborhood. You golf at the company club, swim in the company pool, ride company horses, dance in the company clubhouse. You are never away from company people.

Competition Becomes a Compulsion

According to Dr. Abrahamsen, “competition” is one of the key words in explaining what happens to Americans on their weekends. With their business and leisure interests blending to such a degree, they consider it vitally necessary—it becomes, in fact, a compulsion—to be doing things that other people in their group do, and doing them as well as they can so they can be popular and successful.

A PSYCHIATRIST’S VIEW

One of the disturbing problems of our times is the fact that many Americans today are playing harder than ever before, yet often fail to enjoy themselves. In focusing on that American phenomenon, *The Big Weekend*, revealing the facts behind a problem that needs more research and attention, and suggesting some solutions, this article is a positive move in the right direction.



DR. DAVID ABRAHAMSEN
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Building a cabinet in the basement—if your neighbor, and perhaps co-worker, is building one, too—becomes an outright contest. By building a better cabinet, you can win new prestige in your group. One man, for example, worked so hard at “do-it-yourself” that he had a nervous breakdown. And you think that you must play golf even though you don’t like it, and play it well, or risk being considered a “square.” You must be a winner socially because a premium is placed upon winning. You must win in your off-hours, because as industry becomes increasingly complicated, more automatic and systematized, you feel your chances of proving yourself from Monday through Friday are diminishing with each passing year.

It Sifts Down Through All Levels

Surprisingly enough, this tremendous drive to “beat the other fellow” on a social basis isn’t a private neurosis of the “Executive Suite” cliques. It sifts down through all the levels, business and social. A girl goes to the beach, not to relax, swim, and enjoy herself, but rather to get a good tan—better than the girl who sits next to her at the office. The young wife mentioned didn’t play bridge for the fun of it—she played it to prove she and her husband were as good as their friends, or better. And what about the man who gets up at five o’clock every Saturday and Sunday morning to go fishing? Is he satisfied just to sit and fish with the boys? He is not. The first thing he does after getting on the boat is to contribute five or ten dollars to a pool—to be split up as prizes in competition among the fishermen to see who can catch the biggest fish, the greatest number of fish, or the most fish of one kind. It isn’t a leisurely fishing trip. It is a contest, with all the pressures and tensions that go with such competition. And the old man isn’t satisfied with second place. He can’t wait to get back next week and catch a bigger fish than Joe’s.

For what other reasons, besides the demands made by their immediate business situation, do Americans work so hard at having fun? An important answer to this question lies in the nature of the guilt to which Miss Rau referred. Many authorities think Americans play so hard because they actually feel guilty about playing. The explanation for this phenomenon goes all the way back to the Pilgrims, to the beginning of what is called our “Puritan Complex.” The early settlers had no use or opportunity for play. In fact, the Puritans passed a law that “No person, householder, or other, shall spend his time idly under pain of such punishment as the court shall see fit to inflict.” The colony of Virginia banned “Sabbath day dancing, fiddling, card playing, hunting or fishing.” The New Englanders even banned “all unreasonable walking in streets and fields.”

This underlying belief that work is “good” and play is essentially “bad” has survived through the centuries. When work was the big thing, there was not much to worry about, unless you were a village n’er-do-well who loafed instead of doing a good job at your chosen livelihood. But eventually the number of leisure hours began to grow and the number of work hours began to shrink. The Puritan Complex began to have a strong effect. Forced to play because it was the thing to do, Americans—new to the challenges of leisure—nevertheless felt, and still feel, some guilt about playing. To compensate for this guilt, many of us are very practical about our approach to recreation. We strive to



A fishing, golfing, or bowling “widow” can be the result of a neurotic husband’s compulsions.

make our play “worth while.” We must be learning something. We must be improving ourselves. We must be getting ahead. If we can’t see something practical in our play, we are unhappy. We can’t play just for the fun of it.

This compulsion to make play pay is an important reason for the rise of the “do-it-yourself” craze. Here was the chance to use spare time for something “good.” By making your own furniture, for example, you could save money. As a result, the play, without our realizing it, automatically became work; and the benefits pure recreation can bring were thus lost.

Our Play Must Earn Its Way

Our “practical” approach to play shows up in many other ways. We put out money for big, bright, shiny new cars, so we *must* go for a weekend drive whether we want to or not. We buy a house in the country, and everybody in the family *must* get out and take advantage of the sunshine and fresh air for which we are spending so much money. We build a tennis court, and the family plays tennis until everybody collapses. Then there’s the case of the man who finally joined the local country club after years of playing golf on the public links. Before he even started to play on the private course, he had it figured out to the penny just how many holes he had to play so that he would be getting more golf for his money than he did on the public links. As a result, he went out and played doggedly until the cost per hole dropped below what he had been spending. Then, and only then, did he relax and enjoy himself.

Our compulsion to make play earn its own way either through improving ourselves, getting our money’s worth, or getting ahead by besting the other fellow can be seen operating in the way we raise our children. In a recent sociological study of a model suburban community boasting a very fine school, researchers found that parents were so interested in “self-improvement” that they were always comparing

and checking on the social aptitudes of their offspring. They kept nagging the children in order to find out how popular they were, what part they got in the school play, whether they thought they would be invited to a particular party, and the like.

Adults' Complex Affects Children

After school hours and on weekends, the combining of "self-improvement" motives with recreational pursuits became even more obvious. The children had to take music lessons, skating instruction, and riding lessons, with Mother shepherding them around. On Saturday evenings there were specially arranged dancing parties to learn to dance. All activities were calculated to improve the child's chance to get ahead socially, all were a means of turning "fun" play hours into serious "get-ahead" activities. It is no wonder that these conditions led sociologist John R. Seeley to describe the school in this particular community as a "gigantic factory for the production of relationships." This situation also holds true for many American colleges where admission, and often a student's social success while enrolled, depend as much, or more, on his extra-curricular activities than on his high school and college marks. With such an educational background, starting with grammar school and moving right through college, it is easy to see how making play pay becomes ingrained in the American personality.

Still another reason for our neurotic behavior on weekends is advanced by Dr. Abrahamsen, a native of Norway who has lived in this country a number of years. In his opinion, "Americans are constantly running away from themselves, seeking to escape through super-duper activity." We start to run Friday afternoon and we keep running until Sunday night because we dread spending any time alone. We bore ourselves, according to Dr. Abrahamsen, because many Americans have never learned to think or to contem-

plate. We do not know what "mind play" means. We do not know how to get true emotional satisfaction out of a book, or a piece of music. We hardly ever take time out to go for walks alone to think and reflect. We go out and cut the grass even though it doesn't need cutting. We turn on the television set and stare at it hour after hour although we are not really paying attention to it.

Dr. Abrahamsen blames our training and our culture for our failure to develop self-reliance in using our leisure time. From early youth, he points out, our recreation is mostly planned for us—by the schools, by our parents, by groups and organizations like the YMCA and the Boy Scouts. When we are adults, we turn to the "how-to" books and magazines or take our cues from our immediate social group. As a result, we are usually doing something we don't really want to do, primarily because we can't think of anything to do by ourselves. This situation frequently leads to inner turmoil as weekend after weekend we force ourselves into the group mold, going on long auto trips, creeping along in heavy traffic to the beach, playing golf, or, like the people in one group, learning to drink standing on our heads, just because everybody else is doing it.

This failure to develop what might be called "intestinal fortitude" in spending our leisure time has some interesting aspects. For one thing, Dr. Abrahamsen points out, the art of conversation is almost dead in America. We can't talk because we have nothing particularly original or significant to talk about. We don't do enough thinking to have anything to say. As a matter of fact, thinking and contemplation are not considered social assets in the United States today, even among educated groups. Recently a researcher studying the new housing developments surrounding some of our larger cities, was told by one of the residents, "If you have any brains you keep them in your back pocket around here." Another said, "In the city I knew a lot of intellectual people. I'll admit they are more stimulating, full of ideas, always wanting to talk about India or something. But I like the stodgy kind now. They're more comfortable." This is a long way from the situation in other countries where, with nothing but a cup of tea, the people can sit and entertain themselves for hours through stimulating conversation.

Serious Consequences May Ensur

This compulsion to escape can take more serious forms than habitually watching television, seeing the same movie time after time, or doing the same work over and over. Forced into a social situation that has the same aggressive and competitive relationships represented in his business situation, a person often turns to alcohol to relieve the pressures on him. Alcohol breaks down hostility, indifference, and ignorance, and quickly gives an artificial "we" feeling in a group whose members would hate each other if they allowed themselves to sober up. And it is not always just the other members of the group an excessive drinker can't stand. He is often trying to get away from himself. Once his working hours are over and the weekend begins, his mind is no longer occupied with his job; he must think about himself. To avoid this, he drinks, more often than not compulsively showing up at the same bar at the same time every Friday night to begin a long "Lost Weekend" of inebriation and escape.

Surprisingly enough, sexual promiscuity, too, can be a



Some do-it-yourself fanatics try to be "useful" because they feel guilty about their spare time.

result of a neurotic attitude toward leisure time. Forced by his social and business system to be gregarious, a person may try to escape from the pressures of group activity by seeking some sort of solitude. Since he lacks the strength to sustain himself in solitude, he turns to surreptitious, and even sinful, play with someone else who is also trying desperately to get away from the group. They have an affair. Sometimes, afraid to seek solitude of this sort with just one partner, a person goes underground into this sort of leisure time activity with part of the very group from which he is trying to escape. The result can be similar to the now famous New England weekend "wife-swapping" scandals. Driven to escape themselves, this group finally sought emotional satisfaction in making love with the husbands and wives of others.

The Family Group Is Vulnerable

On the jammed weekend highways where we kill more Americans than are killed in wars, the weekend neurotic is a particularly deadly individual. Because the family group is one in which the most intense feelings of love and hate are aroused, it becomes even more vulnerable to emotional pressures when it is forced to spend hours at a time within the close confines of an automobile and under the terrific tensions generated by our overwhelming weekend traffic. When the husband or another member of the family doesn't like the idea of going for a drive in the first place, or isn't enthusiastic about the family's choice of weekend recreation, the result can be open quarrels or seething resentments. These have a direct emotional effect upon the driver. He is upset, angry, hostile. He takes chances and does things he would not do under less nerve-racking conditions. Sometimes the consequences are of minor seriousness, as in the case of a Maryland father. Brought into court for deliberately ramming his car into the one ahead of him because he thought it was going too slow, he told the judge that after a whole day of quarreling with his wife and putting up with a carful of noisy children, he just couldn't help taking his resentment out on the car ahead of him. Other times, of course, the result is a fatal accident.

Fortunately, most cases of weekend neurosis don't lead to alcoholism, "wife-swapping" parties, or fatal highway accidents. They do, however, rob hundreds of thousands of Americans of their fair share of happiness—a situation serious enough in itself to demand a solution. What can be done? What can you and your family do if you find yourselves starting out every Monday with a weekend crop of raw nerves and irritable tempers. Does it always have to be this way?

There is as yet no dramatic cure-all for this condition, and there probably never will be an answer that will solve everyone's weekend leisure problem. There are, however, hopeful signs that indicate in what general directions solutions may lie. Most important of these is the broad philosophy offered by Dr. Abrahamsen and others. They advocate a "doing what comes naturally" approach to weekend leisure. They would like to see individuals and families throw off the shackles of group approval, or lack of approval, forget about whether recreation will do them little good or much good, forget about improving themselves and getting ahead, and just do what most appeals to them—



Sexual promiscuity may result from longing to flee the pressures and boredom of the crowd.

without keeping score and worrying about rendering an account to others.

Dr. Abrahamsen believes that, if we feel like going for a walk or sitting at home and reading a book or listening to records—and gain an emotional satisfaction in doing so—that is what we should do. We don't have to play golf to satisfy the fellow next door, our wife, or our boss, or because we think we ought to play. After all, leisure is, by definition, something we do to enjoy ourselves. It is the time for recharging our batteries, recovering our strength and renewing our vitality so we can return to work refreshed.

"Togetherness" Can Be Overdone

This doing what suits you best in your leisure time also applies within the family group. There has been an increasing emphasis on "togetherness" in family activities. Society, for example, prods Father to play with his children, although he would rather relax with the Sunday papers. On the contrary, David Riesman points out: "Children and parents should neither be brought together nor pulled apart by too much adult moralizing. The family should never become a 'company town,' controlling all aspects of its members' lives. Togetherness," he continues, "should not be gained at the expense of variety, sharpness, and vitality." We should not knuckle under to the family any more than we should knuckle under to any other group when we are seeking leisure-time relaxation. In the long run, adaptability, spontaneity, and enthusiasm are the hallmarks of satisfying weekend leisure. Without them, we are no longer playing. We are working. And as such, we might just as well be back on the job, instead of up in the country someplace whipping ourselves into a state of neurosis while trying to prove that we can take a business-like approach to leisure, that we can enjoy ourselves and still make our play pay off one way or another.

THE END



He found Mary had company, a wealthy rancher.

THE MAN WHO KNEW THE BUCKSKIN KID

*All the years of their love
he'd kept one secret from her—
about the Kid's last ride and a
young cowboy who loved a girl
he didn't know how to get*

BY DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Nobody knows for sure what became of the Buckskin Kid. You can read in books about Western badmen that he killed himself with a pistol shot after he was wounded in a gun battle in Colorado and so avoided capture. Or that a doctor in Wyoming attended a fatally wounded man in his last hours and was pretty sure it was the Buckskin Kid who died then. You can read that he got clean out of the country and went to live in South America. It doesn't matter any more.

Legends grew up along the trails that he had ridden, and as the years slipped by, people who remembered him found that their scanty recollections were of interest to a new generation. An old man can take pride now in having seen the Kid top off a mean bronc on a cold morning half a century ago. Not that he was a better rider than others, but they weren't chiefs of outlaw bands.

Men who were young when the Kid was young grew old in obscurity and now, in their last days, have something to boast about because they saw him once.

John Rossum is one of those obscure old men, but he has never boasted about knowing the Buckskin Kid. A reporter cornered John Rossum at a



It let him know right there she was hopelessly beyond his reach.

THE MAN WHO KNEW THE BUCKSKIN KID (continued)

church social last summer. John didn't know he was a reporter. He just saw this stranger talking to Bill Parker and writing something down.

Bill Parker can't talk without flinging his hands around, and John knew from the hand motions that Bill was telling about the Kid's last train robbery, fifty years ago.

You wouldn't have guessed that John Rossum was amused. His craggy face didn't move a muscle. But he planned what he would tell his wife on the way home:

"There was Bill, telling every detail like he'd been there, and the young feller writing it all down for an eye-witness account."

Mary would snort, "I declare, and Bill didn't come out from Iowa 'til a good ten years later!" and they would chuckle together.

After fifty years, he knew just about what Mary would answer to anything he said. He looked with accustomed admiration toward her; she was bustling with the other women behind the long tables where the bountiful food was set out buffet style. He wondered why "buffay" was spelled "buffet," but Mary said it was, so he accepted it. John never had any trouble with spelling to speak of; he seldom did any.

The stranger was getting restless, listening to Bill Parker go on and on. John Rossum, seeing Bill motion his way, turned quietly toward the door, but half a dozen ranchers blocked the way, talking weather and the price of beef. Courtesy kept him from pushing, so Bill and the young fellow managed to catch him there.

"I was telling him," Bill said importantly, "that you knew the Buckskin Kid."

"I knowed him," John Rossum answered. "Lots of people did."

The young man said, "Well, thanks," to Bill Parker, dismissing him. "How do you spell your name, Mr. Rossum?"

"I wouldn't care for you to use my name no way," John said gently. "I haven't done nothing to get it wrote down for. Traveling by yourself, are you?"

But the young sprout wouldn't have the subject changed.

"This Buckskin Kid Jackson, or Harris, whichever he went by—he hid out around here. I understand. Did you know him then?"

The Kid had been a killer four times over, and, in John Rossum's opinion, knowing him was nothing to boast about, but there was such a thing as truth. And the memory of even the Buckskin Kid deserved justice. John Rossum spoke for truth and justice:

"He wasn't one to hide from nobody.

Take any old broken-down cabin, and somebody'll tell you that was the Kid's hideout. But he didn't have to hide. He wasn't afraid of nobody."

The reporter looked pleased. "You were here then?" he insisted.

Unable to avoid answering, unwilling to lie, John Rossum said, "I was here."

He glanced over at Mary, behind the long tables, and knew that she was aware he was in mild trouble. But she couldn't leave there; she was ladling out baked beans.

"What did the Kid look like?" the reporter asked.

John Rossum tried to remember. "Just ordinary, far as I recall. His brother Ben was skinny, but the Kid just looked ordinary."

"Bill Parker was telling me somebody put a fence around Ben's grave," the reporter remarked. "Thought I'd go get a picture of it tomorrow. I'd like to have you in the picture, Mr. Rossum. Okay with you?"

"I wouldn't wish to have my picture made," John Rossum said firmly.

"Do you think the Kid went to South America?" the reporter demanded. "Mr. Parker says he knows people who say they got postcards from him there."

"I always thought he went there," John Rossum said. Meticulously honest, he added, "I never got no postcards."

"I met a man yesterday who said Pinkerton's Detective Agency was still looking for the Kid in 1914, when he was supposed to be long dead."

"I don't know what become of him," John Rossum said. "I suppose he'd be dead by this time. He'd be pridnear eighty now."

The reporter got a sly grin on his face as he asked, "You knew his girl friend, I suppose?"

I seen her once or twice. Never could see why she took up with the Kid." (Couldn't understand why he took up with her, either. John Rossum thought; she was real plain. But gallantry did not permit him to say that.) "She lit out about the same time he did, I heard."

"I heard the same," John Rossum agreed.

He wished the reporter was willing to talk about something important, like Russia or how jet planes worked. The problems of the present concerned John Rossum mightily. But this young fellow was interested only in some old-time outlaws.

Mary was getting away from the beans. Nobody was in line any more. She patted her hair as she came toward him, and he noted with relief that she had on her managing expression.

She managed fine, too. She nodded at

the young man and dismissed him with a motherly smile.

John nodded politely to the reporter, who said with a grin. "I don't suppose you ever rode with the Kid, Mr. Rossum?"

"No," John Rossum answered. "I never did." He added without rancor, "Not so long ago, you could have got in trouble for asking a question like that." Then he went with Mary and ate pie he didn't want at all.

"The other ladies will clear things away," she said. "We can go now, unless you want to stay."

"Got nothing to stay for, unless you do," John answered. He thought she wanted to, but she said not. That was Mary for you—willing to leave early because she knew he would like to get away. There never was a woman like Mary. Or if there was, he hoped she had a man who deserved her.

Driving home in the old pickup, steering along rutted roads, his conscience hurt with an ache to which he was long accustomed. He and Mary didn't talk, because there was no need for it. Mary understood that he wished to think.

He remembered the Buckskin Kid, after Ben was dead and after the Kid came back and killed Ben's killer. The Kid was at his peak then. He owned the world, or anyway he roamed free in a piece of Montana about a hundred miles across.

And in those days John Rossum didn't own a thing but a bay horse and a saddle.

Johnny Rossum was young then and unsure, just a drifting cowboy, didn't know what he wanted of the world and wouldn't have known how to get it anyway. The Buckskin Kid told him once, "By damn, Johnny, the trouble with you is you think too much."

Young John Rossum answered, "Guess you're right, Kid, but how's a man going to stop?"

"Here's one way," the Kid said, grinning, and pushed a bottle along the bar.

"That won't stop a man from thinking for very long, though," Johnny commented. "And anyway, there's so many things to think about."

"Besides women and money, what is there?" the Kid challenged, so seriously that Johnny laughed out loud and said, "See, you're doing it, too."

Women and money—the Buckskin Kid was partly right. Johnny did a lot of thinking about them, or to be exact, he thought about one young woman and how he had no money. Mary Browning had other admirers, but Johnny thought—when he was feeling optimistic—that she sort of favored him. His rivals

had what Johnny lacked: some land, some cattle, a roof, even if the roof was only sod on a shack.

Mary was better off at home with her pa than she would be with Johnny Rossum. But she was nineteen, old enough to marry, and she was not indispensable to her pa, for she had a sister two years younger who could cook. Somebody would sure enough stake a claim to Mary Browning before very long.

Johnny Rossum wasn't exactly courting her. He just stopped by her pa's place whenever he was in the neighborhood—say twenty miles away. Sometimes she favored him by going for a walk with him along the river.

"Do we always have to have your horse along?" she demanded once.

Johnny glanced back in some surprise at the horse he was leading.

"Shucks, no. Could leave him in your pa's yard. You don't like having the horse along, huh?" That seemed important to him.

Mary thought his feelings were hurt. She reached up and scratched around the horse's ears.

"He's a nice horse. I don't mind if he comes along. I just wonder why you bring him when we're only out for a few minutes on foot."

There was something for Johnny to think about, and he thought hard. When he got the answer, it was so silly it embarrassed him.

"I'm not used to going afoot, that's all, I guess. If my boss was to order me to. I'd ask for my time. But as long as a man's leading his horse, he ain't afoot, really. Now ain't that silly! But it's true," said honest Johnny Rossum.

"And now I made a fool of myself admitting that," he suggested. "maybe you'll say why you don't like the horse's company?"

Mary Browning giggled. "I always think if I made a quick move you'd swing up on him and ride for your life. that's all," she said.

"Quick move? You think I'm scared you'll make a quick move?" John Rossum said triumphantly. "I'll show you what a quick move is!" and grabbed her and kissed her good while she struggled and laughed and her hair came loose, pretty Mary Browning.

She had no cause for struggle, having invited that kissing. but it was part of the game. and they both knew it. Johnny knew, too, that it was only a game. That was the kind of kissing a man could give a girl at a party, laughing and funning, even with her folks and her relatives and the preacher looking on.

Riding back to the ranch where he worked, he dreamed idly of the kiss he

had never given Mary Browning and maybe never would, the solemn, earnest kind, with sighing but no laughter. Mary couldn't afford to take a serious kiss from a man who was only a cowboy. Cowboys did not marry.

We got no homes, Johnny told himself.

He had a roof over his head. when he was at the headquarters ranch. He slept with two other cowboys in a sod bunkhouse. Mostly the roof kept the rain off.

"But it ain't my roof, damn it," he said out loud.

A week later, he didn't even have another man's roof, because the boss insulted him and he had to quit the job. Even making allowances for the fact that the boss was a tenderfoot, an Eastern fellow who had inherited the cattle, what he did could not be overlooked or excused. He did it right in front of the other hands, too.

The boss asked. "Johnny, did you look for the new bulls over beyond the red butte?"

Johnny had been told to find those bulls and move them. and he had done so. If he had failed, he would have said so. To be asked about it was to be insulted, although Johnny was not unduly sensitive. So he did what unwritten law required.

"I carried out your orders, Mr. Smith," he said gently. "Now I'll have to ask for my time."

So he collected the pay he had coming

packed up his war sack with what every cowboy called his "forty years' gatherings," whether he had lived forty years or not, and headed sadly for town.

It was only ten miles out of his way to stop at Mary's, so he did, but he didn't stay long. She had company, a rancher named Tip Warren, who spoke politely but then ignored Johnny Rossum, as much as to say, "With Mary Browning I've got the inside track. You count so little that I won't even waste time cutting you out."

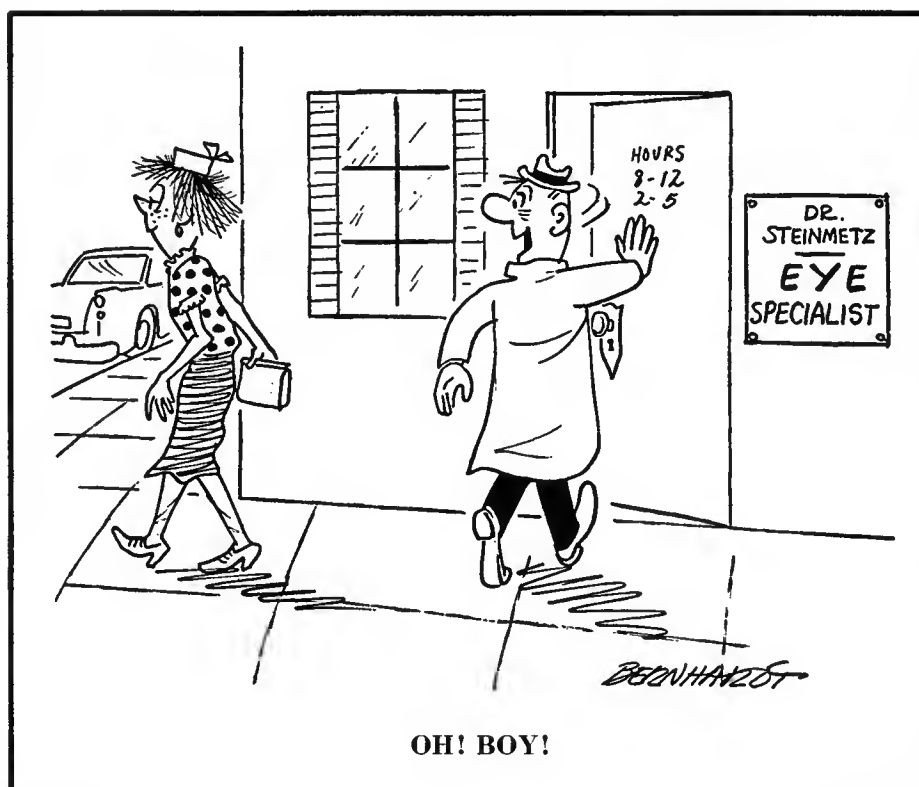
And Mary paid much attention to Tip Warren. It never dawned on Johnny that she might be trying to make him jealous. He didn't feel jealous. He just felt as if something he hadn't expected to get anyway had been moved a little farther out of reach.

Tip Warren remarked while they were sitting around, "I'm short-handed. One man broke his leg, another one lit out ahead of the sheriff. Guess I can pick up a couple hands in town though."

That was Johnny's cue to say Tip didn't need to go into town, but he didn't say it. He wasn't figuring to work for a man who was courting his girl. Not if he starved, he wouldn't do that.

So he went on into Fork City right after supper. turned his horse into the small pasture back of the livery stable, and bedded himself down on the hay by permission of the hostler.

It was pure accident, next morning,



that he ran into the Buckskin Kid. The Kid was affable except when he was roaring drunk, and when he was in Fork City, he didn't get drunk. He watched his step there and usually didn't come in unless he was pretty sure the sheriff was at the other end of the county. And when the sheriff had an idea the Kid might come in, he found business to take him to the other end of the county. That was how they got along, with a kind of truce that nobody talked about or maybe even thought about.

Johnny Rossum wasn't afraid of the Kid, but didn't like him much. He had an idea he might glimpse blood on the Kid's hands if he stared long enough, but he never stared at the Buckskin Kid, and neither did anyone else. In brief, Johnny's attitude was just about normal—he respected the Kid as a successful man and steered clear when he could do so without being conspicuous.

But the Kid liked Johnny Rossum, as most people did, and admired his brains, which other people ignored.

So in the saloon that morning, where Johnny was hanging around in the hope that some cattleman would come in who wanted to hire a hand, the Kid friendlied up to him. Johnny valued his health, so he friendlied back.

"I been thinking about you," the Kid said, "since I seen you last. A man that can think is kind of useful sometimes, know what I mean?"

"Sure," agreed Johnny.

The Kid saw that he hadn't got the point. "A thinking man could be useful to me. I mean," he hinted.

Johnny got the idea and answered, "I ain't very useful to anybody."

The Kid set down his glass. "I'll be out at Mamie's this evening with some of the boys, if you was to come by."

There it was, a direct invitation to a man who could think, an invitation to join up with a man of action. And Johnny had nothing to lose, the way he looked at his life right then.

So that evening he rode out to Mamie's, thinking hard. Once he pulled up his horse and thought hard while sitting in the saddle, with half a mind to turn back toward obscure respectability. What moved him on toward the meeting with the Kid was not any final decision of his own but the restlessness of the horse. When the horse started ahead in a tentative kind of way, Johnny growled, "Well, all right, if you're so anxious."

He hollered cautiously in Mamie's yard and didn't dismount until the door opened. It wasn't the Kid in the lighted doorway. But the man said, "Git down, we're waiting," and as Johnny came up to him he saw it was Windy Witherspoon. The others in there were Deaf Parker and

Gus Graves, and, of course, Mamie was there.

Afterward, it struck Johnny as funny that while he sat with the Kid's gang, planning a train robbery, Mamie tiptoed around with a plate of layer cake and glasses of lemonade. The Kid finally told her to stop it and go on with her packing if she intended to get out of the country while the getting was good.

"She's going to go visit her brother's folks in Minneapolis," the Kid told Johnny with a wink. So Johnny always supposed that wherever she did go, certainly not Minneapolis, the Kid met her there later.

The Kid said, with cake frosting on his mustache, "There's a currency shipment coming through, Johnny. You want to throw in with us?"

The other men stared at Johnny Rossum through the smoke of good cigars. Deaf Parker died of gunshot wounds in Wyoming. Windy died of the same in Nevada. Gus of old age in prison, and nobody knows for sure how the Kid ended, or where. But that night, none of them knowing how they'd finish up, those famous outlaws sat in Mamie's cabin, waiting for Johnny Rossum to say something.

"I come, didn't I?" he growled. Then his conscience hurt him. "Whose money is it?"

The Kid shrugged. "Who cares? The bank's getting it—or they think they are. Maybe the railroad gets held responsible. You got a soft spot in your heart for banks and railroads?"

"Guess not," Johnny admitted. He had had little contact with either of them. "It ain't like robbing folks. Where we going to do it?"

Gus grunted. "That's what you're supposed to help figure out. Mr. Brains."

Johnny stuck his chin out and demanded, "You willing I should?" and Gus nodded.

The Kid said, "Not very far from here. We never pulled a train job around here, so they won't expect it. Means we can't hang around here afterwards, of course, because we'd get the credit even if somebody else done it. But you could stay if you want to take the chance. If everything goes all right."

Johnny Rossum drew in a deep breath. Get me some cattle with my share of the take, maybe get my girl too, settle down and never do another wicked thing. Where'll I tell her the money came from? Figure that out after I get it. Got brains, ain't I?

"The boys and me, we don't want to be seen investigating along the railroad," the Kid explained. "But I got two, three places in mind. You go look, make plans, come back and tell me, and we'll all work

out the details, if you're still game."

"All right," Johnny said. "Go ahead and talk."

He was a jobless cowboy; nobody cared where he went. If anyone saw him go for a swim under a certain bridge, nobody connected it with the train robbery that became history. He had himself a good bath in the river and lazed around for a while, all alone. He took some rough measurements, by eye, of how far away the cottonwood grove was and just where the brush was thick, and he noted where there were some railroad ties that would come in handy.

He loafed around on the prairie for a couple of days, sizing things up at the places the Kid had mentioned, and one night he went out to Mamie's to talk to the boys.

He drew a diagram. "Put ties on the track right there. Not so's to wreck the train, but so the engineer will see 'em and stop. That'll bring the express car to right about here. The man that's going to cover the engine crew can hide under the bridge till the time comes. Others behind the tie pile on the north. Horses can be waiting in them cottonwoods, handy for the getaway. The conductor'll come running when the train stops, and the man at the head end can get a gun on him right away."

The boys argued every foot of the layout to make sure the plan was solid. The Kid asked them, "Sound all right to you?"

They nodded, and Johnny saw they were grinning.

"That's the exact place we picked out ourselves," the Kid told Johnny. "We wasn't so ignorant as we let on."

Johnny wasn't mad when he learned they had just been testing him out. He began to think maybe he had talent.

"You're going to hold the horses," the Buckskin Kid told him. "This ain't like a bank job, where the horse holder is liable to get shot at. Nobody's going to see you in the cottonwoods, and we might need some covering fire from there. Got a rifle, boy?"

Johnny nodded. He had never hit a human being with his rifle, though he had tried once when an Indian was trying to steal a cow.

"When I find out the day," the Kid said, "I'll send you word. Just hang around town."

In the next few days, while the Kid was waiting to find out when the currency would be coming through, Johnny tried to get the feel of being an outlaw. He couldn't tell yet what it would be like, but he decided one thing: no dirty outlaw was good enough for Mary Browning.

A man's got to say good-by to his girl, he told himself. Without letting her know

it's good-by. Got to have one last look at her, to remember; got to hint that he's going away for a while. She'll catch on, finally, that it's forever. And likely she won't care much anyway.

So he went to see Mary one last time. "Leaving the country pretty soon," he said casually. "Man might want me to drive some horses to Canada. Wants me to work for him there anyway."

"Canada?" Mary repeated, as if the border were a thousand miles away instead of fifty. She didn't talk much, seemed mad at him when he left. He was sorry about that but thought it was probably for the best.

As he rode back to Fork City, he felt had enough to cry.

One day the Kid sent him word, and they met secretly.

"Monday afternoon," the Kid told him. "We'll be away from here before that. Separately. You go before daylight Monday. Looking for a job somewhere, something like that. It don't matter what your reason is as long as it sounds good."

"Nobody'll care," Johnny admitted. "I'll grouch and gab to the hostler about going to Canada."

"All right with me." The Kid hesitated. "I'm giving you the easy part. You know that, don't you?"

"I didn't ask for no favors," Johnny reminded him. "But I'm grateful. I thought maybe you were making me horse holder because I'm green and might get in the way doing anything else."

The Kid barked a laugh. "Yessir, you got brains. My brother Ben, now, I used to have him hold the horses because he wasn't smart enough for anything else. But for you it's a kind of apprenticeship. And you get the same split the other boys do."

He slapped Johnny on the shoulder when they parted, and Johnny kept imagining he felt the mark of the outlaw's hand on him for quite a while afterward. When he was out on the street, he wondered if it showed.

Sunday, he grouched and gabbed to the hostler, who agreed things were pretty quiet and a man might have a better chance to get work if he hit north. So Johnny put his forty years' gatherings in his war sack before he went to bed in the hay.

He got up while it was still dark and walked out carrying his saddle. Nobody saw him, and if anybody had, they would not have guessed that he was scared or that he wished he wasn't going to rob a train.

He never did rob it, either.

The Buckskin Kid's gang got \$40,000 out of the express car safe, but Johnny Rossum wasn't with them, because he couldn't find his horse in the pasture.

The horse just wasn't there. Someone had opened the gate.

He squinted all around in the darkness and searched over every foot of the ground, but there was no horse in there.

A man couldn't rent a horse if he said he was taking it across the border. And, if he just took one, he'd be a horse thief, beneath contempt. Money belonged to banks, but horses belonged to people. A man had to draw the line somewhere.

That was a bad day for Johnny, because he thought a lot of that horse. He was glooming around town when the train robbery took place miles away.

Word of the robbery came about supertime. It spread along the telegraph wires and caught up with the sheriff. He came tearing back and began organizing posses, cussing a blue streak at the Buckskin Kid, and paid no attention when Johnny tried to report that his horse was strayed.

So when the sheriff said a few minutes later, "I want you in a posse, young feller," Johnny told him to go to hell and take the posse with him.

Somebody picked up the stray horse on Tuesday in time for the sheriff to requisition it, along with every other four-legged animal big enough to cinch a saddle on, for the posses that went riding out in every direction.

They never got the Buckskin Kid, though, and Johnny Rossum never saw him or heard from him again.

While the posses were riding around hell for leather, chasing bandits, Johnny went out to see Mary Browning. Having no horse to ride, he walked all ten miles of it. When she came out to meet him, she had the most startled look on her face.

"You mean to say you came all the way on foot?" she demanded. "Just to see me? Oh, Johnny!"

That was the time he first kissed her the solemn, earnest way, with sighing and no laughter, right there in front of her pa's house with her sister peeking out the window. Then he pulled away and shook his head.

"A while back," he said. "I didn't have a thing but my horse and saddle. Right now, I ain't even got the horse. But I come to tell you . . ."

"Yes?" she whispered, trying to snuggle into his arms again. "Say it, Johnny, say it."

"I come to tell you," he finished lamely, "that I wish I was rich!"

She knew, miraculously, exactly what he meant, but he always regretted he hadn't said it fancier.

There wasn't any serious problem after that, really. They built a shack on her pa's place, and Johnny worked for him,

and after a few years he and Mary had cattle of their own and four children and a mighty good life.

Fifty years later, the evil he had meant to do still plagued him. He hadn't earned that good life at all.

The lane to the home place was half a mile ahead when he said urgently. "I got to tell you something," and the woman who had been his wife for half a century answered, "Hmm?"

He hated to do it, hated to have her know, even now, how weak he had been, how wicked he had meant to be.

"That fellow talking about the Buckskin Kid," he said hurriedly. "I got to thinking there's something I have to tell you. I almost—that is, I would have—well, that last big holdup the Kid pulled, I would have been in it if my horse hadn't strayed."

Mary sounded as shocked as he had expected.

"John Rossum," she said, "I can hardly believe it!"

"It's true," he sighed.

"I never suspected that," she said, and was silent for a while. "Now I can tell you something *you* never knew. You were acting so mysterious in those days, I thought you had another girl on the string. In Canada, maybe, or that Mamie."

"Mamie!" John Rossum gulped.

"I thought there was some girl, anyway," his wife told him. "So I rode into town and let down that gate and spooked your horse out of that pasture myself, if you want to know it, so's you couldn't get away easy!"

He felt a wild chuckle welling up inside him, but before he could answer, Mary said something else:

"You know, I was bound and determined to have you. If you had gone off with those bandits, and if you'd asked me—well, I'd have gone along."

He said, "Why, Mary Rossum!" and took a quick, horrified glance at this woman whom he suddenly felt he didn't know at all.

THE END

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"I belong to my sailor!"



"I do love a party!"



"He's not so dependable as Henry, but he's tall and dark and has a Cadillac convertible-- and oh, my! but he --"



"Follow me!"

HER CROWNING GLORY



"All men are wolves ... but I am just Little Red Riding Hood."



"No matter what you say, Mother, I say he needs a little prodding!"



"But I'm afraid in this big house
all by myself when you go on trips."



"I know it sounds glamorous,
but an air-line hostess just
has no life of her own."

Artist Robert Taylor, a male we
suspect has paid his share of beauty
parlor bills, here unveils a new
approach to a perennial female
problem. "Why," he asks, "should a
woman look like an Italian urchin or
the wrong end of a pony? Revolt, girls,
let your hair reveal the real you!"



"Well, frankly, I don't like
it, either, but it does go
with the slim silhouette!"



"Of course it's not a new style; I
just scrubbed the kitchen floor!"



"I have pioneered in
equal rights for women."



CHRONIC WORRY immobilizes us, helps cause high blood pressure, ulcers, arthritis, diabetes, and other serious diseases. Some people start by using worry as a spur to help surmount obstacles, then find it impossible to relax. The best way to check this dangerous habit is to live one day at a time and each twenty-four hours to the fullest.

WORRY

A killer that knows no class boundaries, chronic worry is already listed as the breeder of a dozen diseases, and science is only beginning to uncover the havoc it wreaks on body and spirit. Here is how to live longer by worrying less

BY MARTIN L. GROSS WITH DR. PHILLIP POLATIN

Q. Doctor Polatin, the readers of COSMOPOLITAN, like everyone in our modern civilization, are sometimes bogged down by "worry." We hope that as a practicing psychiatrist you can clarify some aspects of this vital subject by answering a few questions.

First, just what is worry?

A. It may not seem so, but you have asked a difficult question. Basically, I would say worry is a conscious unpleasant feeling. It is a pondering or concern over something that has happened or that we think may happen. A worrier may not admit it to himself, but he has a foreboding that something awful is about to occur.

Q. How does worry differ from fear?

A. Fear is a reaction to sudden danger, while worry usually extends over a period of time.

Q. How does worry differ from anxiety?

A. "Anxiety" is caused by unconscious forces, while worry, on the other hand, is a conscious response. A worrier *knows* what is bothering him.



Dr. Phillip Polatin, Associate Clinical Psychiatrist, New York Psychiatric Institute

Q. Is worry a common phenomenon nowadays?

A. Too common. We all worry, most of us excessively.

Q. Is worry confined to the mind, or are there physical symptoms associated with it?

A. There definitely are. There is usually a rise in blood pressure, palpitation of the heart, queasiness in the stomach, loss of energy, and sometimes sweating—alternating hot and cold reactions.

Q. Just why do people worry so much? What causes worry?

A. Well, we all strive for security and happiness, and when life and society put obstacles in our path, we try to surmount them. In the process we worry over whether we will defeat these challenges to our security or whether they will defeat us.

Q. Is worry normal?

A. Yes, some worry about real problems—what I would call "ego" worry—is normal and perhaps even helpful as a mental purgative. But chronic worry, even if not abnormal, is definitely unhealthy. In fact, I would say that the person who worries continually borders on being mentally ill.

Q. But what if his problems are real and serious?

A. They usually are. But a stable individual will eventually make an adjustment to almost any life situation, including failure, disgrace, and loneliness.

Q. What of people who worry about imaginary problems?

A. This is an entirely different kind of worry. A man who is well liked and prospering on a job, yet who goes to work every morning worrying about being fired, is a "neurotic worrier." His

(continued)

Photos by Maxwell Coplan



“Most chronic worriers have depressive, pessimistic characters. It is definitely a sign of emotional immaturity. Men worry more than women, but an individual’s personality type is the most salient factor”

worry is not produced by a perceptible danger to his immediate security, but is actually a symptom of a deep-seated emotional disturbance. People who worry about their inadequacies—sexual, intellectual, or social—generally fall into this category. These “neurotic worriers,” however, are only a small minority. Most people worry about concrete problems and have little concern over abstractions or imaginary dangers.

Q. Dr. Polatin, we often hear that people worry today more than they used to. Is this just another example of glorifying the good old days?

A. I’m afraid not. People have more to worry about today with the threat of cataclysmic war and the H-bomb. Our

twentieth-century civilization has added many tensions to life. In addition, man never had the opportunities he has today. The chance for wealth and happiness seems open to all and creates “worry” for those trying desperately to reach these goals. One hundred years ago, the average man wasn’t so vulnerable.

Q. What do people worry about most?

A. Money and success. A prominent colleague of mine once said that “money sickness,” as he called this kind of worry, was more prevalent and dangerous than the common cold. Women worry about their weight and appearance, their family, and their marriage. Men worry about their virility, their hair, prestige, meeting bills, and their career.

Q. Do men or women worry more?

A. I would say men worry more. Because they are the breadwinners, men are more in contact with the conflicts of modern-day life.

Q. Doctor, you mentioned briefly that worry is dangerous. In what way could something so common be harmful?

A. Actually it is only because worry is so much a part of us that it is so dangerous, both psychologically and physically. Psychologically, constant worry immobilizes us. It robs us of energy we would normally use for constructive things. It helps destroy the thing it is concerned with—greater happiness. I have known people who used excessive worry as a goad and a whip to help them surmount obstacles, then found it impossible to relax even when there was nothing to worry about.

Q. Do you mean that worry is habit-forming?

A. Definitely. We would like it to be the kind of thing we could turn off and on for emergencies, but it’s not. Worry builds a mental pattern. In fact, with some people it becomes a way of life. If they have nothing to worry about, they feel strange because their mind isn’t preoccupied with a problem.

Q. Is worry ever beneficial?

A. To a small extent. Some people use it successfully as a stimulant. Some students, for example, are so psychologically constituted that they do better on exams when they worry beforehand. Other types of people would never fulfill their responsibilities if they didn’t worry first. But in the latter case there is something basically wrong to begin with. In general, I would say it is mentally bad to look upon worry as a blessing in any form.

Q. Doctor, you spoke of physical danger. Do you mean that worry can cause an ulcerous stomach?

A. The ulcer is, of course, the most publicized example of bodily harm created by worry, but it is only a small part of the story. Normal worry can produce such disturbances in the body as diarrhea, nausea, indigestion, vomiting, frequent headaches, palpitations, sweating, difficulty in catching the breath, abdominal pain, constipation, heartburn,

acute menstrual pain in women, premature stoppage of menstruation, and insomnia.

Q. Are these mild distortions the limit of worry's destruction, or can worry create more serious illnesses, too?

A. Oh, yes. Worry contributes to a great many sicknesses, some of them fatal. Generally we call these the psychosomatic illnesses, because they are in some way affected by the mind. But remember, sickness brought on by worry is just as painful and just as real as any other kind of sickness.

Q. Which are the psychosomatic illnesses?

A. Every year research discovers more and more illnesses affected by the mind. The most common psychosomatic illnesses known today include high blood pressure, which may result in apoplexy, enlarged heart, and frequent headaches; gastric ulcers; colitis; heart disease; asthma and hay fever; arthritis and rheumatic fever; diabetes; and various skin ailments.

Q. Doctor, do you mean that worry actually causes all these serious illnesses?

A. Psychosomatic medicine is not quite that simple. A combination of factors produces the sickness. First there must be some point of organic weakness—in the case of ulcers, some susceptibility to stomach disorder. Then a serious emotional disturbance like chronic worry can change the susceptibility into an actual and very painful ulcer—or in other cases bring on a fatal heart attack, or diabetes, or even kidney trouble.

Q. It seems understandable that worry could affect the abdomen. We all feel "butterflies" in the stomach when we worry excessively. But exactly how could worry bring on such serious organic diseases as coronary thrombosis or arthritis?

A. To be quite candid, we don't know exactly how worry affects the body. The field is still relatively new and we know far less than we should about the subject. But the most widely accepted theory about the effects of worry on the body is Selye's Theory of Stress.

Q. What is Selye's Theory?

A. In 1944, Dr. Hans Selye, a physician from Montreal, Canada, announced in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that his experiments had convinced him that stress, especially incessant worry, created disease by producing chemical imbalance in the body. When a person worries constantly, he said, the pituitary gland under the brain and the adrenal glands near the kidney pour out hormones in answer to the mind's alarm. It is this discharge of excess toxic hormones that attacks the various body organs and produces the psychosomatic diseases and the general feeling of being sick associated with chronic worry.

Q. Dr. Polatin, I was under the impression that the pituitary and adrenal glands secreted substances vital to life. How could they also create such havoc?

A. Actually, these glands normally protect the body against cold, pain, infection, and such stresses as worry. When the mind sends out an alarm, the pituitary and adrenal secretions help the body set up a defense and we learn to live with this stress or worry. But then, eventually, Dr. Selye said, as the chronic worry continues to eat away at us, the defense mechanism breaks down, and the glands secrete excess hormones in answer to still more alarm. It is the excess of the hormones which once protected us that now does the damage.

Q. Do we know which hormones are involved in the process?

A. There are dozens of hormones produced by the adrenals, but according to current theory, DOCA, or desoxycorticosterone acetate is the villain. In the pituitary, STH, the somatotrophic hormone, the one responsible for the body's growth, is the one considered dangerous when we are under the strain of continuous worry.

Q. Is there any way to stop the toxic action of these hormones?

A. About five years ago, researchers found that cortisone and ACTH worked miraculously on a great range of ailments such as asthma, skin trouble, and arthritis. Selye's theory is that ACTH and cortisone hormones neutralize excess DOCA and STH and restore the body's chemical balance. This helps in the treatment of some psychosomatic illnesses, but of course such treatment doesn't eliminate one of the most important sources of the problem—chronic worry.

(continued)

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"We all have the capacity to enjoy life—instead

Q. Has recent research turned up any more clues to this riddle of worry?

A. Yes, there have been many new clues. One theory, developed by two young scientists in Utah, is quite interesting. They contend that such stresses as worry actually cause the membranous structure of the human cell to break down, releasing a fluid containing histamine that then attacks neighboring cells. Their theory, however, still remains completely unsubstantiated.

Q. Can we conclude from what you've said that worry can actually shorten a person's life?

A. Yes, definitely. Worry is a killer. Every day a great number of people worry themselves into a state of high blood pressure (hypertension) and die from apoplexy caused by a blood vessel's bursting in the brain. I have no doubt that anyone who could learn to stop worrying would add as much as a decade to his life.

Q. Doctor Polatin, are we all equally susceptible to worry, or are certain groups more addicted than others? We've always heard, for example, that advertising executives sport an ulcer as a symbol of their profession.

A. I would say worry has no class consciousness. It encompasses the poor and rich alike, the uneducated and the intellectual, all religions, and all races. To some extent, certain occupations, such as advertising and manufacturing in highly competitive fields, do breed worry. As I mentioned previously, I think men possibly worry more than women. But the most salient factor is the personality type of the individual.

Q. Do you mean that some types of people worry more than others?

A. I would say so. Worry includes a certain foreboding of danger. People who are optimistic by nature have a cheerier view of the future and less tendency to worry. Most chronic worriers have de-

pressive, pessimistic characters. The fact that a person worries excessively is no reflection on his intellectual or physical development, but it is definitely a sign of emotional immaturity. Another factor is the amount of basic anxiety which a person has.

Q. Are worriers born instead of made?

A. No, not exactly. However, those people with a good deal of basic anxiety and marked "startle reactions"—for example, they jump when a car backfires—would probably have a greater disposition to worry. Basically, however, personality determines the probability of addiction to worry.

Q. Do children worry? Would an adult worrier first show these tendencies as a child?

A. Not at a very young age, for worry is a conscious, almost intellectual act. But many chronic worriers do show depressive personality traits while still children.

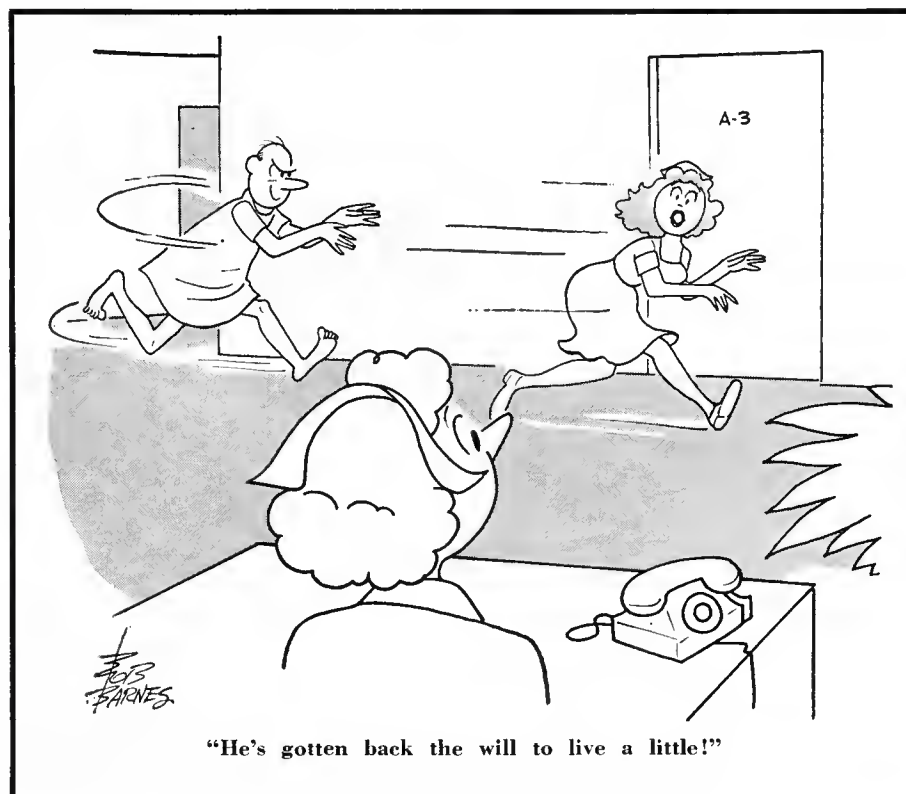
Q. Doctor Polatin, I imagine that people worry a lot about growing old. Is this type of worry normal?

A. Yes, concern over growing old is perfectly normal, *if* you are really growing old. I would say this worry begins in a normal man at about fifty, and in a woman in her middle forties. In men, the worry is often highlighted if the man thinks he hasn't made a financial or professional success of himself. In women, worry over growing old is closely related to menopause.

Q. Why should women worry about the menopause?

A. There really is nothing to worry about, but all women hear nonsensical rumors that they are likely to lose control of their minds during this time. But the chances are really negligible. Basically, a woman in change of life is worried over the possibility that she will lose her femininity, attractiveness, her sexual powers, and even her husband and children.

Q. Is worry about death normal?



of worrying about its pitfalls”



A. Concern about death is quite common and normal for people in their late middle age, but it is definitely neurotic for people of thirty or forty to give it more than an occasional philosophical consideration. Even among older people, worry about death is abnormal if it becomes obsessive.

Q. Doctor, I, for one, am now thoroughly convinced of the dangers of excessive worry. But how can a person tell when he is worrying too much?

A. There are definite physical signs to warn us. The best one is the inability to sleep well, or, in extreme cases, insomnia. Taking worry to bed with you is one of the most harmful mental habits. Other warning signs are exhaustion, irritability, a general feeling of being uncomfortable, and loss of interest in hobbies that formerly intrigued you.

Q. Is there anything we can do to stop worrying?

A. Yes, I think so. I think the first thing a worrier should do is realize that many of his apprehensions are exaggerated. Most of the catastrophes we're sure will befall us never happen. Logic should convince us that if we existed fairly well up till now, there is no reason why the situation shouldn't continue. I think a worrier should confront himself and determine just how morbid worry is. We

all have the capacity to enjoy life—instead of worrying about its pitfalls—if we just become a little more optimistic, more tolerant of things as they are, and more youthful in our outlook. We should try to eliminate unhealthy competition with friends and neighbors, and instead of worrying about increasing our income to \$20,000 a year, adjust to what we do make and learn to enjoy life on it. Many of us worry about not living life to its fullest, yet we keep postponing our enjoyments—saying we'll play golf when we have more time, take that trip when we have more money saved, relax on our jobs when we feel more secure. Unfortunately, those times seldom come. A person who lives one day at a time, and each twenty-four-hour period to its fullest, could never become a chronic worrier.

Q. Are some cases hopeless?

A. Unfortunately, yes. To some, worry is a way of life. They actually derive a morbid satisfaction from punishing themselves. But most people, if they are convinced that worry is robbing them of something very precious, can help themselves.

Q. What about psychiatry? Can it cure a chronic worrier?

A. Yes, a person who feels the need should visit the mental health clinic of his hospital or go to a private psychiatrist. Treating “worry” does not normally require psychoanalysis. A less extreme treatment—psychotherapy—is often very successful. The psychotherapist tries to get the worrier to look at himself squarely and realistically. After all, life is short and we were put on earth to enjoy it, not to worry ourselves sick about it.

Q. Doctor Polatin, I think I speak for all the readers of COSMOPOLITAN in thanking you for your clarification of this important subject. Perhaps by knowing what worry is and realizing the danger it presents to our body and mind, we will all be able to live successfully without it.

A. I sincerely hope so.

THE END

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Beauty on the Go...

... has a fresh vacation twist. She packs up her glamour in a new kit bag and proves a smart girl can take it with her

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

This year, the vacationing American girl sports a new glamour touch. Once and for all, she has taken the monopoly on the cosmetic kit away from the traveling movie stars and the Duchess-of-Windsor set. Handsome train boxes (see those in our car and plane pictures), or kits that fit into a suitcase, contain her most important investment—good looks. No matter how expensive her vacation wardrobe—and she may spend from fifty to thousands of dollars on vacation clothes—she is aware that its effect depends, finally, on her grooming.

What goes into the cosmetic bag will total millions of dollars to industry, but costs the lady only around \$25. It guarantees her that aboard ship or plane, at a hotel or in a strange country, she won't be caught without *her* shade of lipstick, won't waste precious vacation time shopping futilely for bobby pins, won't hand out a fortune for soap, or endure life without her favorite cologne.

When packing this ammunition, the lady has gone scientific. No more the half-empty jars of shampoo and cold cream snatched from the dressing table, the lugging around of excess weight. Into pretty, lightweight plastic jars and bottles go measured dollops of cosmetics, extra lures like beauty patches and gold dust. When the lady wants to look tops, why worry? It's in the bag!

PHOTOS BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



BY TRAIN First at the gates at New York's Penn Station, a train-traveling cotton coat, jaunty over a shirt-collared, woven-striped cotton sleeveless dress. Coat, \$19.95, dress, \$17.95, Greta Platty. John Fredericks' Charmer beret. Roger Van S bag.

(continued) 65

DOUBLE-CHECK THIS LIST BEFORE TAKING OFF

HANDS: Manicure kit. Nail polish in several shades. Hand brush, nail brush, hand lotion.

HAIR: Hairnet, brush, extra pocket combs. Shampoo, hairset lotion, hair cream, color, and spray. Bobby pins.

SKIN: Cleansing cream, night, hormone, or nourishing cream. Astringent, lip pomade, sunburn protection.

GLAMOUR: Bath salts or oil. Perfume. Cologne.

SPECIALS: Vitamins, pellet washcloths, bath brush, cleansing pads, plastic bags for damp things.

EYES: Eyebrow pencil, lid liner pencil, eyeshadow, mascara. Eye lotion, eye cup. Tweezers, lash curler.

MOUTH: Dental floss, toothbrush, toothpaste, mouthwash.

MUSTS: Deodorant, depilatory, razor and blades, shower cap, tampons or sanitary napkins, soap and flakes, face tissues, cotton.

MAKE-UP: Foundation. Lipstick brush. Lipstick. Powder in several shades. Powder puffs. Plastic make-up cape.



BY PLANE All ready to board a plane for Europe, this Junior Sophisticates pinstriped cotton casual, designed by Anne Klein with cuffed shirt, skirt, and embroidered camisole, \$39.95. John Fredericks' Charmer cloche. Bag by Roger Van S. The jewelry by Castlecliff.



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THE END 67



THE IMPULSE

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

After it was over, they wanted to find out more about the man who had done this thing. They wanted to know how the mind had become twisted, how one human could wish such a violent, shattering death on another—selecting the victim by whim, on impulse. But little could be learned about him after his death. Certain bald facts were ascertained, but they yielded no clue to what had transpired in the stilled brain.

His name was Howard Elser. He died three weeks before his forty-first birthday. For the nine years before his death he had worked as a machinist at Bacon-Held, a firm that made cheap automotive parts for sale through accessory stores. He was five feet, eight inches tall, and weighed a hundred



The man lay dying
in the street. She
walked on without
even turning, carrying
in her white shoulder
bag his grisly
legacy of death

ILLUSTRATED BY
THORNTON UTZ

and fifty-five pounds. He had a wide, colorless, unmemorable face, small features, black thinning hair, rather large hands.

He had no friends. He was known to the men he worked with as a silent, competent man. They called him Elser. He lived alone at 1881 Bernice Street, in a small frame house in a decaying neighborhood in the north end of the city. Some of his neighbors knew him by sight, and some knew him by name. He had no car. The house had a large sturdy garage.

The first man to enter the garage after Elser's death was Patrolman George C. Holmar, age twenty-four. Fourth Precinct. He died instantly in the violent explosion that distorted the garage roof, shattered windows in neighboring houses, and put a hot, jagged piece of steel in the left thigh of the sergeant who was ten feet beyond the open garage door.

After the demolition experts made sure that a trip-wire booby trap had caused the explosion, the investigation proceeded. Ancient metal-working equipment, carefully restored to good condition, was bolted to the cement floor of the garage. It was a well-equipped shop, small and flexible.

Among Elser's papers they found his service record. He had enlisted in 1942 in Dayton, Ohio, had been assigned, after training, to an Ordnance Heavy Maintenance Battalion, and had been honorably discharged in 1945 as a Technical Sergeant. Social Security and personnel records at Bacon-Held showed he had worked at several large plants before the war.

Also among his papers were found three patents taken out at considerable expense during the past nine years. They were for intricate jig and fixture arrangements for machine tools. There had apparently been no attempt to market the patents, though an expert said they seemed feasible, if somewhat too intricate.

His house was quite bare, extremely clean and neat. He had an extensive library of technical books. In a savings account he had a little over eleven hundred dollars. In his home there were no personal letters, no photographs, no pictures, no radio, no television set.

With just these facts there would be no clue, even for the clinical psychiatrists. In a lockbox under his bed, however, they discovered something which gave them an opportunity to use the convoluted words of their profession.

It was a large scrapbook. The first clipping had been neatly pasted into the scrapbook nearly five years before. The last clipping was from the *Ledger-Record* of the day before Elser's death.

Every clipping was about Charles Walker Wylie. Many of the clippings, particularly those including cuts of Mr. Wylie, were decorated in colored crayon with obscene drawings. Charles Walker

Wylie, ex-Mayor, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, owner of Station KKTU, director of several local corporations, stated that he had never heard of Elser, and could not imagine why Elser should have borne him any ill will.

Yet Elser was undoubtedly the man who phoned Charles Walker Wylie at his home at 8 p.m. on Thursday, June 24, and stated that Mr. Wylie would be killed the next day. And hung up.

The psychiatrists said that Elser very probably had no logical basis for his hatred of Wylie. They said that Wylie, with his position in the community, had become a symbol to Howard Elser. They spoke of transference, of father-image.

But as far as Jane Ann Kimball was concerned, Elser did not even know her. He did not know her name. He had never seen her, until he stood close behind her in that elevator in the Shannon Building.

Some of it was known. Some of it could be guessed.

It was known that Howard Elser phoned Bacon-Held on that Friday morning at nine-thirty and reported himself sick. It was the first workday he had missed in nine years. A housewife, sweeping her front porch, saw Elser walking toward the bus stop shortly after noon.

He was next seen on the top floor of the Shannon Building at about ten minutes of five. His thoughts during that June afternoon will never be known. Perhaps he walked through the city. Perhaps you saw him, a subtly shabby man in a gray suit, a brown felt hat with sweat-stained ribbon, a white shirt with a collar a bit too large for him, a clip-on bow tie, blue with a small white check pattern, black shoes with a high shine, though cracked across the instep. His hands were large, the nails rimmed with the ineradicable black of the machinist. He carried death in his pocket.

Charles Walker Wylie's suite of offices on the top floor of the Shannon Building was his base of operations. He had a second office on the other side of town, an office with a glass slot that ran the length of one wall through which visitors could look down on the floodlighted organized confusion of the main studio of KKTU. As an ex-mayor of the city he had the use of a third office in the City Hall. But the southwest corner of the top floor of the Shannon Building was his business home. He was a likable, ambitious, excusably ruthless man who had once been the youngest mayor in the city's history, and thought of himself as one of the city's leading citizens.

His accountant and bookkeeper was in the adjoining office on one side, with his confidential clerk in the next office beyond. One girl, a Miss Moyer, performed all their secretarial duties. On the other side of Wylie's office was the office of

Miss Caroline Principi, his private secretary, confidante, and friend.

At quarter of five on June 25, Miss Moyer, a sallow and nervous girl, came in to chat with Caroline Principi. Through the open door to Mr. Wylie's office, both girls could see the studio technicians preparing for Mr. Wylie's midnight television broadcast.

Miss Moyer said, "Caroline, do you think maybe it's a gag, all this threat business?"

"It's no gag, Betsy. He wouldn't do anything that cheap. Besides, it kind of worried him. You can't tell what some nut will do." She giggled, then, and shook her dark curls. "Anyhow, I bet a lot more people will stay up and tune in just to see if he's all right."

"You don't seem worried."

"I'm not. He called Chief Pepper last night. He's had plain-clothes men with him all day long."

"Who'd want to take a shot at him?"

Miss Principi looked darkly mysterious. "Oh, he's stepped on a few toes."

At that moment the corridor door opened and a man came in, brown felt hat in his hand.

Miss Principi surveyed the cheap gray suit, the cracked shoes, and, in half a second, had placed the man neatly in one of her many categories. "Yes?" she said.

The man pulled a package out of his pocket. "I'm supposed to put this on his desk," the man said. Later Miss Principi described the package as being about the size of two packs of king-sized cigarettes laid side by side. It was in gray or pale blue paper, and tied with white string.

"Has it got something to do with the broadcast?"

"I guess so. They sent me over with it."

"Well, go in and leave it, then."

"Okay," the man said. He trudged toward the open door to Wylie's private office. Just as he reached the doorway, he turned and glanced at the two girls. Later Miss Principi said that his eyes looked wild when he turned.

She stood up behind her desk and walked to the office doorway. The technicians were in a corner on the floor arguing. The man had opened the shallow drawer in the middle of the desk. He was putting the package in the drawer.

"You said on the desk," she said firmly.

"Did I? They told me in the middle drawer."

"Who told you?"

"Over at the station."

"Do you work there?"

"Sure. I work there."

The two technicians had stopped to listen. "Does this man work over at the station?" she asked them.

They shook their heads. "I've never seen him." "Me either."

"Let me see what you've got there,"

Miss Principi asked boldly and walked toward the man, hand outstretched.

It was then five o'clock.

Miss Principi tried futilely and quite bravely to block the man's way. He thrust her back against the desk. She screamed once as he went into her office and, running after him, screamed again as he hurried out into the corridor. She felt faint and had to sit down. She bent over with her head between her knees and kept saying, "That's the one! That's the one!"

When one of the technicians hurried out into the corridor, the elevator had already started down. By chance, the elevator had been there, waiting for him. At one minute of five the starter on the main lobby floor always sent one car to the top and two others to sixteen where the Transit Mutual Insurance Company offices were, so as to facilitate emptying the building at the five o'clock rush.

Patrolman Walter Conroy, Traffic Detail, stood in the lobby of the Shannon Building, waiting for a chance to have a word with his young wife, a pregnant keypunch operator who was working her last month with Transit Mutual.

He saw a man in a gray suit plunge out of the elevator, thrusting the office girls aside and knocking one sprawling on her hands and knees on the tile floor of the lobby.

"Hey, you!" Conroy roared, indignant at the thought that the jerk could just as easily have knocked down Marie Conroy. The man gave him a frightened look and sprinted for the big doors. To a cop that meant stop him. He hit the sidewalk ten feet behind the smaller man, holster un-snapped, Police Positive in his hand.

"Halt," he yelled in approved fashion.

The man had run out from under his hat. A man picked it up and stood holding it. The running man looked back. Conroy aimed the revolver at him, not intending to fire, hoping that the visual effect would be impressive.

The man cut sharply to his left, ran between two parked cars and directly into the path of a panel delivery truck. The front right fender of the truck boosted him, and the right post of the windshield hit him solidly. The blow knocked the man into the row of parked cars. He sprawled across the hood of one and slipped back into the road.

The truck screeched to a stop. Conroy slowed oncoming traffic. People ran toward the scene from all directions. Conroy kept the crowd back, got his call in, quieted the truck driver down. He looked at the man, at the sickening distortion of the body, and knew that the man could live only through a miracle.

"He's trying to say something," the truck driver said, plucking at Conroy's

sleeve. Conroy went down on one knee.

The mouth worked in the ruined face. Conroy leaned closer. "Put it . . . in pocketbook . . . elevator . . . midnight."

"What?" Conroy demanded.

"Midnight," the man said. And could speak no longer.

Conroy stood up. "Out of his head," he said officially. The ambulance came whining through the streets and stopped. The man was efficiently gathered up. Conroy took the truck driver over to the sidewalk to get the rest of the information.

An official car swung in and parked. Conroy recognized Sergeant Dumont from the Special Section.

Dumont marched up to them, eyes simian-deep under the harsh black brows. "What goes on here?"

"A guy came running out of the elevator, knocking a girl down. I tried to stop him and he ran right in front of that truck. The ambulance just took him away. He was hurt bad, may be dead already."

"Who are you?"

"Conroy, Traffic."

"I want to find you right here when we come back out of that building."

"Okay."

Dumont and his partner were gone fifteen minutes. Conroy made the nervous truck driver stay, too. Dumont, when he returned, planted himself in front of Conroy.

"Okay. Description."

"Just . . . just a normal-looking guy. Gray suit. Brown hat."

"Here's the hat," the truck driver said. "A fellow give it to me after the ambulance left."

Dumont took it and looked at the band. "I got his name and address off his wallet," Conroy said. "It was Howard Elser, 1881 Bernice Street."

"I'll take that," Dumont said. "I want to know about a package he had."

"I didn't see any package," Conroy said.

"He didn't have no package," the truck driver said.

"Was it something he stole?" Conroy asked.

"Shut up. Did he have a chance to get rid of the package?"

"After he came out of the elevator? No. I had my eyes on him every minute. Wait a minute. Sergeant. He said something. I thought he was just talking nonsense. you know like they do."


"Well, what did he say?"

"Something about putting something in a pocketbook in the elevator. It didn't make much sense then, but if he had a little package like you say . . ."

Dumont looked beyond Conroy. Conroy thought the expression on the sergeant's face was most peculiar.


"Did he say anything else?" Dumont

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asked him in a surprisingly soft voice.

"He said 'midnight.' He said that twice."

"Mother of Mary," Dumont said. He whirled and ran for the official car.

"Can I go now?" the driver asked.

"Yes. Go on. Get going."

Conroy had missed Marie. He walked back to his corner, turned off the traffic signals, and took his position in the middle of the intersection. As he hustled the traffic along, one part of his mind was busy wondering what the hell was going on. He knew it had to be something special to unhinge the legendary poise of Sergeant Bernie Dumont. It was then quarter to six.

Lieutenant Brian Rome was the head of Special Section. He was an angular black-haired man of thirty, full of nervous, restless energy, with a gift of ingenuity and improvisation. In the Department of Public Safety and in the Police Department itself he was looked on as a man who would very probably head up the department at some time in the future.

When the department had been completely reorganized three years before, it had been Rome who had sold Chief Pepper and sold the Commissioner of Public Safety on the idea of creating a Special Section—a grab-bag section which would take on those one-shot duties which did not properly belong to the regular sections, such as Traffic, Homicide, Robbery, Vice, Identification, Lab, and so on. When a special project came up, Rome could take the necessary personnel from those sections which, at the moment, were best able to spare the men.

The threat made against Charles Walker Wylie's life had been classified at once as a special project, and turned over to Brian Rome. He had talked with Wylie on Thursday evening, copied down Wylie's schedule for the day, warned Wylie to adhere to it, and had requisitioned the number of men he felt necessary to guarantee Wylie's safety. Though he did not tell Wylie, Rome was quite aware that if a determined man wanted to kill Wylie, he could probably manage it, no matter how much police protection was given him. Brian Rome felt that it was a crank threat. He anticipated no trouble on Friday. He would cut the protection on Saturday to two men, and, in view of Wylie's position and importance, keep those two men on for a full week before taking them off.

Only Brian Rome's dark eyes were alive as he listened to Bernie Dumont's story. Bernie seemed agitated. Rome picked up his phone and called Central Hospital. He talked to Emergency and found that Elser was D.O.A. He told them to hold the body until either the family or the police contacted them.

"Dead," Rome said superfluously to

Dumont. "Have a car sent out to his house. No phone?"

"None listed."

"Then come back in here and we'll talk this out."

While Brian Rome waited for Dumont to return to his small office, he felt a prickle of apprehension at the nape of his neck. He rubbed his neck vigorously.

Dumont came back in and sat down.

"Okay," Brian said. "I guess we'll both go along on the assumption that the package contains a bomb. But it sounds small."

"Anything else is too fancy. And it wouldn't have to be big. Where he was going to put it, it would have been six inches from Wylie's belly."

"Okay, if it's small for a bomb, it certainly is small to include a timing device, too. Let's get George Pell up here."

Pell, the part-time demolitions expert, was a stocky, bald, crumpled, fearless little man.

"George, assume a bomb this big," Rome outlined the dimensions with thin, strong fingers. "Can you get much of a bang out of it?"

"It won't knock down any buildings. Brian. But it could kill five or six people if they were standing in a group."

"Could it include a timing device?"

"Not mechanical. Chemical. During the war OSS had incendiary pencils with a timing device accurate to within a half hour, and you could set 'em twelve hours ahead. You won't get the accuracy a mechanical timer will give you, but you get enough for all practical purposes. I've seen . . ."

The phone rang and Rome answered it. He listened carefully, murmured a few words, and hung up. "George, you're back on duty. Better get Lew to help. Take what you need out to 1881 Bernice. Tell Lew to meet you there. I'll be along later. A patrolman named Holmar just got blown to bits out there. It sounds like the place was booby-trapped. George, I think he made his bomb out there. See if you can find out what we can expect of it, how it was made, and so on."

George asked, "Where is the bomb itself, the one you were asking about?"

"In some woman's purse, somewhere in the city."

George opened his mouth, then closed it, swallowed, and left.

"Holmar," Dumont said softly. "Good man."

"And Rice took some metal in the leg. He got back to the car and called in."

Chief of Police Paul Pepper was a massive, white-haired man who rode a white horse in all parades. He looked hard, confident, competent. In his job he was soft, vacillating, timorous. Price Heard, the hard-driving Deputy Chief, ran the department and preserved

the illusion of Paul Pepper's authority.

Price Heard and Brian Rome held their conference with Pepper on the wide porch of Pepper's old-fashioned house.

Pepper listened and said, dubiously, "Now I'm afraid a thing like that'll cause a panic."

Price Heard gave Brian Rome a meaningful look. Rome said patiently, "Chief, people panic when they've got something to run from, or run out of. Here's the situation. We've got some woman walking around with a bomb in her purse. It's due to go off around midnight. Maybe if she finds it and tries to open it, it will go off. If we don't do anything, it's going to kill some people. I'd like your permission to go ahead with my plan."

Pepper looked at Price Heard. Price nodded. "Well then, I guess you got to."

It was twelve minutes after seven.

Price Heard turned his larger office over to Brian Rome. The communications were better, and it was in a more central location.

Brian Rome had Charles Walker Wylie on the phone.

"Frankly, Mr. Wylie, I don't give a damn about your commitments. The other television and radio stations have all agreed to play ball. After all, that bomb was intended for you. It's going to look damn funny if everybody cooperates with the police but you. I want your people to break into the program and make an announcement. A bomb wrapped in gray paper in a flat package three or four inches square was slipped into the purse of a woman who rode down in an elevator in the Shannon Building at five o'clock. All women who left the building at that time should examine their pocketbooks and, if such a package is found, call the police immediately. Don't touch the package. Put the purse out in the yard in some open space and keep people away from it until the police arrive. Got that? Good. And I want it repeated every half hour. We'll let you know when we locate it. Thank you, sir."

Rome hung up and made a face of disgust and annoyance at Sergeant Dumont. "Catch any of the announcements?"

"Heard WELP. They made a production out of it. The newspaper guys want to see you."

"Keep them off me until I get this thing set. You got enough men?"

"Forty-two. That's about all I got phones for. They're waiting in 312. I told them the pitch. Here's the list. It's off the main floor directory, so I guess it's up to date. We got one break. Transit Mutual is going to take care of their own gals. I talked to the personnel manager."

"Good. Let's go."

They walked down to 312. The men

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"All right," she said, "I'll meet you," and thus, unknowing, went beyond the reach of help.

were standing around, smoking, talking. They quieted down when Rome and Dumont came in. Rome said, "We had an officer killed today, blown up. We want to make sure nobody else gets blown up. Bernie here has a list of all the business offices in the Shannon Building. He's going to divide them up among you. You'll each have a phone, a phone book, and some brains. Get hold of the guy in each office who can give you a list of the girls who work there and their home addresses. Find out if their girls leave at five or five-thirty. You can skip the girls who leave at five-thirty, unless some got off earlier. As you get lists of the girls that left at five, start contacting them. Where there are no phones, feed the names and addresses to Bernie and he'll give them to the cars. We're still trying to contact that elevator operator. He may remember the woman being knocked down and remember what stops he made to fill the car up. Until we get hold of him, we try to contact everybody. That's a hell of a big building." Rome looked at his watch. "It's seven minutes after eight. At the most we have four hours. Okay, Bernie."

Rome walked back to Heard's office. George Pell was waiting for him.

"You didn't get out to the house."

"Too jammed up. What have you got?"

Pell looked tired and more rumpled than usual. He put a canvas zipper bag on the desk and opened it. "I got some components. Here's the casing. An empty one. Hell of a nice machining job. Good tough steel. It'll give the explosion a lot of compression. It ought to give pretty good fragmentation, too."

Rome picked up the metal box. It was not very heavy. There was a threaded hole an inch in diameter in one end.

George said, "He loaded it through that hole. Here's the timing device and detonator. Ingenious damn thing. The fulminate of mercury cap goes here. This is soft iron wire. It holds the firing pin up against the tension of this spring. It screws into the hole like this. Now here's the cap that goes over this other hole in the timing device. You pour acid in here and put this cap on. He had run tests on the wire, using acid and holding it under the same tension. I saw his records. He had got it down so it was twelve hours, plus or minus fifteen minutes. At the end of twelve hours the acid has deteriorated the iron wire enough so it snaps. Boom. It's a little intricate, but damn effective. I think he had a long list of people, too. There are enough components for about fifteen more of these little Christmas packages."

Dumont came in and handled the components. "Mean-looking damn thing," he said softly.

"They all on the phones?" Rome asked.

"By now. I better get back out there."

At the door Dumont turned and said, "Maybe we can cover all the girls that work there. I got them asking about visitors, too, like to the law offices. But we can miss a visitor easy."

"I know that."

"So we miss her on the phone. She doesn't hear a radio. She doesn't hear it over TV. She doesn't look in her purse."

"Then we can't help her."

"And it will probably happen just like that," Dumont said. "Just like that."

Jane Ann Kimball had arrived at the eighteenth floor offices of the Miller, Hogan, and Brie Advertising Agency at three-thirty, and had told the girl behind the window that she was fifteen minutes early for her appointment with Mr. Walter Shambrun, the art director. She put her portfolio on the chair beside her and took one of the trade periodicals from a nearby table. She put her heavy shoulder bag on top of the portfolio, fixed the collar of her pale tan tailored suit. She wore an apricot scarf knotted around her throat. Her blouse and the heavy soft-leather shoulder bag were white. Her hair was a soft brown that was almost blonde, and cut quite short. She was a big girl, with striking shoulders, a look of cleanness and pride. She carried herself in a way that, in another

woman, might have looked like arrogance. In Jane Ann Kimball it merely underlined the obvious fact that she was a handsome, desirable woman. It was a manner that was without consciousness of self.

She felt a sick nervousness about this interview. So very much depended on it. If it went well, it would be so much easier to explain everything to Bob. If it went poorly, he would have the winning gambit and he would make use of it.

It was twenty minutes after four when a man strolled into the waiting room. He had an abundance of thick gray hair and a deeply lined face.

"You must be Miss Kimball, my dear. I'm Walter Shambrun. Will you please come along with me?"

He herded her ahead of him down a corridor and through a big room where she received a confusing impression of many people working at desks and drawing boards. She was glad to sit down in the small office.

Shambrun smiled at her. "So Mamie Gilbraith says you have promise. How is the ancient toad, by the way? Don't look so startled, my dear. Mamie and I are very old friends."

"She's fine, Mr. Shambrun."

"Mamie told me over the phone that you've been doing some work for her. How did you make that mistake?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"How did you happen to start working with Mamie?"

"I applied for a job in the advertising department at the store. They couldn't take on anyone. But the man who interviewed me said I could go to work as a clerk and do some modeling, and when there was an opening, they'd transfer me to Miss Gilbraith's department."

"But of course they haven't done that."

"No, they haven't."

"And Mamie has been using your sketches and paying you nothing."

"She couldn't, because . . ."

"I know, Mamie, with her limited budget, was perfectly willing to use your work until her conscience began to hurt a bit. So she sent you to me."

"She knows I want to get into commercial illustration and . . ."

"What is your training?"

"I took a Fine Arts course in college and majored in Design. I took commercial illustration courses. And for over a year I've been . . ."

"Giving work away at that store."

"I guess you could call it that, Mr. Shambrun. But it's been experience."

Shambrun sighed, a bit too obviously. "Well, let me see what you've brought."

She handed him the portfolio and he opened it in front of him. The work which had seemed to her to look so competent and professional at home now looked botched and amateurish. He flipped

the drawings over much too rapidly. He closed the portfolio and handed it back.

Her heart left like lead. "Are they . . . bad?" she asked.

"You can draw, my dear. We get so many who can't even draw, you know."

"Thank you. I would like to work here, Mr. Shambrun."

He smiled. "We'd like to have you. You're highly decorative, Miss Kimball. But I'm very sorry. There's no room."

"When will there be room?"

"I couldn't say."

"Shall I come back in three months?"

He looked at her for what seemed a long time and then shook his head. "Miss Kimball, I should hush you off politely. But Mamie likes you. Out of courtesy to an old friend, let me presume to give you some advice. You are a handsome young girl, obviously healthy and, I would say, well balanced. Why do you want so badly to get into this sort of rat race?"

"It's what I want to do."

"Do you want to do this work, or do you want to prove to yourself or somebody else that you *can* do it?"

"What difference would that make to you, if I can do it?"

"All right, I'll tell you what difference it makes. One, I'm not sure you can do it. Two, if you're just trying to prove something, you won't be with us long. And really a new person is of very little real use to me for the first two or three years. Were you quite ugly, I might risk employing you."

"You talk as if this was some sort of a . . . a game or something with me, Mr. Shambrun. I work for my living."

"I don't doubt that."

She looked at him and knew that it was no good. Somehow he had formed his opinion of her and he would not change it. This was a temperamental, emotional man, who doubtless considered himself to be very logical and reasonable. Jane Ann knew she had been a fool to be so optimistic. She wished she had not told Bob she was certain to get the job.

"Thank you for talking to me, Mr. Shambrun," she said politely.

"Perfectly all right, my dear. Sorry we have no room for you."

She took the long lonely walk from his office door down through the big room where she had hoped to work. She found the corridor, the reception room, the outside corridor. Girls were coming out of other offices on that floor, homeward bound. Jane Ann had pushed the elevator button. The elevator stopped. She got in. A dozen girls followed her in.

The car stopped at seventeen. More office workers crowded on. Jane Ann was pushed back against the people who stood against the back wall of the elevator. When not one other person could be accommodated, the elevator took the long

swooping drop to the lobby floor and the operator slid the door back. The man behind Jane Ann squirmed rudely by her, pushing her off balance, thrusting his way through the other girls who made shrill angry comments. Jane Ann felt a momentary annoyance, but it faded quickly, lost in the greater sadness of the lost job.

When she emerged from the elevator, one girl was helping another up. They both had flushed angry faces. "The nerve of that guy!" Jane Ann walked out of the building and turned west. Behind her she heard a screaming of tires and the blast of a policeman's whistle. She did not look around.

It was too late to go back to the store. She knew she would have to tell Bob and she wanted to get that over with. She went to a phone booth in the back of a cigar store and phoned his office, asked to speak to Mr. Robert Larrimore.

"Jane Ann? How did it go, honey?"

"I . . . I didn't get it," she said.

"Gee, that's a shame," he said, and his voice seemed properly sympathetic, but Jane Ann thought she detected a half-hidden note of relief.

"You're terribly sorry, aren't you?"

"Don't be like that! Of course I'm sorry. Where are you now?"

"Downtown. I'm about to go home."

"You're all depressed and upset. Why don't you go to Angelo's and wait there for me? We'll have a drink and have some dinner. Maybe I can cheer you up."

"Well . . ."

"I'll be there in about fifteen minutes."

After she hung up, she wished she'd said No. It would be nice to go out with him this evening, but she knew she would have felt better if she had had a chance to go home and change. She found another dime and called her mother.

"Mom, I'm going to stay in town and have dinner with Bob."

"All right, dear. How did your appointment go?"

"They don't have any vacancies."

"Oh, that's too bad. But you'll find something soon."

"Yes, Mother."

"Don't be too late now."

"Yes, Mother."

Jane Ann walked four blocks to Angelo's. She found a small semicircular bench against the back wall, a low cocktail table in front of it. She put the portfolio and her shoulder bag on the bench beside her. The smiling waiter recognized her and took her drink order.

She did not see Bob come in. She looked up and saw him as he walked toward her, smiling. Bob Larrimore was a big, vivid, personable man. She had met him at one of Mamie Gilbraith's parties. He was the young eastern-division sales manager of a company

which was one of the store's big suppliers. Jane Ann liked him very much. Bob was trying to get her to convince herself that it was love. She was not yet willing to admit that. She knew only that she had fun when she was with him. He wanted badly to marry her, and so persistent was his campaign that he sometimes made her feel a bit trapped.

He sat beside her. "Honestly, how any man could be fool enough not to hire you . . ."

"Shambrun didn't. I got off on the wrong foot somehow."

"When you go after a job, honey, you've got to use the old psychology; you can't beg. You have to make 'em want you."

"You told me that before, and besides I didn't beg."

"Did he look at your work?"

"He looked at it."

"Gosh, you are down, aren't you. Waiter!"

When the waiter had left with his order, Bob took Jane Ann's hand in his. "Honey, I don't want to kid you. I feel bad because you do, of course, but I can't help thinking it's for the best."

She removed her hand. "I knew you were going to say that."

"I can't help saying it. I think it's fine that you want to do something with your art training. But marriage is a job, too. A damn important one."

"I realize that. I want to be married, and I want to be a good wife."

"Well?"

"Let me finish. I just want to know that I can do something else. That I could be good at it. You see, I have to prove that to myself. First."

"But I know you can do it."

"I haven't proved it yet. And until I do, I can't be that confident, thank you."

He frowned. "Honey, if you'd gotten the job, I wouldn't have said a word. But you didn't get it. We have to face that. It just means that you're going to keep on looking, and time is going to keep going by. I'll be thirty next year. I've got a good job. A man in my job ought to be married. There are certain kinds of entertaining that can only be done in a home. I think we ought to . . ."

"Sometimes, Bob, you make me feel as if I have no face."

"No face? What's that supposed to mean?"

"You seem to be in love with the idea of getting married, not with me. You think it's time you got married. So I'm just the thing you've picked to marry. You make me feel as if I'm not me."

"That's the darndest thing I ever heard! It isn't that way at all! I love you, Jane Ann. And I'm telling you that we're wasting time just because you feel you



"It's ingenious and deadly," Pell said. "You've got four hours to find the woman who is carrying it."

have to prove something about yourself."

"You make it sound juvenile."

"Isn't it? Just a little?"

"Oh, I don't know. Today they sank me without a trace. And I need another drink."

He looked uncomfortable. "That isn't the solution, dear."

"To drink too much? I hadn't thought of it. But now that you bring it up, maybe I will. You never drink too much, do you, Rohert? Have to keep your wits about you. Make good impressions."

"Let's not scrap."

He looked so miserable she felt sorry for him. She touched his hand. "Okay."

"Now I'll tell you something. I have to make a swing through the territory. It'll take about three weeks. I could take a week off before the swing starts. That would give us a week's honeymoon, and then three weeks on the road which would be almost like having a full month. What do you say?"

"You just don't give up, do you?"

"Not Larrimore. Not ever."

"Larrimore, this evening I do not want to talk about marriage. Buy me a drink and tell me funny jokes or something. Make me laugh."

It was five minutes to nine. Rome sat alone in Heard's office. He got up restlessly from the desk and stood at the windows. Somewhere out there, in the city, was the bomb. The man who had made it was in a cold drawer at the city morgue. The ruined body of Holmar was at a funeral home. Somewhere out there a girl walked, talked, laughed—and her life was a thin gray wire weakening under the slow assault of the acid. Perhaps she sat in a movie with the purse on her lap. He snapped his fingers, hurried from the office. When he returned slowly to the office, he knew that within minutes the warning would come over the big speakers in all the movie houses of the city. It was one further precaution, probably as useless as all the rest.

He sat at the desk, head propped on his fists. He wondered if, during these last few years, he had been working too hard. This affair had unsettled him badly. He lived in a furnished room, ate in restaurants, had no outside interest beyond the job. Objectively he knew that his way of life was wrong. He sensed the distortion, and knew that it was not good. He had excused himself by believing that one day things would change. But things had not changed and the work load grew heavier rather than lighter.

He could not stop thinking of the girl, imagining how she was, how she looked. Through a trick of his mind she had become infinitely precious to him. She had become the girl he had not yet found, the girl who would have changed his life.

Rome knew that such imaginings were absurd. This girl would be no substitute for the Irene he had lost years ago. This would be no tall fine girl with level eyes and sober lips and hair that had the feel of silk. If they found her in time—and he had begun to doubt that they would—she would turn out to be a squat, acne-ridden, shallow-eyed, gum-chomping girl, with a shrill nervous laugh and a great dull-eyed hulk of a boy friend. Or she would be one of those women who seem to exist only in offices—figure like a milestone, geometrically corseted, face like a summons and eyes like flint. Or that other type, body made of sticks, vague eyes behind heavy lenses, a wardrobe embracing every possible shade and tone of mud.

He had been in police work long enough to know disillusion. It was a stupid and pointless mental game to endow this unknown girl with all the qualities of the lost Irene, of the girl he had hoped to find. Yet he could not help it. He could see her, walking alone. She would have a shoulder bag. It would

brush lightly against her side in the cadence of her walk. The curve of her hip and waist was lovely, all the warm vulnerable aliveness of her. He shut his eyes and he could see her walking away from him down an empty, brightly lighted street, tall, quick, and graceful. He stood and watched her walk away from him. Then there would be a hard flash, a fist blow against the night. It would leave its after-image against his eyes, and, when he could see again, he would see the figure on the sidewalk, stilled and shattered and shrunken . . .

"Brian!"

He looked up at George Pell. George was looking at him curiously. "You all right?"

"I'm okay."

"No luck yet?"

"Nothing. We've contacted the girl that was knocked down. She could remember six of the girls on the elevator. We got hold of them all. They gave us three more names. One of the three gave us one more name. And it ended right there. No descriptions of the ones they didn't know. But that gave us one break. We know the elevator came right down from seventeen. We know it picked up passengers from twenty-two, twenty, nineteen, eighteen, and seventeen. Dumont has been able to quit on the lower floors. He's concentrated the men on the top floor firms, and let some of them go. In another hour we ought to be fresh out of names."

"How about people who visited the offices?"

"We're doing what we can, George. We've got the appointment records, and we're checking those, too. But in some cases there are no records."

Pell had one of the bomb cases in his hand. He looked at it with distaste. "Now I want to give you some more happy news, Brian. That timing I told you about isn't that accurate?"

"What do you mean?"

"It will only work that accurately if the bomb isn't being moved around. Just as a guess I'd say that by about ten-thirty that wire will be weak enough so that any sharp blow might break it and detonate the bomb. And by eleven any quick movement might do it. And I'd guess that by eleven-thirty any movement at all will do the trick."

"Fine!" Rome said hollowly. "Dandy!"

"Elsar planned on its sitting still in a drawer. He didn't figure on anybody carrying it around. If you're going to find it and get it to a safe place, it had better happen before eleven."

Brian Rome looked at his watch. It was sixteen minutes of ten.

They had stayed at Angelo's too long. Jane Ann began to feel emotionally exhausted. Bob would be charming and amusing for a time and then quite

subtly he would turn the conversation back toward marriage. Each time she forestalled the making of a decision it cost her a certain quota of emotional energy. She had threatened to go home several times, but Bob had apologized so gracefully that she had stayed. She sensed that he was quite aware of how heavy a toll this day had taken of her resources, and meant to take advantage of it. But even as she felt irritation toward him for this calculated bit of ruthlessness, it was an increasingly great temptation to give up, say "yes," stop fighting. He would be a good husband, she thought. Protective and affectionate.

It was after nine when they left Angelo's to drive over and have dinner at the Sutton Inn. The Sutton Inn was one of the best eating places in the city. She felt improperly dressed for the decor of the Inn, but Bob reassured her. Reassurance did not help very much when they walked in. She was certain that her suit was wrinkled in the hack. Bob said he would wait at the bar while she went to the women's room to freshen up.

Once she was in the women's room, she sat down at one of the dressing tables. As she looked skeptically at her face in the mirror, she reached down into the shoulder bag and found her make-up equipment by sense of touch. There were bluish shadows under her eyes and she decided her color wasn't good. Her hair looked dry and brittle.

Two women came in as she was fixing her hair, talking together. "... known Charles for years. He wouldn't pull a cheap stunt like that, my dear. I'm positive the bomb exists. I don't think it's in somebody's purse like they say. No woman could carry a thing like that around this long without finding it. Frankly, I'm getting quite sick of the whole thing."

"It's sort of exciting."

"It's dreadful! They're getting so morbid about it. The next thing you know they'll have people on the street grabbing purses and searching them."

Jane Ann dropped her lipstick into her bag and left the room. The conversation had puzzled her. She was still wondering about it when Bob turned away from the bar and they were escorted back to their table.

"Some women in there were talking about a bomb."

"I heard some men at the bar saying something about that. Somebody tried to plant a bomb in Wylie's desk today."

"They said it was in a purse, in some woman's purse."

"You're confused, honey. Look. I'm sorry about the way I needled you back at Angelo's. I'm turning over a new leaf."

She smiled. "I'm glad to hear that."

"You're an adult. You can make up

your own mind. You know where I stand, I guess."

"I certainly do!"

"One more cocktail? It'll cheer you up. There's no hurry about ordering. They serve here until midnight."

"All right," she said. "one more."

At twenty after ten Sergeant Dumont walked slowly into the office where Brian Rome sat at the desk. Rome looked up at him. Dumont shook his head.

"How do we look?"

"The cars have about four no-phones left to track down. Four girls left town after work, two on long weekends, and two starting early vacations. We've gotten to three of them. We'll get to the fourth at the bus station in Buffalo in..." he looked at his watch "... another six minutes. That will wind up every female employee on the top six floors. I've got two men still working on visitors."

"Good work. How are they doing?"

"There's five that can't be checked at all. No names. They were on seventeen in a research bureau office, waiting to be interviewed. The job was filled at about quarter of five and the girl told them and they took off. They weren't asked for their names. The girl is sure it was quarter of five. So maybe they got down and out of the way in time. And we've got three names we're still trying to check. Two of them are from a law office on twenty-two and one is from an advertising agency on eighteen." He looked at his sheet of paper. "A Mrs. Brown, a Miss Davids, and a Miss Kimball."

One of the telephone men came in. "You can check off Brown. No answer on that phone for Kimball. Here's the number. Joey thinks he's got a line on the Davids girl."

Dumont took the slip with the phone number on it. "I guess you can knock off now." The man yawned and said "goodnight" and trudged out.

Just as he got beyond the door, Brian Rome called him back. "What's the story on Kimball?"

"She was on the appointment hook at an advertising agency on the eighteenth floor. Miller, Hogan, and Brie. She had a quarter-of-four appointment to see a man named... wait a minute... Shambrun. I got hold of Shambrun. He said she was after a job. He didn't hire her. He didn't know her first name. He said a woman named Gilbraith sent her around. He had Gilbraith's number handy so he gave it to me. I phoned Gilbraith. Gilbraith told me the name was Jane Ann Kimball and she lived with her mother somewhere on West Adams. Kimball is a clerk and a dress model at Bloomington's. I found a phone for Mrs. James Kimball on West Adams. There's nobody home."

"What time did she leave Shambrun?"

"He thinks it was five o'clock."

The man left. Dumont went out to check on the remaining names. Brian Rome lit another cigarette. He thought about the Kimball girl. She would have to be attractive to be a model. He wondered what sort of job she was trying to get with an advertising firm.

Dumont came back in and reported that the girl had been contacted at the bus station in Buffalo and she could be crossed off. Three of the no-phones had been cleared. Miss Davids had been found at a roller rink.

"Now what?" Dumont demanded.

Rome leaned back, his eyes half shut. "How many times have you tried to find something and found it in the last place you looked?"

"You mean Kimball? I doubt it."

"Until we check every last one we can possibly check, Jerry, it isn't over, it isn't done."

"But don't expect her to have it."

Rome stood up. "I'm going nuts sitting around. You stay here. I'll go on out there. What's the address?"

"Twelve ten."

"I'll call in after I draw a car. Communications will have the car number. Let me know if we get anything."

After he was six blocks from headquarters, and had called in, Brian Rome looked at his wrist watch, holding it so a streetlight touched the dial. Ten after eleven. He found 1210 West Adams without difficulty. It was a small brick apartment house. He parked in front and went into the unlocked foyer and found that the mother and daughter lived in 1 F. He pressed the button for a long time. There was no answer. He tried 1 E and again there was no answer. When he pressed the button for 1 D, the inner door buzzed. He opened it and went down the narrow hallway past the single elevator. The door of 1 D opened and a heavy man in a T shirt stepped out into the hall.

"Something you want, friend?"

"Police. I'm trying to locate Mrs. Kimball or her daughter."

A slight woman appeared beside the heavy man. "If they aren't in, I don't know where they are. But maybe you could try 3 A. She goes up there lots of evenings and plays Scrabble with Mrs. Fisher. Is something wrong?"

"Just routine. Thanks."

He went up in the elevator and knocked at the door of 3 A. A gray-haired woman opened the door. Another woman of the same approximate age sat at a card table. A Scrabble game was in progress.

"I'm trying to locate Mrs. Kimball."

"I'm Mrs. Kimball," the other woman said. "What do you want me for?"

Rome stepped into the room. "I'm a police officer, Mrs. Kimball. My name is



He couldn't stop thinking of the unknown girl. She'd become personally precious to him.

Rome. I'm trying to locate your daughter, Jane Ann."

The woman jumped up, her hand to her throat, eyes wide. "What's the matter? What do you want with my Jane Ann?"

"Nothing's wrong. This is just a routine check. Did you hear about the bomb which was placed in some woman's purse today?"

"Yes. It's been on the radio all evening. But what's that got to do with Jane Ann?"

"She was in the Shannon Building today and she left at five."

"The Shannon Building! She works at Bloom . . . wait a minute. She went to see about a job today. She got off from the store. But do you really think it could . . ." The woman bit her lip and sat down again suddenly. "Oh my goodness!"

"I'm just checking. Mrs. Kimball. Where is your daughter?"

"Why, I don't have any idea! She's out on a date with Bob Larrimore. I don't know where she is. But she ought to be home soon."

"Can you give me a description, please?"

"Well, she's tall and has light brown hair, and she's slim and very pretty. She's a model, you know. She's a very talented artist, too . . ."

"How was she dressed?"

"Let me see now. She had on her new tan suit. And a white blouse. She took

her portfolio with her. And she had her white shoulder bag."

"What does Larrimore look like?"

"He's big and very handsome and lively, with black hair and blue eyes."

"Do they go out often?"

"Oh, quite often. They've been going around together for nearly a year. He takes Jane Ann to nice places."

"Can you name some of them?"

"Well, there's Angelo's, and the Princess Hotel, and the Sutton Inn, and . . . well, just about every good place."

"Had she planned this date in advance?"

"No, she called up and told me she didn't get the job and she was meeting Bob."

"Where does he work?"

Their offices are in the Farmers Union Building. Maybe she's home by now. Agnes, I don't believe I can finish this game. I'm too upset."

He went down with the two women on the elevator. He thanked Mrs. Kimball and asked her what kind of a car Larrimore drove.

"I really don't know. They all look alike to me. It's big and dark-colored."

As soon as Rome got in his car he called in and ordered a cruiser sent to 1210 West Adams as quickly as possible. The cruiser arrived five minutes later. Rome told them to wait there in case the Kimball girl showed up. He told them to get the man and the girl out of the car and not to let her touch her purse. He made a U turn and went back toward town. As he drove he thought of the location of the Shannon Building and the Farmers Union Building in relation to places where the two could have met. He decided on Angelo's.

"Yes, Lieutenant, we know Mr. Larrimore in here. Yes, he was in this evening. With a tall girl in a tan suit. They stayed a long time, but they didn't eat here. They left after nine. I couldn't say where they went. The waiter? Billy, go get Luigi out of the kitchen."

Luigi was a small man with a wide nervous smile and expansive gestures. He did not know Larrimore by name. Larrimore had to be described to him, along with the girl. "Ah yes! They were here a long time."

"Where did they go from here? Did you hear them talking?"

"Let me think a minute. I remember this. The lady, she wished to eat here. I think. He did not wish to. I think they quarreled over something. The man looked angry. Wait a minute." He hit his forehead with his fist. He beamed at Rome. "The Sutton Inn. I heard him say that."

It was quarter of midnight when Rome ran to the car again. He had four miles to go. The night streets were reasonably

clear of traffic. It felt good to hurl the car down the long cavern of the boulevard, to achieve maximum speed, knowing that he could do no more than he was doing at this moment. He could see the line of traffic signals far ahead. A car cut across in front of him; he swerved dangerously, teetering on the naked edge of control. The siren sound faded to a lower key and then welled up again as he put the accelerator to the floor. He knew that he risked too much on too small a chance, but he felt such an unwarranted certainty that this was the right girl that he could not slow the headlong pace of the car.

When he saw the sign of the Sutton Inn ahead, he lifted his foot from the gas pedal and touched the brake lightly. He pumped the brake, losing momentum rapidly, the siren sound dying, then hit the brake hard and, after a screaming skid, turned in between the gray stone pillars and fought the swaying car to a stop under the porte-cochère.

The parking lot attendant gaped at him as he ran into the Sutton Inn, ran through the big foyer with its cloak room and crystal chandelier. A man reached for him as he hurried by the bar but Rome thrust the thick arm aside and ran into the dining room. There were only four or five tables occupied. He saw a girl in a tan suit sitting with a man who had black hair. They sat side by side on an upholstered bench that ran along one wall. The girl was lifting a coffee cup to her lips, looking at the man over the rim of it. The man was smiling as he talked.

Rome knew that someone was following him, hissing at him. He went directly to the table. A white shoulder bag was on the bench beside the girl.

"Miss Kimball!"

She stared at him. "Yes?" she said uncertainly. He knew that he must be a startling apparition to her, dark hair tousled, eyes wild.

I must ask you to come outside immediately." He put a hard edge of command in his voice. As the girl reached instinctively toward her purse he caught her wrist. "Don't touch your purse."

"What the hell is going on here?" Larrimore demanded.

The man who had followed Rome grabbed his arm. "Police." Brian Rome said and yanked his arm free. "We have reason to believe the bomb intended for Wylie was put in this girl's purse when she left the Shannon Building. If so, it's due to go boom." He turned to the wide-eyed manager. "I want this room cleared at once."

He turned back. The girl was getting out from behind the table, pale but calm. Rome saw Larrimore, after a frozen

pause, run heavily for the arched doorway that led into the bar. He did not look back at the girl.

Rome took the girl's arm and hurried her toward the door. He raised his voice. "Clear this room, folks. We may have an explosion in here. Get moving."

Rome pushed the girl hurriedly toward the front door. He cleared the bar, herding everyone through the main door. They stood out in the night, awed, chattering, looking uneasily at the Sutton Inn.

A big man in a white jacket with a red carnation in the lapel took Rome aside. "I'm Proctor, the manager here. What's the idea of this?"

"You heard about the bomb."

"Yes, of course. Is it in that girl's purse?"

"I didn't look. It could be."

"What kind of a police operation is this? Why didn't you look?"

"My friend, if it's there, it's due to go. I couldn't look without moving it. I couldn't move it without helping it along. I'm no hero."

"If this is a false alarm there's going to be some trouble."

Brian Rome walked away from him. He saw the Kimball girl and Larrimore standing a dozen feet from the others. He went over to them. "Miss Kimball, I didn't want to waste time asking questions in there. Did you leave the Shannon Building at about five?"

"Yes, I did."

Rome could hear Proctor apologizing to the ousted customers, telling them to forget about their dinner checks.

"Was a woman knocked down getting out of the elevator you were on?"

"Why, yes! Some man in an awful hurry knocked her down."

"Do you know where that man was standing in the elevator?"

"I think he must have been standing behind me. He pushed me out of the way when he left."

"Could he have put anything in your shoulder bag?"

"I guess he could have."

Proctor came over. "Can we stop this nonsense now?"

"We'll wait a while," Rome said.

Larrimore moved closer to Rome. "I'd like to go in and take a look in that purse, officer."

"Don't be a damn fool," Rome said.

"Somebody should make sure. Then we wouldn't be standing out here like a bunch of . . ."

"We're making sure by standing out here. Nobody is going in. If you're trying to show off for the girl, forget it."

Larrimore looked toward the main entrance. Rome saw that he was biting his lip. He looked tense and nervous.

"I think I left my lighter in there,"

he said, much too loudly, and started toward the door. Brian Rome caught him just as he reached the door. Larrimore struggled, a bit weakly for so large a man. Just as Rome started to haul him back, the explosion came. It was like a deep heavy cough. It made a pressure on Rome's ears. After it was over the tinkle of glass falling from the windows seemed to last a long time. Rome ran inside with the manager at his heels. The table and bench and wall were scorched and blackened. Plaster had fallen from the ceiling in two small places. Every window was blown out.

The tablecloth and the upholstery of the bench smoldered. Proctor brought a heavy fire extinguisher and deftly trained the stream on the smoking fabric. When he was through he looked at Rome and smiled and flushed.

"Sorry I was such a damn fool."

"I could have been wrong. I thought I was wrong."

Brian Rome walked out to the car and called in. Then he hung the hand mike on the dash and just sat there. From the shadows he heard the heavy insistent voice of Larrimore. He got out of the car and walked toward the voice. Jane Ann Kimball stood with her back against the building.

"Look," Larrimore said, "you're upset. I'll take you home."

"Go away, Bob. Please. Just go away."

"You haven't any right to treat me like this! Okay, I was scared. But I didn't stay scared. I was ready to go back in there."

"Just go home, Bob. Go away."

"You're not going to get away with it," Larrimore said. He took the girl's arm and began to pull her forcibly toward the parking lot.

"Hold it," Rome said. "I have some questions to ask Miss Kimball."

"Well, ask them and get it over with."

"I'm taking her downtown with me, Larrimore."

"I'll drive her down."

"Sorry, You run along."

"This is pretty damn high-handed."

"Run along."

Larrimore looked at them indignantly and then strode off. They heard his car door slam. He drove out of the lot onto the boulevard.

"Thank you," the girl said.

"You better go hack inside and phone your mother before the police reporters get here and tie the phones up. She's worried about you."

The girl went in obediently. He leaned against the car and smoked a cigarette. She came back out in three or four minutes.

"I shouldn't have tried to tell her that it was in my purse. She gets confused. I'll have to tell her when I get home."

"Do we go downtown now, Lieutenant?"

"No. No more questions. We know all the answers."

"Except . . . except why a man would want to do that to me."

"We won't ever know that."

"He didn't even know me. I . . . I better call a taxi."

"Get in. I'll take you home."

He turned out onto the boulevard, driving slowly. After a long time she said, "I haven't even thanked you."

"Then go ahead."

"Well . . . thanks."

"You're welcome. Now that's over."

She laughed, with just the faintest afterimage of hysteria in her tone, and then became silent again.

When she spoke again her voice was defensive. "It wasn't that I wanted him to shield me with his body or fall on the bomb or anything. It's just . . . he talked all evening about undying love and so on. He wants to marry me. Then he ran like a rabbit. I ought to try to understand, instead of feeling . . . well, contemptuous."

He stopped in front of the apartment. He felt as if a grayness, a lifelessness had slowly seeped through him. The girl was not a mystic creature, not the magic one he had imagined. She was tall and pretty, and she had her own troubles. They had merely met in this odd way, and it would properly end here. She would be grateful that he had saved her, and had in saving her taught her something about Larrimore that she had sensed but not seen clearly. He knew that he in turn would think of her—not often, and not as a special person, not as the very special person he had thought about before he had found her—but rather as a strange police problem solved during an evening when fatigue had distorted the look of everything.

They got out of the car and she said, "Thanks again, Lieutenant."

He took her extended hand. "I'm glad we didn't miss."

"So am I. Well . . . goodnight."

He said goodnight to her and watched her go into the lighted foyer. She stood silhouetted against the light. She stood there, alive and whole and unmarked.

He wished in that moment that it could come out a better way, that somehow this could be the girl to ease loneliness. He thought he might see her again, take her out. She could hardly refuse. Then he shrugged and got back into the car. When it happened, you should know at once. And it had not yet happened. He drove slowly down through the city toward headquarters, toward the reports to be filled out, toward the good time of leaving with Dumont and having coffee and sitting quietly and thinking with quiet satisfaction of how, once more, they had done a job.

THE END



MOVIE MAGNATES Barney Balaban, Samuel Goldwyn (first and second from the left) discuss potentialities of pay television with officers of the Telemeter Corporation at a meeting in Palm Springs, California, desert resort community where Telemeters were tested for five months. Average monthly bill per set was \$10. Chief attraction, survey showed, was absence of commercials.

Turnstile TV

Here are the facts—pro and con—behind one of the most explosive controversies in entertainment history—the debate to decide whether you will see the newest movies, the biggest sports events, and the latest Broadway shows on your television screen—and pay for them

BY VINCENT X. FLAHERTY

Would you like to see a motion picture of "On the Waterfront" calibre on your television screen the same night it is being premiered in Hollywood? Or the opening night of a smash Broadway musical? Or a heavy-weight championship fight that ordinarily would be "blacked out"? And would each of these stellar attractions be doubly appealing if you sat down to view them knowing that not one commercial would intrude on your enjoyment?

The Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D.C., is examining these questions carefully, aware that they involve the future of entertainment in the United States. Ultimately, you, the television viewer, may supply the answer. But, for the present, the issue is being debated by the experts.

On one side is a group called "The Committee Against Pay-As-You-See TV,"

a jumble of motion picture exhibitors, film producers, and broadcasters, whose spokesman is Robert Taplinger, a crack New York public relations man. On the other side are three companies, Zenith Phonevision, Skiatron Subscriber-Vision, and International Telemeter, who declare that every television set owner will welcome the box office into his home.

The Experts Disagree

Most movie and television people have not gone on record individually as yet, maintaining a "let's hear more about it" attitude. But a few, such as Samuel Goldwyn, one of Hollywood's biggest producers, have already become enthusiastic backers of pay TV. "The range of possibilities which this project opens to motion picture producers," Goldwyn says, "is almost limitless, for every TV set owner becomes as much a box-office

prospect inside his home as outside it."

On the other hand, David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, a company which is both a broadcaster (NBC) and a set maker, is firmly opposed. "I sincerely believe," he says, "that pay TV on a national basis will prove to be a snare and a delusion. Freedom to look and listen would be destroyed . . . and the present competitive system of broadcasting jeopardized." Spyros P. Skouras, the president of Twentieth Century-Fox, has declared he will not make his company's pictures available to pay TV. And CBS Television recently refused to let Zenith Radio Corporation, Phonevision's parent company, advertise pay TV on "Omnibus"; in retaliation, Zenith tried to withdraw as an "Omnibus" sponsor.

Obviously, when the giants of the entertainment world are at loggerheads over

an issue, there must be good arguments on both sides. And there are. Toll TV is not a question that can be settled overnight. The men who want to bring the box office into your home have a lot of interesting and cogent reasons for doing so. Most interesting (to them, at least) is the fact that they hope to make an estimated one billion, five hundred million dollars out of it. But they also honestly believe that it will improve our nation's entertainment.

Baseball Would Profit

They have some astonishing statistics to support their case. International Telemeter recently gave baseball magnates a delicious picture of what pay TV could do for baseball. Addressing a meeting of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues in Houston, Texas, Paul MacNamara, vice-president of Telemeter, estimated that, at fifty cents a game, a seven-game World Series would gross \$35,000,000—if only one third of the nation's 32,600,000 sets were tuned in. This exceeds the receipts for all World Series of the last twenty years.

Particularly interesting to the baseballers was MacNamara's formula for rejuvenating the minor leagues via pay television. Free telecasts of major league games have been a catastrophe for minor league baseball. In 1949 there were 461 clubs in operation. By 1954 there were only 295, and few of these made money.

Pay television, MacNamara said, could resuscitate the minors with a "split-the-kitty" operation. A big series between Cleveland and the Yankees, for instance, would automatically attract a large TV audience, not only in Cleveland but within a wide radius of the city. Columbus and Toledo, both minor league clubs, would find many of their fans staying home to watch the major league battle.

To offset this inevitable loss, the two minor league teams would receive full pay TV proceeds in their respective communities. Cleveland would get full proceeds in its area and in other towns not considered minor league territory.

By invitation, MacNamara discussed pay TV prospects in more detail at a meeting with Frank Lane, General Manager of the Chicago White Sox, representing the American League, Gabe Paul, General Manager of the Cincinnati Reds, representing the National League, and Frank Longinotti of Memphis, representing the combined minor leagues.

"I am one hundred per cent for it," Lane said. "Gabe Paul feels the same way. We are going to recommend pay TV baseball to our respective leagues." Longinotti was even more enthusiastic about the prospects for the embattled minors, and has conveyed his unqualified endorsement to George Trautman, minor league czar. Baseball men are expected

to support the pay TV people strongly.

Television for a price could also be a solution to the troubles the National Collegiate Athletic Association has been having with college football telecasting. Currently, the NCAA is a bitter opponent of television because of the havoc it has wreaked on small college football. In the last five years, approximately seventy senior colleges have had to give up the game because of heavy financial losses. The NCAA's unhappy solution has been to permit telecasts of only certain games, usually ignoring the quality and importance of the contests. Each year more top games have been blacked out.

Pay television would offer football much the same formula it offers baseball. A big game, between Southern California and Notre Dame, for instance, would gross about \$10,000,000 between subscription television take and paid attendance at the Los Angeles Coliseum. A fair proportion would be kept by the two big schools, the rest parceled out to small colleges throughout the nation.

Boxing has also been scourged by free television. Abe Greene, president of the National Boxing Association, says that hundreds of licensed boxing clubs throughout the country have been forced out of business; very few now remain. Most big matches are now blacked out on the nation's television sets and limited to live showings in various theatres across the country, under an agreement with Theatre Network Television, an organization which buys the TV rights to the bout and then sells it to theatre owners. The pay TV people say they would change all this. Under their system, a championship match would gross \$10,000,000 and be available to everyone for about fifty cents a set.

The theatre and motion picture industries, both struggling with rising costs and reduced receipts, might also reap

enormous benefits from pay television. Producers could get back their entire investment, and a good profit, from one showing. A big Broadway musical, say the pay television people, might make \$5,000,000 and have no difficulty operating for months or years on a nightly basis thereafter, because most of the revenue would come from set owners far from Broadway. And, of course, millions of people who otherwise would never see a Broadway production could enjoy an evening of topflight entertainment for the price of one admission to the neighborhood movie.

The basic principle of pay television is the "scrambled" picture, "unscrambled" for a fee. At present, each television station is licensed by the FCC to operate on a particular frequency; you, the viewer, tune your set to choose a frequency. However, a frequency can be broken down into several components, and if your set is not properly tuned to reorganize these components into the normal frequency which supplies the picture and sound, you will get only an unintelligible squawk.

The Airwaves Are Scrambled

During World War II Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill conducted nightly telephone conversations using this electronic principle. Engineers at the White House and at 10 Downing Street were informed in advance what the components would be, and, by simple adjustments, they restored normal sound.

Pay television plans to use the same procedure. A scrambled signal will be sent out over the airwaves, and the viewer, by adjusting a decoding device, will tune his set so that the signal is unscrambled.

Each of the three companies in the toll TV picture has its own method of making this idea work. International Telemeter Corporation of Los Angeles



TELEMETER, here being demonstrated by Poul Douglos (left) under Eugene Zukor's guidance, uses a specially designed coinbox which clears the "scrambled" pay TV picture when the proper amount is deposited. If you don't have the correct change, the box will credit you toward the next attraction.

seems to have the simplest device—a small coinbox which can be easily installed on a subscriber's set for about fifteen dollars. The box takes nickels, dimes, quarters, and half-dollars, up to a total of two dollars for a program. If a subscriber does not have correct change, the device credits any extra payment toward his next choice.

You Pay As You See

The Telemeter subscriber would tune to the desired channel. A code sent by the station would record the price of the show on a window of the Telemeter, and the subscriber would hear a barker's voice repeating the name, time, and price of the program. Depositing the coins, he would automatically unscramble the picture, and his show would be on. There would be a minimum monthly charge of two or three dollars, and once a month a serviceman would call to empty the box.

The other two methods, Phonevision and Subscriber-Vision, are somewhat more complicated. Zenith Radio's Phonevision was the first in the pay TV field; it began technical experiments in 1931, and petitioned the FCC for approval in 1952. Zenith successfully tested its plan with 300 Chicago families in 1951, and believes it could be in full production of equipment within a year of approval.

The Zenith system was baptized "Phonevision" because in the 1951 test the viewer who wished to receive decoding information dialed a specific telephone number, and an operator gave him the information and recorded his call for future billing. Since that time the Zenith people have developed several other systems. The one they feel would be most workable on a mass basis is a punchcard which would be mailed to subscribers at intervals of about a month. The card,

similar to punchboards in old-fashioned candy stores, would contain channel numbers, times, and prices of the various programs. By pushing a pencil point through a specified punchhole, the viewer opens a little window which reveals a series of numbers which will decode his set for the show he has selected. At the end of the billing period, the subscriber mails his card back to the company, and they bill him for the number of windows opened. If he doesn't pay his bill, he doesn't receive a new card.

There would be a moderate charge, comparable to that for a telephone, to install the decoding device in your set. Zenith does not plan to let subscribers buy the devices outright, at least during the first years of pay TV, because mass market testing might quickly make the early models obsolete; the company plans to charge a monthly rental fee instead.

All Peepholes Are Plugged

The Zenith decoding system uses a fascinating numbers game, worked out by ingenious mathematicians. For each show there is a five-digit code number which will unscramble the picture and sound for your set only. It will not work for the set next door. ("No sneaking under the tent," grins one Zenith engineer.) Each viewer gets the decoding numbers for his own set, dials the correct five numbers on the six-knobbed decoding device (the sixth knob is for switching Phonevision on and off), and sits down to enjoy his first-rate show.

New York's Skiatron Electronics and Television Corporation, the third company in the race, has spent five years and over \$750,000 developing Subscriber-Vision. (Zenith spent \$10,000,000, says one report.) With FCC approval, Skiatron has been running early morning tests on

WOR-TV in New York for the past two years, and they say they have all the technical difficulties licked. The main feature of this system is an IBM-type electronic card which would be mailed to the viewer each month. The card has circuits printed on the back in conductive ink, providing a different code for each of thirty events enumerated. The viewer inserts the card in the Skiatron decoding device and turns a knob until the name of the program he chooses appears in a slot. The press of a button perforates the card and unscrambles the picture. The same card, returned to Skiatron and run through a tabulator, serves as your bill.

To get a Skiatron device, you would call Western Union, who would arrange for installation of an eight- by six-inch plastic decoder manufactured for about twelve dollars. There would be a small installation charge, plus a nominal rental fee. Skiatron expects people to subscribe for six months or a year at a time, as they would to a magazine.

Another experiment in pay television was made by Telemeter, which operated for almost five months in Palm Springs, California, a small desert resort.

At first, seventy Palm Springs sets were Telemetered; within a few days the number went up to 148, and requests for Telemeters came in faster than the company could install them. Telemeter featured good but not always new movies. Their first show was the Notre Dame-Southern California football game, which was blacked out everywhere else.

The average bill per set in Palm Springs was ten dollars a month. The Telemeter Corporation says this figure is twice as high as the average cost per month would be if Telemeters were distributed nationally. A survey of Palm Springs viewers revealed that the chief reason for the Telemeter's popularity was the absence of commercials.

Telemeter also believes that its influence helped, rather than harmed, local movie theatres. First-run movies were Telemetered only one night, and word-of-mouth advertising about a certain picture increased the box-office take on succeeding nights. After five months, however, Telemeter had to close down because the Hollywood studios refused to make more pictures available to them. Local theatre owners objected to the competition.

Legal Problems Are Raised

In this Palm Springs trial run, the toll television was broadcast by wire rather than by air, and did not need the FCC's okay. Which brings us to the heart of the argument against pay-to-see-it television. Its opponents fervently declare that the airwaves have been traditionally free in the United States. The private



PHONEVISION uses a five-digit code number to unscramble the picture. You would get numbers for the shows on a punch-out card mailed to you each month, dial them into decoder each time you wanted to see a show. In certain areas, numbers for single shows might also be obtained by telephone, or from centrally located vending machines.

interests can no more sell a TV broadcast than they can charge for the air we breathe. The owners of the 32,600,000 television sets in the United States presumed when they made their expensive purchases that they were going to see all television shows for nothing. To charge them for even a portion of their viewing time is a violation of this implicit purchase agreement.

The opponents of pay TV are led by the motion picture exhibitors, who frankly admit it is a threat to their very existence. Also in the ranks are a number of television broadcasters who are convinced that pay television would eventually force free television out of existence.

Can TV Exist Half Toll, Half Free?

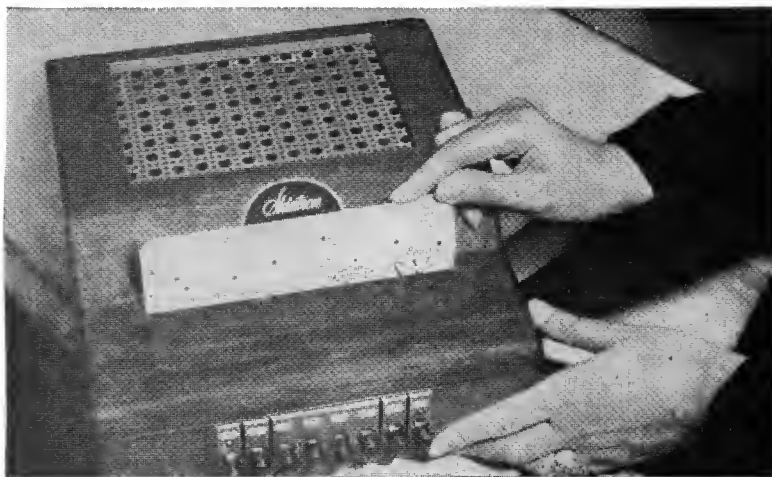
In the opinion of Alfred Starr, chairman of the executive committee of Theatre Owners of America, the average man thinks of toll TV as something that would be nice to have around—"something he could pay for if he doesn't feel like watching a free program. But it's not that simple."

Approximately a third of all stations in operation, Starr points out, are the only stations in an area. "During the time pay programs are on those stations, people either dig up the cash or see nothing."

Nor will the situation be any different in larger, multi-station cities, claims Mr. Starr. "If a third station authorized in a two-station city was an immediate success because of toll television," Mr. Starr says, "it would cut into the other stations' viewers. They would demand the same rights for the same hours. At those times, those who would not, or could not, pay would have blank sets."

Mr. Starr does not believe that coexistence of free TV and toll TV is possible. "In order to survive, toll TV will naturally go after the best time and the best programs. The finest talent now on free TV will receive offers of more money from toll TV. Inevitably, they will go over."

Other opponents of pay television point out that as things now stand, a set owner would have to buy several decoding gadgets if he wanted to receive programs offered on the different systems. Moreover, if the FCC complies with the request of Skiatron, pay TV may operate only on Ultra High Frequency (UHF) channels for the first three years. Skiatron argues that pay TV would save the one hundred-odd UHF stations, most of which are reportedly losing money, because the average set is not able to receive them. Since 1953 over thirty UHF stations have folded. But in order to get a UHF pay TV program, a set owner would have to have a special converter and tuner installed which would cost him up to eighty-five dollars.



SUBSCRIBER-VISION employs an IBM-type card containing channel numbers, times, and prices of thirty shows. Mailed to the viewer each month, the card would be inserted in decoder as above. Pushing the button opposite the desired show punches a hole in the card, unscrambles picture. Returned to company, the card serves as a bill.

Advertisers, meanwhile, are casting doubt on pay TV's proudest boast—the claim that pay television will be free from annoying commercials. Most advertising men are remaining neutral in the FCC fight because they do not think pay television can get going without sponsors.

Free TV Claims Improvement

On the positive plane, the pay TV opponents argue that free television is getting better all the time. They point proudly to NBC's March 7 showing of Mary Martin in "Peter Pan," fresh from a nineteen-week Broadway run. NBC claims that a record 65,000,000 Americans saw this show.

The pay television people sneer at this argument. H. C. Bonfig, director of radio sales for Zenith, declares: "'Peter Pan' is the kind of show you see once in a blue moon on present-day television. With subscription television, viewers could depend on a succession of Broadway productions in the course of every year."

The toll TV people are also sarcastic about the emotion their opponents generate in defense of freedom of the airwaves. Sports television, they point out, has, paradoxically, become less available to the average viewer on so-called free TV. The Marciano-Cockell heavyweight championship fight in San Francisco in May was blacked out for the average viewer. Theatre Networks Television had bought it, and, as usual, viewing was limited to certain theatres throughout the country. Toll TV would make such events available to everyone.

The toll TV people deny that they have any wish or plan to take over the airwaves. Their attitude toward sponsored television is "live and let live." They point out that a set owner is under no obligation to buy a decoding device. Even

if he should have one installed, he would retain his liberty to choose a free program on another channel. The pay TVers insist that the competition they will bring to the medium will inspire better shows. They maintain the same benign attitude toward motion picture theatres.

But movie theatre men see this sweetness and light as a kiss of death. They point grimly to what happens when a really big production is on television. Judging from a survey taken in Oklahoma City on the night of the Academy Award presentation, fifty per cent of the theatre audience will stay home.

"Can you imagine what will happen with big-time stars and pictures on television every night?" one exhibitor moans. "TV and theatres are deadly competitors. If the FCC okays the toll idea we're beat."

On such a vital issue the Federal Communications Commission will move slowly. After hearing the arguments on both sides from interested parties, they plan to sound out other leaders in the broadcasting and entertainment fields. Then they may decide that the problem is beyond their jurisdiction and ask Congress to enact new legislation to deal with it. If they do grant pay television a license, it will undoubtedly be hedged with limitations and restrictions designed to protect set owners from injustice.

"Just Give Us a Chance"

The pay television people are not worried about limitations. They are confident that if they can get airborne, even on a limited scale, public enthusiasm will fly them high, wide, and handsome. "All we want is a chance to compete," they say.

The odds look good that they may get their chance. Then the future will be up to you, Mr. and Mrs. Viewer. **THE END**

The rose came each
year—an avowal of
undying love to
another man's wife

BY MURIEL ROY BOLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FERNIE

Stu and Connie Miller could absolutely count on having one big fat fight every year. Of course, some of the seven years they'd been married, they'd had more than one quarrel, but they could rely on September third to be rugged.

September third was the day the Annual Rose was delivered!

The rose, creamy white, perfect in its long-stemmed simplicity, wrapped carefully as a jewel, was driven smoothly to the Miller front door by a burgundy and gold Plaza Florist's car, but once inside the house, it cried havoc and loosed the dogs of marital war.

Not the first year it didn't.

The first year, Stu looked at it in bewilderment. "Where in hell did that come from?" he asked, and waited for Connie to find the card.

But she wasn't even looking for the card, which wasn't there, anyway. "Oh," she breathed softly, "oh!"

Her young face was flushed, her dark eyes wide, and Stu thought, as he often did, that she was even prettier than a check for an accepted story. (Stuart Everett Miller was a writer, pretty successful, of detective stories in which a great many people were murdered, pretty messily.)

"Who's 'Oh'?" Stu asked indulgently.

She glanced at him measuringly. "You'll think it's silly."

"So if I do," Stu shrugged. "I like silly things. Look how I am about you."

"It's from a man," Connie started, then stopped.

"Didn't think your sisters had pooled their allowance and sent it," Stu grinned. "Is he the big one that got away?"

She was too secure in honeymoon love to resent that. She laughed, then sobered out of sympathy toward a memory. "It was all very romantic and sad. I had told him I was in love with somebody else . . ."

"Anybody I might know?" Stu asked,

"At least somebody loves me," she said furiously, and swung at him.





One White Rose (continued)

kissing the smooth curve of her neck. "We'd had breakfast together, to say good-by."

"Breakfast," Stu said disapprovingly, "is only for married people."

"Well, it was more of a luncheon, really. We met at the Plaza around ten and he wouldn't let me drive him out to the airport. He was going away for years, maybe. To Iran—can you imagine?" Connie was impressed with herself for knowing someone important enough to go to Faraway Places. "Something about oil."

"There's a fair amount of it in Iran," Stu admitted. "What was this glamorous slob's name?"

"Garwood Rawlins. And you shouldn't use that kind of language. It isn't a good example to children."

Stu looked at her warily. "We expecting any?"

"Not yet," she said, and he relaxed. "It was September third, a year ago, and he said he felt like he was going into exile, like the man we'd just seen in that movie, 'Prisoner of Zenda.' I forget the man's name."

"Rudolph Rassendyll," Stu said. "A real moniker to hang on a hero. Which makes you the Princess Flavia."

"Well, Woodie said he'd never forget me, either, and he'd send a white rose every year to tell me he hadn't forgotten, that he still loved me . . . like the hero did in the movie."

"Sentimental slob, wasn't he?"

"He laughed about it," Connie defended the absent torch carrier. "Woodie had a very ironic sense of humor, and of course I didn't think for a moment that he meant it. And don't get in the habit of using words like that!"

"I'll get out of it before the children are old enough to hear me," Stu promised. "How'd he know this address?"

"I sent him a wedding announcement."

"All the way to Iran?"

"No, to his home in Syracuse. I said 'please forward.'"

"Did he send us a present?"

"That little Turkish prayer rug in front of the fireplace," Connie said, then looked at him anxiously over the scented petals of the flower. "You're not jealous, are you, Stu?"

"Why should I be jealous of a poor slob whose only got oil and Iran?" He pulled her into his arms, and the rose was crushed and forgotten between them.

That was the first year.

The second September third was a hot day. Stu had a cold in his long, straight nose, and a rejection in his cluttered desk. Connie felt bulky and uncomfortable with what later turned out to be John Stuart Miller, and the house was noisy with expensive carpenters

busy turning Stu's workroom into a nursery and turning the space over the garage into Stu's workroom.

It was no place for a perfect rose.

"He remembered!" Connie gasped. She opened the beribboned box and drenched the flower with very salty tears.

"He's got a bebery like a elephant," Stu grumbled, blowing his nose and trying to remember how it felt to breathe through it.

"At least somebody still loves me," Connie wailed. "Somebody thinks enough of me to pay me some romantic attention."

"By Lord!" Stu swore bitterly. "Easy enough for hih, sidding in sub glab-borous Turgish hareb! Let hih cobe with sub of the joys of batriboney hihself and he bight quit tossing bosies at you!"

This began a hot and cold running battle that lasted almost three days, but finally ended up satisfactorily with Stu's cold gone and Connie (plus John Stuart Miller) in his arms.

That was the second year.

Remembering the grievous wounds (some of them still faintly raking) of the previous year, they approached the rose cautiously the third year. Nevertheless, it surprised them.

"Well," Stu said with a smile of sorts, "thought he'd be married to two other women by now."

"Poor Woodie!" his wife said compassionately. "I hoped so, too."

But Stu was looking curiously at the tall, thin vase, a strikingly handsome thing, into which she was gently putting the flower.

"New?" he asked.

Connie was startled. "What?"

"That thing."

"Oh, you mean the vase?" She laughed a little nervously. "Happened to see it on sale last week . . . and we've never had a bud vase."

She made the lack of a bud vase sound quite pitiful and poverty-stricken. "But how sweet of you to notice it," she flattered him. "You don't usually notice little things around the house."

"I notice some things," Stu said darkly, and went off to his workroom to brood the rest of the day over the vase she'd bought in expectation. Nothing more was said about poor Woodie, or the rose, but when Stu got the bill, "one rock-crystal vase, engraved, fourteen ninety-five," plenty was said about the vase.

"It isn't the money," Stu said hotly. "I just think it's nauseating to buy a shrine in which to glorify an idiotic gesture."

Connie was livid: she took back the vase and got a refund, which she put icily on Stu's desk. He was ashamed of himself by then, bought the vase back

and gave it sheepishly to Connie, who began to giggle, and the battle was over for that year.

The fourth year Stu made a vow not to be drawn into a fight if the rose came. He decided to ignore the whole thing, so not one word was said about the flower for the three days it opened and bloomed and wilted in the fourteen ninety-five vase on the drum table in the living room: but its presence scented the house with an odor of strain, which always smells like toast about to burn, and in the uneasy silence the sound of the flower's dropping petals could be heard clearly in every room.

Stu met the messenger at the door the fifth year, took the box in firm hands, stalked through the house, past Connie in the kitchen, to the back door and the incinerator beyond. Not looking at Connie, he hurled the box into the ashy bowels of the incinerator, clanged the door shut, and stamped up the stairs to his workroom.

From the window he watched Connie run indignantly to the incinerator. Johnnie Stu trotting plumply at her heels and interestedly looking on while Connie pulled the box out, brushed it off soothingly, and carried it and Johnnie Stu lovingly back into the house again.

But what she did with the flower Stu never knew, because it wasn't in the bud vase, nor in with any of the other flower arrangements around the house. Probably, he thought bitterly, it was tucked away in her lingerie drawer, clinging wistfully to one of her nightgowns.

That was the fifth year. Not too bad.

But the sixth was!

The annual rose, wielded like a whip in Connie's angry hand, lashed out and hit Stu in the left eye. It was amazing what a fierce little weapon a budding flower could be. Stu carried a mouse around for a couple of days, and when asked how come the black eye, he said grimly he'd walked into a half-opened rose, which only got him incredulous laughter and no sympathy.

Connie did say she was sorry and bathed his eye tenderly (also made him his favorite dinner), but she still thought he'd deserved it for daring to imply that she'd been seeing Woodie on the sly.

"I didn't exactly say that," Stu untruthfully defended himself. "I just said it was awfully fishy how he remembered you all this time without ever seeing you, or your ever writing to each other."

"There is such a thing," Connie claimed, "as a one-woman man, you know." And in her tone was pride that she was the inspiration to such a unique creature.

"I wish he'd go be a man to one other woman," Stu grumbled.

"I suppose it's easier to be constant in Iran," Connie conceded, "with only native women, or whatever they are, around him."

"How do you know he's still there?" Stu asked suspiciously.

She gave him a reproachful look. "Two years ago I wrote to Woodie at his old address."

"Ah!" Stu pounced, but she went calmly on.

"I said 'please forward,' but it came back, so then I called the florist. I just wanted to tell Woodie to stop upsetting you so much."

"Doesn't upset me," Stu lied. "Just strikes me as silly, that's all."

"You used to like silly things," she reminded him.

"I grew up," Stu claimed. "I wish Woodie would."

"The florist said there was no billing address for Mr. Rawlins. The flowers are ordered by wire. Woodie probably pays for them in Iran, with rubles or things. But I'm glad," Connie said with spirit, "that I couldn't find him, so I didn't have to admit to him I have a very unreasonable and jealous husband."

But her fingers were gentle on Stu's puffy eye, and her forgiving kiss was soft. So that was the end of the sixth year quarrel.

Still, in a way, none of them had ended. They'd only been interrupted by the three hundred and sixty-four other days of the year, and the issue was always there, waiting to celebrate the third of September with explosives.

And now, today, the seventh Annual Rose was due to be delivered, if it came this year, in about half an hour. About the fourth year Connie had recognized the touching fact that it always arrived at 11:45 A.M., the exact time they had said farewell, and the accuracy of poor Woodie's memory caused her to put another romantic halo around a head that was, to Stu's way of thinking, already lousy with halos.

Stu sat up in his workroom, on the leather-padded window seat, his eyes on the street in front of the house. The garage, with the workroom above it, was set a little back in the driveway, so he couldn't see the front door of his home, but he felt certain Connie must be hovering around it, wondering if poor Woodie was still in love with her.

At twelve-thirty it didn't look that way, because the rose hadn't arrived. Stu was beginning to smile, and by one o'clock he was striding back and forth, chuckling to himself.

"One-woman man!" he muttered quite a few times, and looked forward to Connie's defense of her distant love's forgetfulness. Or would she try to ignore it?



"I still think it sounds fishy that he remembers so long without ever seeing you," Stu said.

The buzzer on the kitchen-to-studio phone buzzed at one o'clock, and Connie's voice, sounding rather muffled, said, "Lunch is ready, Stu."

He answered, "Coming, Mother!" gaily, went down the outside stairs two at a time, crossed the yard toward the breakfast-room door. Connie was brushing half a pound of mashed cookie out of Johnnie Stu's hair and luring him napward when Stu sat down to his lunch, eager for Connie to come back so he could needle her about poor Woodie. He fully realised his gloating mood would win no stars for his crown, but "I'm only human!" Stu looked upward and reminded the recording angel, "and every dog must have his day."

When, after a long time, Connie came back, she was dressed in her brand-new fall suit, coral-colored and fitting neatly over curves that motherhood had improved. On her newly waved hair (she always went to the Beauty Salon on September second, Stu had noticed, and generally tried a new hair-do) she wore a hat Stu had never seen before, and the cumulative effect was something to make a man say at least "Wow!"

"Wow!" Stu exclaimed. "You should have told me this was formal, and I'd have worn my other shoes."

"I'm going out to lunch," Connie said,

nervously pulling on her white gloves.

"I'd never of guessed it," Stu told her, puzzled by her manner, the way she evaded his eyes. "With whom, if I may be so . . . ?"

"Milly. Mrs. Ebbetts is coming over to sit with Johnnie Stu. When she starts dinner, will you light the oven for her? Last time she forgot to put a match to it and almost blew herself up."

"How late you going to be?" Stu asked, feeling a little aggrieved.

"It's a little hard to say. We've got tickets to a matinee."

"What're you going to see?"

"I don't know," Connie's tone was hasty, and she was busy checking the contents of her purse. "Edna got the tickets."

"Thought you said Milly."

"What? Oh, yes. Milly's going, too." She clicked her purse shut and looked toward the front of the house. "There's my taxi, I think."

Stu stood up quickly. "Why don't you use the car?"

Connie answered as she started for the door, "Milly'll have hers . . . and two would be a nuisance. I'm just taxiing as far as Edna's. I'd better hurry . . . I'm late."

But at the door she stopped and looked directly at Stu, a strange, unreadable

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by EDWARD R. DOOLING

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One White Rose (continued)

expression in her eyes. Then she came swiftly back and kissed him. Not just a little good-by peck; her lips were pressed tight to his for a moment, then she almost ran out of the room.

"Connie!" he said wonderingly, and followed her through the house, but when he opened the front door, the taxi door had just slammed and the cab was pulling away from the curb.

Stu watched it go uneasily. His feeling was increased when Mrs. Ebbetts arrived carrying an overnight case. "Mrs. Miller said I might be more comfortable staying overnight, seeing as you might be out later than usual tonight," Mrs. Ebbetts explained.

"Did my wife happen to mention what our plans were for tonight?"

Mrs. Ebbetts seemed to think he was joking, and laughed. "Well, no, sir, that she didn't."

Stu went worriedly back to his studio, where he slumped down at his desk and lit a cigarette with a hand that he noticed was unsteady.

"Why the nervous breakdown?" he asked himself disgustedly. (He was used to talking to himself, and always muttered his dialogue out loud.) "Just because Connie's gone out to lunch. Lunch and a matinee with Milly and Edna. Not to lunch with poor Woodie. You'd have to be fresh out of the looney bin to let that thought cross what passes for your mind!"

But—look at the funny way she'd acted—as though she might be lying. And she never put on her best clothes for Milly or Edna, and the combination of those two women, in itself, was phony because they detested each other. Connie generally lunched with Milly, shopped with Edna, but never put the two together. Then, taking the taxi instead of using the car. Why? Because she didn't know when, if ever, she was coming back? And then, Mrs. Ebbetts to stay all night, when Stu knew of no planned engagement.

And then, and then . . . that kiss! That long, serious kiss and the strange way she'd looked at him. Like a farewell! Stu felt gooseflesh crawling up the back of his neck and he stood up abruptly, threw his cigarette down on the scarred floor and ground it out savagely. "Lunch and a matinee!" he tried to tell himself sternly, but it sounded more like a strangled hope. "The rose didn't come. That means poor Woodie forgot."

But did it? It might also mean that Woodie had come back and wanted his one-woman in person. He might have called this morning at eleven forty-five, inviting Connie to come out of her suburban kitchen and reward the man who had loved her so constantly. And

of course Connie had been influenced. What woman wouldn't be, by such romantic persistence? Dressed to live up to his memories of her, Connie had gone to lunch with him . . . their old rendezvous, the Plaza, undoubtedly. In that atmosphere of remembered love, maybe Woodie expected to talk her into flying with him to Iran!

"No pin-striped basket is going to take my wife away from me!" Stu said belligerently. (Stu had learned, for Johnnie Stu's sake, to modify his swear words.) He grabbed up his car keys from the desk and ran down the inside stairs to the garage below, looking at his watch as he ran.

Quarter to two. He wouldn't stop to dress for the occasion and chance missing them, although they'd probably have a lingering luncheon with champagne cocktails and the seventh Annual Rose on the table between them.

He parked in the hotel garage and strode briskly through the main floor lounges, trying to look as though sports jacket, bow tie, plaid shirt, and loafers had been requested of him by the management, and trying to figure out what he'd say when he found them.

But they weren't in the smaller, more intimate rooms, nor the main dining room, and there was no Mr. Garwood Rawlins registered in the hotel, which left only the florist shop as a possible clue.

"Can I help you, sir?" the pretty young woman behind the counter asked him pleasantly, as she murderously impaled a carnation on a long, thin wire.

"I hope so," Stu said. "I wonder if you could give me a little information about an order for one white rose."

"One?" The girl looked surprised.

"One. It's generally delivered to Mrs. Stuart Miller, Bailey Street, in White Plains, but it didn't arrive today and I was wondering if it had been sent to some other address, or picked up by somebody."

The girl wove the speared carnation into a wreath that was trying to spell out "Bless You," brushed her hands, and turned to a spindle that held records of the day's deliveries.

"You ordered one rose to be delivered to Mrs. Miller?" the girl asked, trying to keep the amusement out of her tone.

"Well, yes," Stu lied. It was too difficult to explain any other way, and maybe he'd find out more by being a complaining customer.

After going through the orders, the girl shook her head. "I'm sorry, sir. There seems to be no record of the order. Are you a guest here? Did you phone the order in?"

"Well, no, not exactly. But I was

expecting it to be delivered today, and I was wondering if you'd billed me for it. If so, I'd like to see the bill. My name." Stu said, steeling himself to make the unpleasant claim, "is Garwood Rawlins."

The girl hesitated, then frowned helplessly and turned toward a small office at the rear. "I'd better ask Mr. Broxley. He'll know, I'm sure."

She was gone for quite a few moments, and Stu thought about leaving, since it didn't look as if this was going to lead to Woodie's address; but then Mr. Broxley came out.

No, not came. He more or less charged out, his plump face looking very high-blood-pressure, and he waved an order book like a battle flag.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Rawlins," he asked indignantly, "that you are complaining of the service we have rendered you over the years?"

Stu answered feebly, "Well, I'm not exactly . . ."

"Not exactly." Mr. Broxley interrupted scornfully. "But you think a delivery should have been made today, too!"

"I thought . . ." Stu floundered. "Or I may have forgotten . . ."

"Well, kindly let me refresh your memory." He put the order book on the counter between them and pointed to the first item. "September third you gave Mr. Hutton, who has since left our employ, twenty-five dollars and asked us to use it to send one rose a year to this address, didn't you?"

"I . . ." Stu said blankly.

"Which I have personally and faithfully done for the last six years. Six. Mr. Rawlins! Six roses. The roses themselves cost two dollars apiece. Then there's the delivery charges. Eleven forty-five A.M., no matter what the rest of the man's route requires. Overhead and the cost of carrying this money on the books. Reminding ourselves of it every year! We have gone to a great deal of trouble to see that your order was carried out exactly as you wanted, in your absence, and now you complain that you haven't received your money's worth! I'm surprised at you, Mr. Rawlins!"

Stu was more than surprised. He was dazed. So all that time it was just Mr. Broxley, the florist, remembering, and not Woodie.

"But I thought," Stu said in bewilderment, "I mean the lady got the impression the order was wired in, every year."

He thought of Connie with a great surge of tenderness. Connie, with a fresh hairdo and a little private happiness in her heart because she was the inspiration for a one-woman man! Feeling a day of youth and spring and womanly pride in herself every September third, because

someone who had loved her once still thought of her. And all the time, it was only the Plaza Florist, and not Woodie.

That pin-striped basket! Stu thought, and longed for his address so an annual clump of poison oak could be sent.

"I'm sure I don't know what impression the lady had," Mr. Broxley was saying. "But we have the very definite impression that we've lost time and money on your transaction of six years ago."

Stu wasn't listening to him. He was thinking of Connie's disappointment this morning. That was why she'd acted so muffled and subdued. Feeling forlorn and deserted, she had bolstered up her morale by dressing in her best and going out somewhere—maybe with Milly, maybe with Edna, maybe alone—and perhaps she hoped that if Mrs. Ebbetts was there and waiting, Stu might take her out for an evening, a late one, during which the memory of the rose that hadn't come this year would be eased and forgotten.

"If you wish to take your business elsewhere," Mr. Broxley suggested, "we'll try to survive its withdrawal, but we do not feel that you have paid for a one-rose delivery this year."

Stu smiled his most propitiatory smile. "It's all my fault, Mr. Broxley, and I do apologize for not fully understanding and remembering the circumstances."

Hastily, he dug in his pocket and brought out a twenty-dollar bill. Then he remembered Connie's kiss—what had it meant to say? That she was grateful she had a husband who loved her and she'd try not to miss a small memory of love? Or had it been a wistful plea not to quarrel this year about the Annual Rose? Whatever it had meant, remembering its sweetness, Stu pulled out another twenty and thrust them both into Mr. Broxley's hand.

"Please keep 'em coming, just as before," Stu asked urgently. "Could you get one there today—doesn't matter how much it costs—and explain a mixup delayed it? It's very important."

And it was very important that Connie should keep that little triumph, that day of spring every year on the third of September. And maybe next year he'd halfway forget that he was the instigator, now, and he'd be jealous and they'd quarrel a little—just enough to show her how much he cared.

Mr. Broxley was mollified and accepted the bills, looking at Stu curiously. "I must say, it's rather unusual, in this day and age, to see so much constancy . . ." and his voice trailed off tactfully, but flatteringly.

"Oh, well," Stu said modestly, and very happily, "I always was a one-woman man!"

THE END

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BEAST IN VIEW

The voice on the phone was terrifying — familiar yet wholly strange. It said wherever she went unspeakable evil would be waiting for her

BY MARGARET MILLAR

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

The voice was quiet, smiling. "Is that Miss Clarvoo?"
"Yes."

"You know who this is?"

"No."

"A friend."

"I have a great many friends," Miss Clarvoo lied.

In the mirror above the telephone stand she saw her mouth repeating the lie, enjoying it, and she saw her head nod in quick affirmation—*this lie is true, yes, this is a very true lie*. Only her eyes refused to be convinced. Embarrassed, they blinked and glanced away.

"We haven't seen each other for a long time," the girl's voice said. "But I've kept track of you. I have a crystal ball."

"I beg your pardon?"

"A crystal ball that you look into the future with. All my old friends pop up in it once in a while. Tonight it was you."

"Me!" Helen Clarvoo turned back to the mirror. It was round, like a crystal ball, and her face popped up in it, an old friend, familiar but unloved, the mouth thin and tight as if there were nothing but a ridge of bone under the skin, the dark brown hair clipped short, revealing ears that always had a tinge of mauve as if they were forever cold. An old friend in a crystal ball.

She said carefully, "Who is this, please?"

"Evelyn. Evelyn Merrick. Remember me?"

"Yes." It was another lie, easier than the first. The name meant nothing to her. It was only a sound, and she could not

"I'll go alone," Helen told him. She must have known even then there was no place to hide.

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

separate or identify it any more than she could separate the noise of one car from another in the roar of traffic from the boulevard three floors down.

"You still there, Miss Clarvoe?"

"Yes."

"I heard your old man died and left you a lot of money."

"That's my business."

"Money is a great responsibility. I might be able to help you."

"Thank you, I don't require any help from a stranger."

"Stranger?" There was a rasp of annoyance in the repetition. "You said you remembered me."

"I was merely trying to be polite."

"One of these days you'll remember me with a bang. One of these days I'll be famous; I'll be in every art museum in the country. Everyone will get a chance to admire me. Does that make you jealous, Clarvoe?"

"I think you're—mad."

"I'm not the one who's mad. It's you, Clarvoe. You're the one who can't remember. And I know why. Because you're jealous—you've always been jealous of me. You're so jealous you've blacked me out."

"That's not true." Miss Clarvoe said shrilly. "I don't know you. I've never heard of you. You're making a mistake."

"I don't make mistakes. What you need, Clarvoe, is a crystal ball so you could remember your old friends. Maybe I should lend you mine. Would you like that? Or would you be afraid? I have it right here with me. Shall I tell you what I see?"

"No—stop this—"

"I see you, Clarvoe."

"No—"

"Your face is right in front of me, real bright and clear. But there's something wrong with it. Ah. I see now. You've been in an accident. You are mutilated. Your forehead is slashed open. Your mouth is bleeding, blood, blood all over, blood all over . . ."

Miss Clarvoe's arm reached out and swept the telephone off the stand. It lay on its side on the floor, purring.

Miss Clarvoe sat, stiff with terror. In the crystal ball of the mirror her face was unchanged, unmutilated. The forehead was smooth, the mouth prim and self-contained, the skin paper-white, as if there were no blood left to bleed. Miss Clarvoe's bleeding had been done, over the years, in silence, internally.

When the rigidity of shock began to recede, she leaned down and picked up the telephone and placed it on the stand.

She could hear the switchboard operator saying, "Number please. This is the operator. Number please. Did you wish to call a number?"

She wanted to say, *Give me the police*, the way people did in plays, very casually, as if they were in the habit of calling the police two or three times a week. Miss Clarvoe had never called the police in her life, had never, in all her thirty years, even talked to a policeman. She was not afraid of them; it was simply a fact that she had nothing in common with them. She did not commit crimes, or have anything to do with people who did, or have any crimes committed against her.

"Your number, please," the operator repeated.

"Is that you, June?"

"Why, yes, Miss Clarvoe. Gee, when you didn't answer, I thought maybe you'd fainted or something."

"I never faint." Another lic. It was becoming a habit, a hobby, like stringing beads. A necklace of lies.

"Are you very busy, June?"

"Well, I'm practically alone at the switchboard."

"I won't keep you. I just wanted to know where the call came from that you put through to my suite a few minutes ago."

"Call? To your suite? Gee, I don't remember calling your number, Miss Clarvoe."

"The telephone rang. I answered it. I'm not in the habit of imagining things."

There was an awkward little pause; then June said, "I don't remember ringing your suite, Miss Clarvoe."

"You rang."

"I just don't remember, is all."

Miss Clarvoe hung up. She knew how to deal with June and others like her. One severed connections. What Miss Clarvoe did not realize was that she had severed too many connections in her life, she had hung up too often, too easily, on too many people. Now, at thirty, she was alone. The telephone no longer rang, and when someone knocked on her door, it was the waiter bringing up her dinner, or the woman from the beauty parlor to cut her hair, or the bellboy with the morning paper. There was no longer anyone to hang up on except a switchboard operator and a stranger with a crystal ball.

Miss Clarvoe's social life was now confined mainly to letters. She wrote to her mother, and her brother, Douglas, and to Mr. Blackshear who handled her investments. *Dear Mother: I am well . . . glorious weather . . . Christmas is coming . . . Dear Douglas: This is the third time in a month you've asked for extra money . . . Dear Mr. Blackshear: Regarding those hundred shares of Atlas . . .*

Her mother lived six miles west, in Beverly Hills, and Mr. Blackshear's office was no more than a dozen blocks

down the boulevard, but Miss Clarvoe hadn't seen either of them for a long time.

Laughter from the next room vibrated against the wall and voices floated in through the open French doors of the balcony:

"Honestly, George, you're a kick, a real kick."

"Hey, for Pete's sake, who took the opener?"

"Dolly, where in hell did you put the opener?"

"I don't remember."

I don't remember, is all.

Miss Clarvoe sat down at the walnut desk and picked up the gold fountain pen her father had given her for her birthday years ago.

She wrote, *Dear Mother: It has been a long time since I've heard from you. I hope that all is hell with you and Douglas.*

She stared at what she had written, subconsciously aware a mistake had been made but not seeing it. It looked so right, somehow: *I hope that all is hell with you and Douglas.*

I meant to say *well*, Miss Clarvoe thought. It was a slip of the pen. I hold no resentment against her. It's all this noise—I can't concentrate—those awful people next door—

Miss Clarvoe closed and locked the French doors.

Perhaps the telephone call was only a joke, she thought. Just someone, probably someone who worked in the hotel, trying to frighten her a little because she was wealthy and because she was considered somewhat odd. Miss Clarvoe realized that these qualities made her a natural victim for jokers; she had become adjusted to that fact years ago, and behind-the-hand snickers no longer disturbed her the way they had in school.

It was settled, then. The girl with the crystal ball was a joke. Evelyn Merrick didn't exist. And yet the very name was beginning to sound so familiar that Miss Clarvoe was no longer absolutely certain she hadn't heard it before.

She pulled the drapes close across the windows and returned to her letter.

I hope that all is hell with you and Douglas.

She crossed out *hell* and inserted *well*. Then she tore the sheet of paper across the middle and placed it carefully in the wastebasket beside her desk. She had nothing really to say to her mother, never had, never would have. The idea of asking her for advice or comfort or help was absurd. Mrs. Clarvoe had none of these things to give, even if Helen had dared to ask.

The party in the next room had reached the stage of song. "Down by the Old Mill

Stream," "Harvest Moon." Sometimes in close harmony, sometimes far.

A hot gust of anger and resentment swept through Miss Clarvoe's body. They had no right to make so much noise at this time of night. She would have to rap on the wall to warn them, and, if that didn't work, she would call the manager.

She started to rise, but her heel caught in the rung of the chair and she fell forward, her face grazing the sharp edge of the desk. She lay still, tasting the metallic saltiness of blood, listening to the throbbing of the pulse in her temples and the panic beat of her heart.

After a time she pulled herself to her feet and moved slowly and stiffly across the room toward the mirror above the telephone stand. There was a slight scratch on her forehead and one corner of her mouth was bleeding where the underlip had been cut by a tooth.

"... I have a crystal ball. I see you now. Real bright and clear. You've been in an accident. Your forehead is gashed, your mouth is bleeding..."

A cry for help rose inside Miss Clarvoe's throat. Help me, someone! Help me, Mother—Douglas—Mr. Blackshear—

But the cry was never uttered. It stuck in her throat, and presently Miss Clarvoe swallowed it as she had swallowed a great many cries.

I am not really hurt. I must be sensible. Father always boasted to people how sensible I was. Therefore, I must not become hysterical. I must think of something very sensible to do.

She went back to her desk and picked up her pen and took out a fresh sheet of notepaper.

"Dear Mr. Blackshear: You may recall that, at my father's funeral, you offered to give me advice and help if the occasion should ever arise. I do not know whether you said this because it is the kind of thing one says at funerals, or whether you sincerely meant it. I hope it was the latter, because the occasion, you may have already inferred, has arisen. I believe that I have become the victim of a lunatic..."

The letter was delivered to his office and then sent on to his apartment on Los Feliz because he had gone home early. He no longer appeared regularly at his office. At fifty, he was retiring gracefully, by degrees, partly because he could afford to, but mostly because boredom had set in, like a too early winter. Things had begun to repeat themselves: new situations reminded him of past situations, and people he met for the first time were exactly like other people he'd known for years. Nothing was new any more.

Summer had passed. The winter of

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boredom had set in and frost had formed in the crevices of Blackshear's mind. His wife was dead, his two sons had married and made lives of their own, and his friends were mostly business acquaintances whom he met for lunch. Dinners and evening parties were rare because Blackshear had to rise before dawn in order to be at his office by seven o'clock when the New York Stock Exchange opened.

By the middle of the afternoon he was tired, and when Miss Clarvoe's letter was delivered he almost didn't open it. Through her father, who had been one of Blackshear's clients, he had known Helen Clarvoe for years, but he had never been able to think of her as a woman. She was simply Miss Clarvoe, and he had a dozen clients like her.

"... Lest you think I am exaggerating the matter, I hasten to assure you that I have given an exact account both of the telephone call and of my subsequent conversation with the switchboard operator, June Sullivan. You will understand, I am sure, how deeply perplexed I am. I have harmed no one in my life, not intentionally at any rate, and I am amazed that someone apparently bears me a grudge..."

When he had finished reading the letter he called Miss Clarvoe at her hotel,

more from curiosity than from any desire to help. Miss Clarvoe was not the kind of woman who would accept help. She existed by, for, and unto herself, shut off from the world by a wall of money and the iron bars of her egotism.

"Miss Clarvoe?"

"Yes."

"This is Paul Blackshear. I received your letter a few minutes ago."

"There have been new developments." Miss Clarvoe's voice was guarded. "I can talk about them only in the strictest privacy. I know how busy you are and I hate to impose on you, but—well, I must, Mr. Blackshear. I must."

"Please go on." Behind her wall of money, behind her iron bars, she was a maiden in distress, crying out, reluctantly and awkwardly, for help. Blackshear made a wry grimace as he pictured himself in the role of the equally reluctant rescuer, a tired, detached, balding knight in Harris tweeds. "Tell me what you want me to do, Miss Clarvoe."

"If you could come here to my hotel, where we can talk—privately—"

"When?"

"As soon as you can."

"I'll see you shortly, then, Miss Clarvoe."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. I can't tell you how—"

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

"Then please don't tell me. Good-by."

He hung up quickly. He didn't like the sound of Miss Clarvoe's gratitude spilling out of the telephone, harsh and discordant, like dimes spilling out of a slot machine. The jackpot of Miss Clarvoe's emotions—*thank you very much*.

What a graceless woman she was, Blackshear thought, hoarding herself like a miser, spending only what she had to, to keep alive.

Although they communicated quite frequently by letter, he hadn't seen her since her father's death the previous year. Tall, pale, tearless, she had stood apart from the others at the grave; her only display of feeling had been an occasional sour glance at the weeping widow, Verna Clarvoe, leaning on the arm of her son, Douglas.

When the services were over, Blackshear had approached Miss Clarvoe, aware of her mute suffering.

"I'm sorry, Helen."

She had turned her face away. "Yes. So am I."

"I know how fond you and your father were of each other."

"That's not entirely accurate, Mr. Blackshear."

"No?"

"No. I was fond of him, Mr. Blackshear, not he of me."

The last time he saw her she was climbing stiffly into the back seat of the long black Cadillac that was used to transport the chief mourners, Mrs. Clarvoe, Helen, and Douglas. They made a strange trio.

A week later, Blackshear received a letter from Miss Clarvoe stating that she had moved, permanently, to the Monica Hotel and wished him to handle her investments.

The Monica was the last place in the world he would have expected Miss Clarvoe to choose. It was a small hotel on a busy boulevard in the heart of Hollywood, and it catered not to quiet solitary women like Miss Clarvoe, but to transients who stayed a night or two and moved on.

Blackshear left his car in a parking lot, crossed the street to the Monica Hotel, and took the elevator up to the third floor.

Miss Clarvoe's door opened almost simultaneously with Blackshear's knock, and Miss Clarvoe said in a hurried whisper, "Please come in."

She locked the door behind him, and for a few moments they stood looking at each other in silence across a gully of time. Then Miss Clarvoe stretched out her hand and Blackshear took it.

Her skin was cool and dry and stiff like parchment, and there was no pres-

sure of friendliness, or even of interest, in her clasp. Blackshear felt that she disliked the personal contact. Skin on skin offended her; she was a private person. The private I, Blackshear thought, always looking through a single keyhole.

"It was kind of you to go to all this trouble, Mr. Blackshear."

"No trouble at all."

"Please sit down. The wing chair is very comfortable."

He sat down. The wing chair was comfortable enough, but he couldn't help noticing that it, like all the other furniture in the room, was cheap and poorly made. He thought of the Clarvoe house in Beverly Hills, the hand-carved chairs and the immense drawing room, where the rug had been especially woven to match a pattern in the Gauguin above the mantel, and he wondered for the dozenth time why Miss Clarvoe had left it so abruptly and isolated herself in a small suite in a second-rate hotel.

"You haven't changed much," Blackshear lied politely.

She gave him a long, direct stare. "Do you mean that as a compliment, Mr. Blackshear?"

"Yes, I do."

"It is no compliment to me to be told that I haven't changed. I wish I had."

Damn the woman, Blackshear thought. You couldn't afford to be nice to her. He said coldly, "How is your mother?"

"Quite well, as far as I know."

"And Douglas?"

"Douglas is like me, Mr. Blackshear. He hasn't changed either."

She approached the walnut desk. It bore no evidence of the hours Miss Clarvoe had spent at it. There were no letters or papers visible, no ink marks on the blotter. Miss Clarvoe did not leave things lying about. She kept them in drawers, in closets, in neat steel files. All the records of her life were under lock and key.

Miss Clarvoe unlocked the top drawer of the desk, picked up a sheaf of bills in a money clip, and handed it to Blackshear.

"Count it, Mr. Blackshear."

"Why?"

"I may have made a mistake. I get—flustered sometimes and can't concentrate properly."

Blackshear counted the money. "A hundred and ninety-six dollars."

"I was right, after all."

"I don't understand."

Someone has been stealing from me, Mr. Blackshear. Perhaps systematically, perhaps just once. I don't know. I do know that there should be nearly a thousand dollars in that clip."

"When did you discover some of it was missing?"

"This morning. I woke up early while

it was still dark. There was some argument going on down the hall, a man and a woman. The woman's voice reminded me of the girl on the telephone, Evelyn Merrick, and I—well, it upset me. I couldn't go back to sleep. I began to wonder about Miss Merrick and when—whether I would hear from her again and what she hoped to get out of me. The only thing I have is money."

She paused, as if giving him a chance to contradict her or agree with her. Blackshear remained quiet. He knew she was wrong, but he didn't feel that anything could be gained at this point by stating it: Miss Clarvoe had another thing besides money which might interest a woman like Evelyn Merrick, and that was the capacity to be hurt.

"Why do you keep such a large amount of cash in your room?" Blackshear said.

"I need it."

"Why?"

"For—well, tips, shopping for clothes, things like that."

Blackshear didn't bother pointing out that a thousand dollars would cover a lot of tips, and the black jersey dress Miss Clarvoe was wearing indicated that her shopping trips were few and meager.

"I like to have money around," she said, finally. "It gives me a feeling of security."

"It should give you the opposite."

"Why?"

"It makes you a target."

"You think that's what Evelyn Merrick wants from me? Money?"

"Perhaps," he said. "It sounds to me like an extortion racket. It may be that the woman means to frighten you, to harass you, until you are willing to pay her to be left alone. It may be, too, that you'll never hear from her again."

Miss Clarvoe turned away with a little sighing sound. "I'm afraid."

"I think it would be a good idea if you took a vacation. Leave town for a while. Travel. Go some place where this woman can't find you."

"I have no place to go."

"You have the whole world," Blackshear said impatiently.

No—no." The world was for lovers, for husbands and wives, mothers and daughters, fathers and sons. Everywhere in the world, all the way to the horizon, Miss Clarvoe saw couples, and the sight of them spread ice around her heart. "What you suggest is impossible. I can't leave Los Angeles right now, for personal reasons." She added vaguely, "My family."

"I see. Well, I'd like to help you, but I'm afraid there isn't anything I can do."

"There is."

"What?"

"Find her."

He turned to her, frowning. "Why?"
"I want to—I must see her, talk to her. I must rid myself of this—uncertainty."
"Perhaps the uncertainty is in yourself, Helen. Finding a stranger may not help you."

"Perhaps not. But you could try."
"All I have to go on is a name which might not even be her own."

"No. There's more than that. Remember what she said, that one of these days she'd be famous, her—her body would be in every art museum in the country. That must mean she poses for artists; she's a model."

"Models are a dime a dozen in this town."

"But it at least gives you a place to start. Aren't there such things as model booking agencies? You could try there. I'll pay you, of course. I'll pay—"

"I'm not for hire."

She was quiet for a moment. "Have I offended you by mentioning money? I'm sorry. When I offer to pay people, I don't mean it as an insult. It's simply all I have to offer."

"You have a low opinion of yourself, Helen."

"I wasn't born with it."

"Where did you get it?"

"The story," she said, "is too long to tell, and too dull to listen to."

"I see." But he didn't see. He remembered Clarvoe as a quiet-mannered man, obviously fond of, and amused by, his frilly little wife, Verna. What errant chromosomes or domestic dissensions had produced two such incongruous children as Helen and Douglas, Blackshear could not even guess.

"I know what you are thinking," Miss Clarvoe said. "That I should hire an experienced investigator."

Nothing had been further from his thoughts, but he didn't argue. "It seems like a good idea."

"I couldn't trust a stranger. I don't even trust—" Her mouth closed, but her eyes finished the sentence: I don't even trust you, Or Mother, or Douglas, Or myself.

Blackshear lit another cigarette and turned to the window and pretended to be interested in the view, a darkening sky, a dribble of clouds. *It might rain tonight—if it does, I won't go to the office in the morning—maybe the doctor was right, I should retire altogether—but what will I do with the days and what will they do to me?*

He was struck by the sudden realization that he was in his way as badly off as Miss Clarvoe. They had both reached a plateau of living, surrounded by mountains on the one side and gorges on the other. Blackshear had at one time scaled the mountains and explored the gorges;

Miss Clarvoe had not done either—but here they were on the same plateau.

"Mr. Blackshear."

"Yes?"

"Do you believe that one person can influence another person to—to have an accident?"

"Possibly, I suppose, if the suggestion is strong on the part of the first person and coincides with desire for self-punishment on the part of the second person."

"There are some things you can't explain by simple psychology."

"I suppose there are."

"Do you believe in extrasensory perception?"

"No."

"It may exist all the same."

"Perhaps."

"I feel—I feel very strongly—that this woman means to destroy me. I *know* it. If you like, call it intuition."

"Call it fear," Blackshear said.

She looked at him with a touch of sadness. "Well, I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Blackshear. I appreciate your taking time out to come and see me. I know how busy you are."

"I'm not busy at all. In fact, I've practically retired."

"Oh, I hadn't heard. Well, I hope you enjoy your leisure."

"I'll try." What will you do with the days, he asked himself. Collect stamps, grow roses, sit through double features, doze in the sun on the back porch, and when you get too lonely, go to the park and talk to old men on benches. "I've never had much leisure to enjoy. It will take practice."

"Yes," Miss Clarvoe said gently. "I'm afraid it will."

She crossed the room and unlocked the door. After a moment's hesitation, Blackshear followed her.

They shook hands again and Blackshear said. "The police might be able to find Evelyn Merrick for you."

"They might, if they hothered to look."

He knew she was right. The police would be interested in the theft of the money, but there wasn't the slightest evidence that Evelyn Merrick was the thief. And as far as the phone call was concerned, the department received dozens of similar complaints every day. Miss Clarvoe's story would be filed and forgotten, because Evelyn Merrick had done no physical harm, had not even voiced any definite threats. No search would be made for the woman unless he, Blackshear, made it himself.

I could do it, he thought. Finding a woman is better than collecting stamps or talking to old men in the park.

He felt excitement mounting in him, followed by the sudden and irrational

idea that perhaps Miss Clarvoe had contrived the whole thing, that she had somehow tricked or willed him into this reversal of his plans. "*Do you believe in extrasensory perception, Mr. Blackshear?*" "No."

No? He looked at her. She was smiling.

"You've changed your mind," she said, and there was no rising inflection of doubt in her voice.

The following afternoon, after spending the morning at the telephone, Blackshear arrived at the establishment advertised in the yellow pages of the Central Los Angeles phone book as the Lydia Hudson School of Charm and Modeling.

Miss Hudson's office was artfully devised for the acquisition of new students. On each side of the desk where she sat was a lamp with a pink shade that flattered her complexion and made her hair look almost real. The other side of the room, reserved for prospective clients, was illuminated from the ceiling with fluorescent rods that gave a dead white light, and two of the walls were decorated with full-length mirrors.

"This is our consultation room," Miss Hudson said. "I never give the girls any personal criticism. I simply let them study themselves in the mirrors and *they* tell me what's wrong. That way, it makes for a more pleasant relationship and better business. Please sit down, Mr. Blackshear."

"Thanks. Why better business?"

"Often I find the girls are much harder on themselves than I am. They expect more. Sometimes a very pretty girl comes in and I can't find anything the matter with her, but *she* can, because she's probably comparing herself to Ava Gardner. So, she takes my course," Miss Hudson smiled dryly. "Results guaranteed, naturally. Cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

"What do you want to know about this Evelyn Merrick?"

"Everything you can tell me."

"It won't be much. I only saw her once and that was a week ago. She read my ad in the *News* offering a free consultation for a limited time only, and in she came, sat in the same chair you're sitting in now. A scrawny brunette, heavily made up, pretty impossible, from a professional point of view. She had one of those Italian hoy haircuts gone to seed. And her clothes—" Miss Hudson stopped sharply. "She's not a friend of yours?"

"I've never seen her."

"Why do you want to find her, then?"

"Let's stick with the long-lost heiress story," Blackshear said. "I'm beginning to like it."

"I always have."

"You gave her the free consultation?"

"I did the usual thing, asked her to

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

stand up and walk around and watch herself in the mirror and tell me what she thought needed correction. She acted—well, odd.”

“In what way?”

“She just stood there looking into the mirror, without making a sound. She seemed fascinated by herself.”

“Walk around a bit, Evelyn.”

The girl didn't move.

“Are you satisfied with your posture? Your skin? How about your make-up?” She didn't speak.

“It is our policy to let our prospective students analyze themselves. We cannot correct faults that the student doesn't admit having. Now, then, would you say you are perfectly happy about your figure? Take an honest look, fore and aft.”

Evelyn blinked and turned away. “The mirror is distorted and the lights are bad.”

“They are not bad,” Miss Hudson said, stung. “They are—realistic. We must face facts before altering them.”

“If you say so, Miss Hudson.”

“I say so. How old are you, Evelyn?”

“Twenty-one.”

She must consider me a fool, Miss Hudson thought. “You want to model?”

“I want to pose for artists. Painters.”

“There's not much demand for that kind of—”

“I have a good figure and I don't get cold easily.”

“My dear young woman,” Miss Hudson said with heavy irony. “And what else can you do besides not get cold easily?”

“You're making fun of me. You simply don't understand.”

“Understand what?”

“I want to become immortal.”

Miss Hudson lapsed into a stunned silence.

“I couldn't think of any other way to do it,” the girl said. “And then I saw your ad, and the idea came to me suddenly, suppose someone paints me, a really great artist, then I will be immortal. So you see, it makes sense, if you think about it.”

Miss Hudson didn't care to think about it. She had no time to worry about immortality: tomorrow was bad enough. “How do you make your living, Evelyn?”

“Just at the moment I'm unemployed. But I can get money if I need it. Enough to take your course.”

“You understand we have a waiting list,” Miss Hudson lied.

“No. No. I thought—”

“I shall be most happy to put your name on file.” And leave it there. “How do you spell your last name?”

“M-E-R-R-I-C-K.”

“Evelyn Merrick. Age, 21. Address and phone number?”

“Well, I'm not sure yet. Suppose I call you, say, a week from today?”

“Listen to me a minute, Evelyn. If I were you, I'd reconsider this modeling business, I'd—”

“You are not me. I will call you in a week.”

“The week was up yesterday.” Miss Hudson told Blackshear. “She didn't call. I'm glad, naturally. She gave me the creeps, that girl. I'm not sure I ought to have sent her to Harley's place.”

“Harley?”

“Harley Moore, the painter. His studio is on Palm Avenue just off Sunset near Santa Monica Boulevard. He uses live models in his classes, not just pretty girls, but all kinds and shapes and sizes. I figured Evelyn needed a job pretty badly, so I sent her over there.”

“Has she actually done any posing, do you know?”

“She said she'd done some work for Jack Terola. I don't know much about him except that he pays pretty well.”

“Where's his office?”

“On Vine, ten or twelve blocks south of here.”

The means to charm were apparently more profitable than its ends: Miss Hudson had glass bricks and mahogany paneling; Terola's place was a long narrow stucco building between a one-way alley euphemistically named Jacaranda Lane, and a rickety three-story frame house converted into apartments. Black stenciling on the frosted glass window read:

Photographic Workshop, Jack Terola, Proprietor
Life Groups for Amateurs and Professionals

Come In Any Time

Blackshear went in. In spite of the rows of filing cabinets and the samples of Terola's work which lined the walls, the office still looked like what it had been originally, somebody's front parlor. Near one end of the room was a dirty red brick fireplace which had a desolate and futile appearance, as if it had become, from long disuse, a mere hole in the wall. To the right of the fireplace was a curtained alcove. The curtains were not drawn and Blackshear could see part of the interior: a brown leather chair, the seat wrinkled with age, and a daybed partly covered with an old-fashioned afghan. The daybed was obviously used for sleeping; a dirty sheet dribbled out from under the afghan and the pillow was stained with hair-oil.

There was no one in sight, but from behind the closed door at the other end of the room came sounds of activity, the scraping of equipment being moved across the wooden floor, the rise and fall of voices. Blackshear couldn't distinguish

the words, but the tones were plain enough. Somebody was giving orders and somebody else wasn't taking them.

He was on the point of knocking on the closed door when he noticed the printed sign propped against the typewriter of Terola's desk: “For Attention, Please Ring.”

He rang, and waited, and then rang again. A wind had come up. The curtains of Terola's alcove were blowing in and out, and the cobwebs in the fireplace were stirring, and somewhere in the chimney there was a fidgeting of mice.

“You wanted to see me?”

Blackshear turned, surprised that he had not heard the opening of the door or the sound of footsteps.

“Mr. Terola?”

“That's right.”

“My name's Blackshear.”

They shook hands. Terola was in his early forties, a very thin, tall man with a habitual stoop as if he were trying to scale himself down to size. He had black bushy brows that quivered with impatience when he talked, as if they were silently denying the words that came out of the soft feminine mouth. Two thin parallel strands of iron gray hair crossed the top of his bald pate like railroad ties.

“Just a minute.” Terola walked over to the alcove and drew the curtains irritably. “Things are in a mess around here. My secretary's home with the mumps. Mumps, yet. I thought they were for kids. Well, what can I do for you, Blackshear?”

“I understand you employ, or have employed, a young woman called Evelyn Merrick.”

“How come you understand that?”

“Someone told me.”

“Such as who?”

“Miss Merrick used your name as a reference. She claimed she had done some work for you.”

“What kind of work?”

“Whatever kind you had to offer.” Blackshear said, attempting to conceal his impatience. “You do quite a bit of, shall we call it art work?”

“We shall and it is.”

“Have it your way. Do you remember Miss Merrick?”

“It's not that I don't want to cooperate,” Terola said. “Only I kind of like to find out first who I'm co-operating with in what and for why. What's your business, mister?”

“I'm an investment counselor.”

“So?”

“Let's say that there's an estate to settle and Evelyn Merrick may get a piece of it.”

Terola spoke tightly, barely moving his mouth, as if he was afraid there might

be lipreaders around peering in through the curtains of the alcove or the chinks in the chimney. "She came here a couple weeks ago and gave me a hard-luck story about a dying mother, so I let her have a couple of hours' work."

"Did she give you any trouble?"

"Oh, she had some screwy idea about me making her immortal. At first I figured she was kidding, trying for a laugh, but she wasn't. If you want the truth, I don't think she's playing with all her marbles."

"Exactly what kind of work did you give Evelyn Merrick?"

"She posed."

"For you personally? Or for one of your 'art' groups?"

"What difference does it make?"

"It might make a lot of difference to me."

"How so?"

"If she posed for you, for a magazine story illustration, you might give me a print of the picture. If she worked with your art group, I don't think that you will."

Terola ground out the stub of his cigarette in an ashtray. "I never give away prints."

"What do you do, peddle them?"

"Peddle is a very nasty word. You'd better leave before I push it back down your throat."

"I didn't realize what a sensitive fellow you were, Terola."

"I don't want any trouble with your kind. Blow."

"Thank you for the information."

Terola opened the door. "Go to hell."

Blackshear walked down the alley and got into his car. It was the first time in thirty years that he'd been close to having a fight and the experience aroused old memories and old fears and a certain primeval excitement. His hand on the ignition key was unsteady and anger pressed on his eyeballs like iron thumbs. He wanted to go back and challenge Terola, fight him to the finish, kill him, if he had to.

But as he drove in the direction of Harley Moore's studio, the brisk sea wind cooled his passions and neutralized the acid in his mind: I'm not as civilized as I like to think. There was no need to antagonize him. I handled everything wrong. Maybe I can do better with Moore.

Bertha Moore had waited fifteen years for a child, and when the child, a girl, was born, Bertha could not quite believe in her good fortune. She had constantly to reassure herself. At all hours of the day and night she tiptoed into the nursery to see if the baby was still there, still alive. She could not settle down to read or sew even for a

minute; what spare time Bertha had was spent in conversations with friends and relatives about the perfections of her child, or in frantic calls to the pediatrician when it regurgitated its food, or to Harley when it cried without apparent reason.

At four o'clock on Wednesday the baby, Angela, had just finished her bottle. Bertha was waltzing her back and forth across the living room when the telephone rang. She shifted the baby gently from her left arm to her right and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Hello. Is that Mrs. Moore?"

"Yes."

"You don't know me, but I'm a friend of your husband's, Evelyn Merrick's my name. Perhaps Harley has mentioned me?"

"He may have," Bertha said in a lively manner, though she was hardly paying any attention. The baby's hair felt so soft against her neck and its warm skin smelled of flowers and sunshine.

"Are you alone, Mrs. Moore?"

"I'm never alone. We have a new baby, you know. She was just four months old yesterday."

"They're so sweet at that age."

"Aren't they, though. But Angie's more like six months than four. Even the doctor says so." This was practically true.

"Does she look like you or like Harley?"

"Oh, like me, I'm afraid," Bertha said with a proud little laugh. "Everyone thinks so."

"I'd love to see her. I'm quite—mad about babies."

"Why don't you come over?"

"When?"

"Well, this afternoon, if you like. Angie's restless. She won't go to sleep for hours." It would be fun to show the baby off to one of Harley's friends for a change. Harley was very modest about Angie and hardly ever brought anyone to see her. "Harley won't be home until six. We can have some tea and a chat, and I'll show you Angie's baby book."

"That sounds delightful."

"You know our address?"

"Yes. It will be pleasant meeting you."

They said good-by and Bertha hung up, feeling a pleasant glow of anticipation and maternal pride.

She was not, by nature or experience, a suspicious woman—Harley had dozens of friends of both sexes—and it didn't strike her as odd that Evelyn Merrick hadn't explained the purpose of her call.

"A nice lady," she told Angie, "is coming to admire you, and I want you to be utterly captivating."

Angie chewed her fingers.

When the baby's diapers had been changed and her half-inch of hair carefully brushed, Bertha went to the phone to call Harley.

Harley himself answered, sounding sharp and distrustful the way he always did over the telephone, as if he expected to be bored or bamboozled.

"Har? It's just me."

"Oh. Anything wrong with the baby?"

"Not a thing. She's bright as a dollar."



"I realize you heard your father come home last night—but I don't think he'll appreciate your little joke this morning."

"Look, Bertha, I'm awfully tied up right now. There's a man here who—"

"Well, I won't keep you, dear. I just wanted to tell you not to hurry home. I'm having company for tea. A Miss Merrick is coming over to see the baby."

"Who?"

"A friend of yours. Evelyn Merrick."

"She's coming there?"

"Why, yes. What's the matter, Har? You sound so—"

"Listen to me carefully, Bertha. Lock the doors and stay in the house until I get home."

"I don't under—"

"Do as I say. We'll be there in fifteen minutes."

"What do you mean, we?"

"There's a man in my studio right now looking for that woman. He says she's insane."

"But she sounded so sweet—and she was so interested in Angie and wanted to see—"

But Harley had hung up.

She stood, wide-eyed and pale, hugging the baby to her breast. Angie, sensing the sudden tension, and resenting the too tight, desperate embrace, began to cry.

Carrying the howling child, Bertha locked the three outside doors and pulled the heavy drapes across the bay window in the living room. Then she sat down in the rocking chair that Harley had bought her because she'd said no one could raise a baby without one. The darkened room and the gentle rocking motion quieted the child.

The door chimes pealed.

Without even glancing toward the door, Bertha carried the sleeping baby to the nursery and laid her in the crib. Then she walked slowly back to the front hall as the chimes pealed again.

She stood, waiting and listening, her face like stone.

"Mrs. Moore?" The voice came, soft but persistent, through the crack of the oak door. "Let me in."

Bertha pressed the back of her hand tight against her mouth as if afraid words might come without her volition.

"I hurried right over. I'm dying to see the baby. Let me in. I know you're there. What's the matter? Are you afraid? I won't harm anyone. I only want to see Harley's baby—Harley and I may have a baby, too."

The words seeped through the crack of the door like drops of poison that could kill on contact.

"Does that shock you, Mrs. Moore? You don't know much of what goes on in that studio of his, do you?"

Make her stop. Bertha prayed silently. She's lying. She's crazy. Harley would never—he's not like that—

"Have you been fooled all these years?"

I should lend you my crystal ball. Oh, the things you'd see!"

And she began to describe them, slowly and carefully, as if she were instructing a child, and Bertha listened like a child, not understanding some of the ugly words she used but hypnotized by their implications of evil. She couldn't move, couldn't get out of range of the poison. Drop by drop, it burned into her heart and etched nightmares on her mind.

Then, quite suddenly, from the corner, came the quick tinkling song of a Good Humor man. *My Bonnie lies over the ocean* . . . The song ended and began again, but in the interval between the two, Bertha heard the tap of heels on concrete. Moving lifelessly, like a dummy on hinges, she walked into the living room and parted the heavy drapes on the bay window.

A woman was running down the street, her dark hair lashing furiously in the wind, her coat flapping around her skinny legs.

Bertha went back to the nursery. Angie was sleeping on her side with her thumb in her mouth.

Bertha stood by the crib and looked down at the baby, numbly, wondering what kind of man its father was.

Verna Clarvoe was down to a single car, a second mortgage, and a part-time servant. She had had the telephone company take out the extra phones in her bedroom and in the patio, and she'd covered the bare spot in the dining room carpet with a cotton mat and hung a calendar over the cracking plaster of the kitchen wall. In brief, she had done everything possible to cut expenses and keep the household running. But the household didn't run; it shuffled along like a white elephant, and each week it got further and further behind.

There were occasions, usually at the beginning of the month when the bills poured in, when Verna thought it would be a good thing if Douglas went out and got a job. But somehow the right job never came along. Douglas had had no special training, and people seemed unwilling to pay him for the odds and ends of knowledge he'd picked up about poetry and music, ceramics and the French Impressionists. When Douglas enrolled at Terola's Photographic Workshop, Verna was extremely pleased that he was at last doing something useful, even though the course was very expensive.

"Tomorrow's his birthday," Verna said aloud as she covered the canary cage for the night. "Helen should send a check for two hundred, at least."

Smiling with anticipation she went into the den where Douglas was lying on the couch, reading. He was wearing beaded white moccasins and a white terrycloth

bathrobe with the sleeves partly rolled up revealing wrists that were so slim and supple they seemed boneless. His coloring was like Helen's, dark hair and the kind of chameleon gray eyes that changed color with their surroundings.

Verna said, "Go and put some clothes on, dear."

"Why?"

"I'm having company."

"Well, I'm not."

"Please don't argue with me, dear. Mr. Blackshear is coming to see us. It may be about money."

"How so?"

"Well, he didn't actually mention money, but what else could it be?"

He handled your father's interests for years; perhaps he's come across some old stocks and bonds that were tucked away in a drawer and forgotten, say, a few shares of A.T.&T."

"You're a dreamer, old girl."

"I wish you'd stop calling me that."

"Sorry."

"Now go up and change your clothes and don't forget to put on a tie."

"Why?"

"Other men wear ties."

"Not all of them."

"I don't see why you're in such a difficult mood tonight."

"I think it's the other way around, old girl. Take a pill or something."

As he passed the piano on his way out of the room, he ran his forefinger lightly along the keys, smiling to himself.

"Douglas."

He paused in the doorway, holding his bathrobe tight around his waist. "Well?"

"I met Evie and her mother downtown this afternoon."

"So?"

"Evie asked after you. She was really very pleasant, considering what happened—the annulment and everything."

"I will be equally pleasant to her, if and when."

"She's such a lovely girl. Everyone said you made a very attractive couple."

"Let's not dredge that up."

"I don't suppose there's any chance you might want to see her again? She didn't ask me that, of course, but I could sense she was still interested."

"You need a new crystal ball, old girl."

When he had gone, she began to circle the room, turning on the lamps and straightening the odd-shaped ceramic pieces on the mantel which had been Douglas's passing contribution to the art. Verna didn't understand what these pieces represented any more than she understood Douglas's poetry or his music. It was as if he moved through life in a speeding automobile, now and then tossing out of the windows blobs of clay and notes of music and half-lines of

poetry that he had whipped up while stopping for the red lights. Nothing was ever finished before the lights changed, and what was tossed out of the windows was always distorted by the speed of the car and the rush of the wind.

Verna Clarvoe greeted Blackshear with an effusiveness he didn't expect, desire, or understand. She had always in the past made it obvious that she considered him a dull man, yet here she was, coming out to the car to meet him, offering him both her hands and telling him how simply marvelous it was to see him again and how well he looked, not a day, not a minute, older.

"You haven't changed a bit. Confess now, you can't say the same about me!"

"I assure you I can."

"What a charming fibber you are, Mr. Blackshear. But then, you always were. Come, let's talk in the den. Since Harrison died we practically never use the drawing room. It's so big Dougie and I just rattle around in it. Helen no longer lives at home."

"Yes, I know that. In fact, it's one of the reasons I'm here."
"You've come about Helen?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said with a sharp little laugh. "Well. This is a surprise. I thought perhaps you were coming to see me about money."

"I'm sorry if I gave you that impression."

"It wasn't an impression, Mr. Blackshear. It was a *hope*. Very silly of me." She turned her face away. "Well, come along, we'll have a drink."

He followed her down the dimly lit hall to the den. A fire was spluttering in the raised fieldstone firepit and the room was like a kiln. In spite of the heat Verna Clarvoe looked pale and cold, a starved sparrow preserved in ice.

She mixed two highballs, talking nervously as she worked. "That's some of Dougie's work on the mantel. It's considered very unusual, though it doesn't matter now really; Dougie's taken up something new. Photography. He goes into Hollywood to classes every day. Photography isn't just taking pictures, you know."

She crossed the room, carrying the drinks, and sat down beside Blackshear on the coco rattan couch.

"Mr. Terola is his teacher. Dougie says he's a very interesting man."

Blackshear was inclined to agree, but he didn't admit it. "Indeed?"

"Perhaps eventually Dougie may even get a job. His birthday's tomorrow. He'll be twenty-six. *Tempus fugit*, doesn't it? But then you didn't come here to discuss Dougie, did you? Something about Helen, you said?"

"Yes. As you may know, for the past year I've been handling her investments."

"I didn't know. Helen doesn't confide in me, least of all about money."

"Yesterday she asked me to serve in another capacity, as an investigator. A woman in town has been making threatening and obscene telephone calls; Helen is one of her victims. From what I've learned about this woman today, I believe she's dangerous."

Verna's hands moved nervously in her lap and a little tic tugged at her left eyelid. "Well, I don't see how I can help."

"It might be a good idea if you invited her to come and stay here with you for a while."

"Here? In my house?"

"I'm aware that you're not on very friendly terms, but—"

"There are no buts, Mr. Blackshear. None. When Helen left this house, I asked her never to come back. She said unforgivable things, about Dougie, about me. She must be out of her mind to think she can come back here."

"She doesn't know anything about the idea. It was entirely my own."

"I ought to have guessed that. Helen wouldn't ask a favor of me if she were dying."

"It isn't easy for some people to ask favors. Helen is shy and insecure and frightened."

"Frightened? With all that money?" She laughed. "If I had all that money, I wouldn't be scared of the devil himself."

"Don't bet on that."

With a defiant toss of her head, she crossed the room and began mixing herself another drink. "I can't take this stuff and I don't usually try. But tonight's different. Tonight I need it. Tonight's an end of something."

She held the glass in both hands, rotating it as she talked so that the clink of ice cubes punctuated her words.

"You think of an end as being definite, being caused by something important or calamitous. It's not like that at all. For me tonight is final, but nothing special happened—just a lot of little things. Some bills came in, the maid was rude about waiting for her salary. I met Evie on the street, the girl Dougie married—You see? Just little things." She stared into the glass, watching the bubbles rise to the surface and burst. "Evie looked so sweet and pretty. I thought what lovely children they might have had. My grandchildren. I don't mind getting old, but I'd like to have something to show for it, like grandchildren. Do you think there's something the matter with Douglas, Mr. Blackshear?"

A trickle of sweat oozed down the side of Blackshear's face, leaving a bright

moist trail like a slug. "I'm afraid I can't answer that."

"No. No, of course not," she said quietly. "I shouldn't have asked. It's just—he's so remote sometimes. I can't reach him. It's as if he's stepped behind a wall. I get frightened; he's all I have left. He sits at the table not eating, just smiling in that funny new way, or else he yawns, yawns until his eyes water and he has to go up to his room to lie down. After he rests, he seems quite normal again."

"Why not arrange for him to have a check-up?"

"I did arrange it, only last week. But Dougie couldn't keep the appointment. Mr. Terola had given him a special assignment." She put the half-empty glass on the mantel and leaned closer to the fire, her bony little hands almost touching the flames. "You don't think there's anything serious the matter with Dougie, do you?"

"You'd better consult an expert, Mrs. Clarvoe," Blackshear said, rising.

"Oh, don't leave yet. You haven't seen Dougie. He's upstairs getting dressed."

"I'll see him another time. There's just one more thing I'd like to ask you. Do you know a young woman named Evelyn Merrick?"

She looked surprised. "Well, of course."

"Of course?"

"She's Dougie's wife. She was, I mean. The marriage was annulled and she took back her maiden name."

"She lives here in town?"

"In Westwood. With her mother."

"I see." It was as simple as that. There'd been no need to ask Miss Hudson or Terola or Harley Moore. Evelyn Merrick wasn't a waif or a stranger. She had been Douglas Clarvoe's wife, Helen Clarvoe's sister-in-law. "Did Helen know the girl?"

"That's how Douglas first met her. Evie and Helen went to a private school together and Helen used to bring Evie home for weekends. After graduation they went to different colleges and lost touch, but Evie used to come over here once in a while, mostly to see Douglas. Douglas had always adored her; she was such a lively, affectionate girl. She used to tease the life out of him, but he loved it. There was no malice in her teasing."

There is now, Blackshear thought. "Tell me about the wedding."

"Well, it was a very quiet one, being so soon after Harrison's death. Just the family and a few friends."

"Was Helen there?"

"Helen," she said stiffly, "had already moved out. She was invited, of course, and she sent a lovely gift."

"But she didn't come?"

"No. Besides, she and Evie weren't

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

best friends any more; they hardly ever saw each other. They had nothing much in common, even when they were at school together. Evie was quite a bit younger, and the very opposite in temperament, full of fun and laughter."

"You saw her this afternoon. Has she changed?"

"Changed? Yes. So have I. The breakup of the marriage was hard on all of us. I wanted grandchildren. I have nothing to show for my life. Nothing."

"You have Helen. I think perhaps the two of you have reached the stage where you need each other."

"We won't discuss that again."

"Very well. Good night. Mrs. Clarvoe."
"Good night."

As soon as he had gone, she went upstairs to Douglas's room, leaning heavily on the banister for support. I must be firm, she thought. We must reach some decision.

The door of his bedroom was open.

"Dougie, there are some things we should—Dougie?"

He had changed his clothes as she had ordered him to—the terrycloth robe and the beaded moccasins he'd been wearing were on the floor beside the bed—but instead of coming down to the den to meet Blackshear, he had left the house.

She turned and moved stiffly toward the staircase. As she walked through the empty house, she had a feeling that it would always be empty from now on, that the day had held a finality for Douglas as well as for herself, and he had fled the knowledge of it.

Pressing her fists against her mouth, she thought, I mustn't get silly and hysterical. Of course Dougie will be back. He's gone out to get a pack of cigarettes. Or for a walk. He often goes for long walks at night, and when he comes back he always looks better.

The telephone in the hall began to ring. She was so sure it was Douglas calling that she spoke his name as soon as she picked up the receiver.

"Douglas. Where are—?"

"This isn't Douglas, Mrs. Clarvoe. It's me. Evie."

"Evie. What a coincidence, I was just talking about you."

"To whom?"

"A friend of mine. Mr. Blackshear."

"Did you say nice things?"

"Of course I did." She hesitated. "I said hello to Douglas for you. He was very pleased."

"Was he?"

"I—I know he'd love to see you."

"Would he?"

"He said, why don't you come over sometime. We'll talk about old times."

"I don't want to talk about old times."

"You sound so funny, Evie. Is there

something wrong? You sound so strange."

"Nothing. I only called to tell you something."

"What about?"

"Douglas. I know you're worried about him. You don't know what's the matter with him. I'd like to help you, Mrs. Clarvoe. You were always kind to me. Now I will repay you."

She began to explain in detail what was the matter with Douglas and some of the things that went on in the rear of Mr. Terola's studio.

Long before she had finished, Verna Clarvoe slumped forward on the floor.

It was nine-thirty.

The woman had been in the telephone booth for half an hour and Harry Wallaby was still waiting to call his wife in Encino and tell her the old Buick had broken down.

"You'd think the dame's tongue'd drop off," Wallaby said over his third beer.

The bartender shook his head knowingly. "Not hers. The more exercise it gets, the stronger it gets. Phoneitis, that's what she has, phoneitis."

"Never heard of it before."

"It's like a disease, see. You gotta phone people. With her it's bad."

"Who is she?"

"Just a dame who comes in once in a while. Every time it's the same routine. A couple of drinks and it hits her, wham. She gets a buck's worth of dimes and parks herself in the phone booth, and there she sits, yackity, yackity, yackity. I've often wondered what in hell she talks about."

At a quarter to ten, Evelyn Merrick stepped out of the telephone booth, stretched her left arm to relieve the cramp and smoothed her skirt down over her hips. Usually, after making a series of telephone calls, she felt a certain relief and relaxation, but tonight she was still excited. The blood drummed double-time in her ears and behind her eyes, and she lurched a little as she made her way back to the bar.

"O.K., Wallaby," the bartender said loudly and pointedly. "you can phone your wife now."

Evelyn caught his meaning at once and looked up, a flush spreading across her cheekbones. "Did I use the telephone too long?"

"Just nearly an hour, that's all."

"It's a public phone."

"Sure, it's a public phone, meaning it's for the public, for everybody."

"Do you talk to all your customers like this?"

"I talk how I please. People that don't like it don't gotta come back."

"I see." She stood up. "Is that your liquor license beside the cash register?"

"Sure, it's my license. Paid for and

up to date. Why do you wanta know?"

"Your name's Florian Vicente?"

"That's right."

"Well, good night, Mr. Vicente."

Vicente's jaw dropped in astonishment at her pleasant smile and friendly tone, and he felt a little ashamed of himself for being so brusque with her. After all, she was harmless.

Outside, the first rain of the season had begun, but Evelyn Merrick didn't notice. She had more important things to think about: Mr. Vicente had been rude and must be taught a lesson in manners.

She began walking along Highland toward Hollywood Boulevard, repeating the bartender's name to imprint it on her memory. Florian Vicente, Italian. Catholic. Very likely a married man with several children. They were the easiest victims of all, the married ones with children. She thought of Bertha and Harley Moore and threw back her head and laughed out loud. The rain sprayed into her open mouth. It tasted fresh and good. It tasted better than Mr. Vicente's old-fashioned. Mr. Vicente should serve drinks like that. *Give me a double rain, Mr. Vicente. In the morning I will phone Mrs. Vicente and tell her a few things.*

She tripped down the slippery street, her body light and buoyant, bobbing like a cork on the convulsed seas of her emotions.

People huddling in doorways looked at her curiously. She knew that they were thinking how unusual it was to see such a gay pretty girl running alone in the rain. They didn't realize that the rain couldn't touch her; she was waterproof; and only a few of the smart ones guessed the real reason why she never got tired or out of breath. Her body ran on a new fuel, rays from the night air. Occasionally one of the smart ones tried to follow her to get her secret, to watch her refueling, but these spies were quite easy to detect, and she was always able to evade them. Only in the strictest privacy did she store up her rays, breathing deeply first through one nostril and then the other to filter out the irritants.

She turned east on the boulevard, toward Vine Street. She had no destination in mind. Somewhere along the way there would be a small bar with a telephone.

Soaked to the skin, exhausted, shivering, lost, she began to run again.

People stared at her. Some of them thought she was sick, some thought she was drunk, but no one did anything. No one offered her any help.

She refueled in an alley between a hotel and a movie house. Hiding behind a row of garbage cans, she breathed deeply first through one nostril and then the other. The only witness was a scrawny

gray tomcat with incurious amber eyes. Inhale. Hold. Count four.

It must be done slowly and with proper care. The counting was of great importance. Four and three make seven. Everything had to make seven.

Exhale. Count three.

When she had finished refueling she walked on down the alley and into the back door of the hotel bar. She had been here before.

She ordered a Martini, which had seven letters.

A young man sitting on the next stool swung round and looked at her. "It's still raining, eh?"

"Yes," she said politely. "It doesn't matter, though. I'm waterproof."

The young man began to laugh. Something about the sound of his laughter and the sight of his very white, undersized teeth reminded her of Douglas.

"I'm not joking," she said. "I *am* waterproof."

"Good for you." He winked at the bartender. "I wish I was waterproof, then I could get home. Tell us how you do it, lady."

"You don't do anything. It happens."

"Is that a fact?"

"It just happens."

He was still laughing. She turned away. She couldn't be bothered with such an ignorant fool who had teeth like Douglas's. If he persisted, of course, if he became really rude like Mr. Vicente, she would have to get his name and teach him a lesson. Meanwhile, there was work to be done.

She paid for the Martini, and, without even tasting it, she approached the phone booth at the rear of the room and opened the folding door.

She didn't have to look up any numbers. She forgot other things sometimes; she had spells when the city seemed foreign as the moon to her and people she knew were strangers, but she always remembered the telephone numbers. They formed the only continuous path through the tormented jungle of her mind.

She began to dial, shaking with excitement like a wild evangelist. The word must be spread. Lessons must be taught. Truth must be told.

"The Monica Hotel."

"I'd like to speak to Miss Helen Clarvoe, please."

"I'm sorry, Miss Clarvoe has had a private telephone installed in her suite."

"Could you tell me the number?"

"The number's unlisted. I don't know it myself."

"You filthy liar," Evelyn said and hung up.

She called Bertha Moore, but as soon as Bertha recognized her voice, she slammed down the receiver.

She called Verna Clarvoe again. The line was busy.

She called Jack Terola's studio, letting the phone ring for a full minute in case he was busy in the back room, but there was no answer.

She called the police and told them a man had been stabbed with a scissors in the lobby of the Monica Hotel and was bleeding to death.

It was better than nothing. But it wasn't good enough. The power and excitement were rotting away inside her like burned flesh, and her mouth was lined with fur like the cat's in the alley.

She returned to the bar. One of the bartenders and the young man who had laughed at her were talking, their heads close together. When she approached, they pulled apart and the bartender walked away to the other end of the bar. The young man gave her a hurried uneasy glance and then he got up and he, too, walked away toward the back exit.

Everyone was deserting her. People did not answer their phones; people walked away from her. Everyone walked away. She hated them all, but her special hate was reserved for the three Clarvoes, and, of the three, Helen in particular.

"I'll get her yet," Evelyn whispered to the walls. "I'll get her yet."

The fur in her mouth grew long and thick with hate.

A banshee wind fled screaming up and down the streets, pursued by the rush of rain.

But it was not the wind or the rain that awakened Miss Clarvoe. It was the

sudden stab of her reawakened memory.

"Evie," she said. The name which had meant nothing to her for a long time was as familiar as her own.

Her heart began to pound and tears welled in her eyes, not because she remembered Evie again, but because she had forgotten. There was no reason to forget. Right from the beginning they had been the closest of friends. They exchanged clothes and secrets and food from home, giggled together after the lights were out, met between classes, and invented a language of their own in order to baffle the interceptors of notes.

They had attended their first dance together one Halloween, dressed alike, at Evie's suggestion, in gypsy costumes. Evie carried a goldfish bowl as a substitute for a crystal ball.

The dance, to which all the upper school girls had been invited, was held in the gymnasium of a private boys' school in the valley. Mr. Clarvoe drove Helen and Evelyn to the school and left them at the gym door.

"I can't go in, Evie. I can't, I'm scared!"

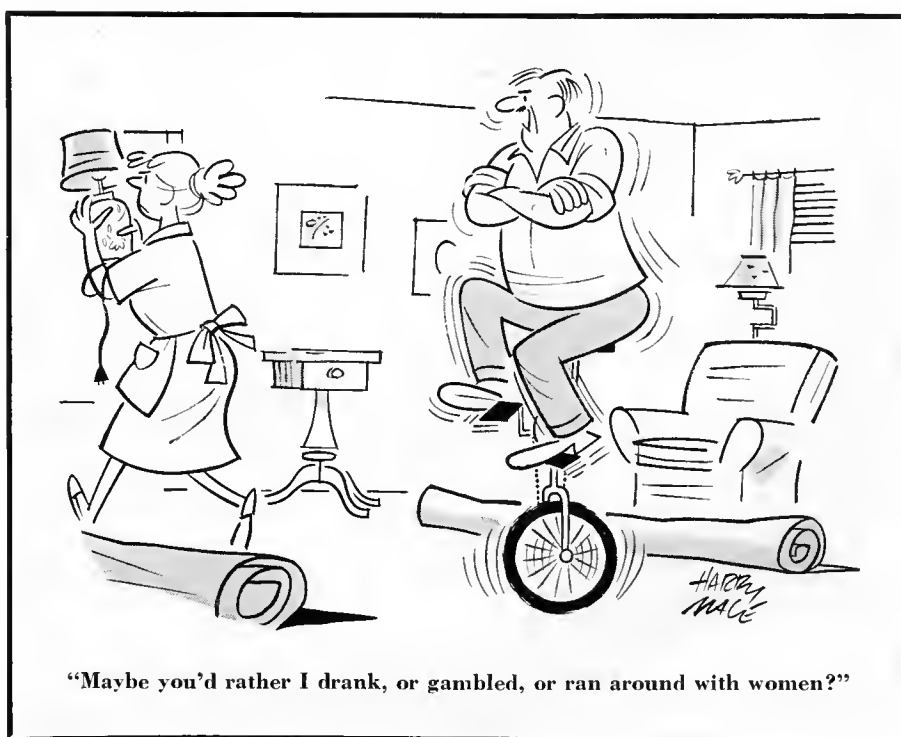
"Don't be silly, Helen. They're only boys."

"Promise you won't leave me?"

"Cross my heart."

They went inside and almost immediately they were separated.

The rest of the evening was a nightmare for Helen. She stood in a corner of the room, rigid, tongue-tied, watching Evie surrounded by boys, laughing gaily,



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floating lightly from one partner to another. She would have given her soul to be Evie, but no one offered her the chance.

She went into the lavatory and cried, her forehead pressed against the wall.

When the dance was over, her father was waiting in the car outside the gym.

He said, "Where's Evie?"

"A boy asked to take her home. She's going with him."

"She's altogether too young for that sort of thing. If she were my daughter, I wouldn't allow it." He pulled away from the curb. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

"There's not much to tell. It was fun, that's all."

"That's not a very good description," her father said irritably. "Your mother and I went to considerable trouble for this affair. We'd like some report on it at least. Did you dance with anyone?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

She didn't want to lie, but knew she had to and did it well. Without hesitation she told of the boys she'd seen dancing with Evie and gave them names and invented conversations and incidents.

She talked all the way home, while her father smiled and nodded and made little comments. Later, when she kissed him good night, he gave her an affectionate little pat on the bottom.

"I'll have to watch out for you now, young lady. One of these days I'll be driven out of house and home by those little idiots hanging around."

"Good night, Daddy."

The following day the dean of Helen's school, who had been one of the chaperones, telephoned Mr. Clarvoe. She wanted, she said, to check up on Helen and see if she was all right; she'd been so unhappy at the dance.

Nothing was said at dinner in front of Verna and Douglas, but later Mr. Clarvoe called Helen into the den and shut the door.

"Why did you lie, Helen?"

She stood, mute, scarlet with humiliation.

"Why did you lie?"

"I don't know."

"If it had been just one lie—but it was a whole string of them. Nothing of what you told me was true?"

"No, nothing," she said with a kind of bitter satisfaction, knowing he was hurt almost as much as she was. "Not a word."

"Helen, look at me. What really happened at the dance?"

"I hid in the lavatory."

He stepped back, as if the words had

struck him across the chest. "You hid—in the lavatory."

"Yes."

"Why? For heaven's sake, *why*?"

"I couldn't think of anything else to do. I wasn't popular."

"Going off and hiding like that, you didn't give yourself a chance to be popular."

"I wouldn't have been anyway. I mean. I'm not pretty and the boys don't like me."

"That's probably because you're too standoffish. Why can't you try to be more friendly, like Evie?"

She didn't tell him what he should have known for himself—that she would have given anything in the world to be like Evie, not just at the dance, but any time, any place.

Later in the evening she heard her parents talking in their bedroom, and she crept down the dark hall to listen.

"Well, heaven knows I've done everything I can," Verna said. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." There was a silence, and a sigh. "What a pity we didn't have a girl like Evie."

Barefooted, shivering with cold and fear, she trudged back to her room. She lay awake until morning, and the emotion that was strongest in her heart was not resentment against her parents but a new and bitter hatred for Evie.

She did nothing about this hatred. The two girls continued to write notes in their secret language, and to exchange clothes, and food from home, and confidences. The difference was that Helen's confidences were not real. She made them up just as she'd made up the boys, and the incidents at the dance, for her father. Eventually it became as difficult for Evie to accept these lies as it was for Helen to keep on inventing them, and the two girls began to avoid each other.

There was trouble about it at home, but Helen had anticipated it and she was ready.

"Why didn't you bring Evie with you for the weekend?" her father asked.

"I invited her to come. She didn't want to."

"Why not?"

She hesitated just the right amount of time to arouse his curiosity. "I promised not to tell."

"Well, is it anything *we've* done?"

"Oh, no. It's just—she's busy: she wanted to stay at school and study for the Latin test."

"That doesn't sound like Evie to me, staying at school when she could be here having a good time."

"Oh, she'll be having a good—I mean, she likes to study."

"You mean she will not be studying at

all, isn't that right? You must tell me."

"I made a solemn vow not to tell."

"I want an immediate and truthful answer to my question, do you hear me, Helen?"

"She—she's staying at school because of her—boy friend."

"Yes? Go on."

"She doesn't want her parents to find out about him because he's a Mexican."

"A Mexican?"

"He works on a lemon ranch near the school. She climbs out of the window after the lights are out and meets him in the woods." She began to cry. "I didn't want to tell. You made me. You made me a liar!"

Miss Clarvoe lay in bed with her right arm across her face as if to shield herself from the onslaught of memories. The ceiling pressed down on her, the walls contracted, until they fitted her like a coffin, tight, airless, sealed forever.

The house was set in the middle of a tiny walled garden on Kasimir Street in Westwood. An engraved card in a slot above the doorbell read, *Mrs. Annabel Merrick, Miss Evelyn Merrick.*

The house needed paint; the woman who answered Blackshear's ring did not. She looked like a farmer's wife, plump and tanned and apple-checked.

"I'm Annabel Merrick. Come in, won't you? I'm just making breakfast."

She closed the front door and led Blackshear through the living room into the kitchen. "I must say I was surprised by your early phone call."

"Sorry if I got you out of bed."

"Oh, you didn't. I work, you know." She brought her plate of eggs and toast to the table and sat down opposite Blackshear. "You didn't tell me what business you were in."

"Stocks and bonds."

"And you want to see Evelyn? Heavens, you're barking up the wrong tree. Neither of us is in a position to invest a nickel. As a matter of fact, Evelyn's out of a job right now."

"It won't hurt to talk to her."

"As I told you on the phone, she's not here at the moment. She's spending two or three days with a friend whose husband is out of town."

"May I have this other woman's name and address?"

"Certainly. It's Mrs. John Laurence, 1375 Nessler Avenue; that's near U.C.L.A. Evelyn won't be there during the day, she's looking for a job, but she'll arrive at dinnertime. I expect."

"What kind of job is she looking for? I might be able to help."

"I'm afraid stocks and bonds aren't in Evelyn's line."

"What is her line, Mrs. Merrick? Does she want to be a model, or something

like that? I hear she's very attractive."

"Good heavens, no! Evelyn has far too many brains to enter a profession that's so temporary. She wants a future. Coffee?"

"No, thank you." But she didn't seem to hear him. She poured some coffee, and he noticed that her hand was trembling.

"The Clarvoes," she said, "they're friends of yours?"

"Yes."

"You know about the marriage, then?"

"Yes."

She took her empty plate to the sink and began rinsing it under the tap. "My own marriage failed. I had high hopes for Evelyn's. What a fool I was."

"In what way, Mrs. Merrick?"

"Every way, I guess. I should have caught on to Douglas. I should have known there was something odd about those yawning spells of his and the way his eyes watered sometimes and the sudden changes in his mood. He told Evelyn he had an allergy and she believed him. She believed him so completely that she married him." She turned abruptly and the plate fell out of her hands and crashed in the sink. She paid no attention to the accident. "They went to Las Vegas for their honeymoon. I had a postcard from Evelyn saying she was fine and the weather was beautiful. That was all, until the doorbell rang a week later, and, when I opened the door, there was Evelyn standing on the porch with her suitcases. She didn't cry or make a fuss, she just stood there and said in a matter-of-fact way, 'He's a drug addict.'"

Mrs. Merrick turned back to the sink, gathered up the bits of broken plate and tossed them into the trash can. "A plate breaks and you throw it away. A person breaks and all you can do is pick up the pieces and try to put them together the best way you can. Oh, Evelyn didn't break, exactly. She just—well, sort of lost interest in everything. I don't know what happened in that single week of her marriage, and I don't want to know. But whatever happened, it changed Evelyn terribly. It's as if she can't feel things anymore, do you understand what I mean?"

Blackshear understood better than she did, but he said nothing. He merely nodded.

"Yesterday," Mrs. Merrick continued, "Evelyn met me downtown at noon to do some shopping. For the first time since the wedding, we saw Verna Clarvoe. I was quite upset, but Evelyn was perfectly controlled. She even asked about Douglas, how he was and what he was doing and so on, in the most natural way in the world. Verna went into that spiel of hers—Doug was fine, he was taking lessons in photography, and doing this and

doing that. It seemed to me that she was trying to start the whole business over again, trying to whip up Evelyn's interest. And then it struck me for the first time: she doesn't know. Verna still doesn't know."

"I believe you're right."

"Poor Verna," she said quietly. "I feel especially sorry for her today."

"Why especially?"

"It's his birthday. Today is Douglas's birthday."

Douglas's door was locked; it was the only way she had of knowing that he had come back sometime during the night.

She knocked and said, "Douglas," in a harsh heavy voice that was like a stranger's to her. "Are you awake, Douglas?"

From inside the room there came a mumbled reply and the soft thud of feet striking carpet.

"I want to talk to you, Douglas. Get dressed and come downstairs. Right away."

In the kitchen she put the coffee on the stove and poured some orange juice out of a pitcher in the refrigerator. It smelled stale. The whole refrigerator smelled stale, as if odds and ends of food had been tucked into forgotten corners.

Douglas came in as she was pouring herself a cup of coffee. His skin was livid and rough, like a plucked and frozen chicken's, and from his left temple to the corner of his mouth there ran three parallel scratches. He tried to hide the scratches with his hand, but the attempt only drew attention to them.

"What happened to your cheek?"

"I was petting a cat."

He sat down beside her, on her left, so that she would only see the uninjured side of his face, and lit a cigarette.

"You shouldn't smoke before breakfast. Where did you go last night?"

"Out."

"You went out and petted a cat. A real big evening, eh?"

He got up and started toward the door. "I'm tired of this game of yours. I think I'll go up—"

"Sit down."

He stopped at the doorway. "I'm too old to be ordered around like—"

"Where did you go last night?"

"I went out for a walk. It was a nice night."

"It was raining."

"Not when I left. The rain started about ten o'clock."

"And you just kept on walking?"

"Sure."

"Until you got to Mr. Terola's place?"

He stared at her across the room, unblinking, mute.

"That was your destination, wasn't it?"

You were going to Jack Terola's studio."

He still didn't speak.

"What goes on in that studio, Douglas? I have a right to know—I'm paying for those so-called 'photography' lessons of yours. Are you really learning anything about photography?"

He walked unsteadily back to the breakfast bar and sat down. "Who's been—talking to you?"

"Someone called me last night after you went out."

"Who was it?"

"I can't tell you."

"If rumors are going around about me, I have a right to know who's passing them along."

She clutched at the straw. "Rumors? That's all they are then, Douglas? None of it is true? Not a word?"

"No."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!"

She rushed at him across the room, her arms outspread.

His face whitened and his body tensed as he braced himself for her caress.

"Doug, Doug, dear, I'm so sorry."

Her arms were twined around him like snakes. He felt sick with revulsion and weak with fear.

"I shouldn't have believed those terrible things, Doug, dear. You're my son. I love you."

"Stop it! Stop!"

He tore himself out of her grasp and ran to the door, and, a moment later, she heard the wild pounding of his feet on the stairs.

She sat for a long time, stone-faced, marble-eyed, like a deaf person in a room of chatterers. Then she followed him upstairs.

He was lying spread-eagled across the bed, face down. She didn't go near him. She stood just inside the door. "Douglas."

"Go away. Please. I'm sick."

"I know you are," she said painfully. "We must—cure you, take you to a doctor."

He rolled his head back and forth on the satin spread. "You don't understand. You just don't understand."

"Try me. What is it? What don't I understand?"

"Please. Leave me alone."

"Very well. I'll leave you alone. I have an errand to do anyway."

Something in her voice alerted him, and he rolled over on the bed and sat up. "What kind of errand? You're not going to see a doctor? You can't! He'll commit me!"

"I'm going," she said, "to see Terola."

"No. Please don't. Please."

"I must. It's my duty. He's the one who's been supplying you with the stuff? He's the one who started you on it?"

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

"No—no. He didn't start me on it."

"How long has it been going on, Douglas? When did you begin?"

He knew to the day, the hour, the minute, when he'd begun, but he said, "It was so long ago I've forgotten."

He didn't hear her leave, but when he looked up again, she was gone and the door was closed.

He lay back on the bed, listening to the heat of rain on the roof, and the cheep-cheep of a disgruntled house wren complaining about the weather from under the eaves. Every sound was clear and sharp and final: the cracking of the eucalyptus trees as the wind increased, the barking of the collie next door, the murmur of the electric clock beside his bed.

It seemed that he had never really listened before, and now that he had learned how, each sound was personal and prophetic. He was the wren and the rain, he was the wind and the trees bending under the wind. He was split in two, the mover and the moved.

So long ago, the clock murmured, so long ago.

Then, over and above all the other sounds, came the noise of the Buick's engine racing in response to Verna's anger. *She's leaving, he thought. She's going to see Jack, and after that the doctor, and perhaps the police. They'll try to cure me. Maybe it'll be gradual, maybe it'll be the cold turkey treatment.*

Whatever method they used, Douglas knew the suffering that would be involved, and he knew, too, that after it was all over, when the maniac hours had passed, when the terrible sickness and cramps were gone and he was physically restored to health—he knew, in the back of his mind, he would start over again.

He got up and went into the bathroom.

For almost a year, ever since his marriage to Evelyn, he had saved sleeping pills. He had many of them now, hidden in an epsom salts box in the medicine chest, capsules in various gay colors that helied their purpose. He swallowed five of them without any difficulty, but the sixth stuck in his throat for a few moments, and the seventh wouldn't go down at all. The gelatin coating melted in his mouth and released a dry bitter powder that choked him. He did not try an eighth.

He removed the blade from his safety razor, and standing over the washbasin he pressed the blade into the flesh that covered the veins of his left wrist. The razor was dull, the wound was hardly more than a scratch, but the sight of his blood oozing out made him dizzy with terror. He felt as if his knees were turning into water and his head was filling with air like a balloon.

He tried to scream, "Help! Mother!"

but the words came out like a whimper.

As he fell forward in a faint, his temple struck the projecting corner of the washbasin. The last sound Douglas heard was sharp and clear and final, the crack of bone.

At ten o'clock, Miss Clarvoe, who had slept late, was just finishing her breakfast. When she heard the knocking on the door, she thought it was one of the husboys from the dining room coming to collect her tray and his tip.

She spoke through the crack of the door. "I haven't quite finished. Come back later, please."

"Helen, it's me. Paul Blackshear. Let me in."

She unlocked the door, puzzled by the urgency in his voice. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Your mother's been trying to reach you. The telephone company wouldn't give her your unlisted number, so she called me and asked me to come over."

"To remind me it's Douglas's birthday, I suppose. Well, she needn't worry about his receiving a present from me. I sent a check out last night. He should get it today."

"He won't get it today."

"Why not?"

"Sit down, Helen."

She went over to the wing chair by the front window and stood behind it, moving her long thin hands nervously along its upholstered back, as if to warm them by friction.

"It's bad news, of course," she said, sounding detached.

"Douglas is dead."

Her hands paused for a moment. "How did it happen?"

While he explained about Douglas's death and Evelyn Merrick's phone call to Mrs. Clarvoe the preceding night, Helen looked out of the window, not to hide her grief, but to hide the grim little smile that tugged at the corners of her mouth. Poor Douglas, he could never finish anything properly, not even himself.

"I'm sorry, Helen."

"Why should you be? If he wanted to die, that was his affair."

"Those are harsh words."

"Douglas has never earned any other kind."

"Must people earn everything they get from you, Helen?"

"I have nothing to give."

He would have liked to challenge the statement, but there was a finality in her tone that stopped him, and he realized that she was not yet ready to accept the help he could give her. He said, "You remember now who Evelyn Merrick is?"

She nodded stiffly. "I remember."

"When she called you the other night

and said you'd always envied and been jealous of her, was she right, Helen?"

"She was right."

"That's no longer true, is it?"

"How can it be? There's nothing left to envy."

"She thinks there is."

"Have you seen her?"

"I'm seeing her tonight. She's staying at a friend's house."

"A friend," she repeated dully. "Yes. Evelyn always had friends. Even now, when she's insane, even now she has friends. Does her mother know that Evelyn is—that she's not normal?"

Mrs. Merrick says Evelyn changed a great deal after her marriage, but I don't think she suspects that there's a complete split in her personality. As far as Mrs. Merrick is concerned, Evelyn is an affectionate, dutiful daughter; she doesn't realize the existence of the other side of Evelyn. Perhaps," he added, "Evelyn doesn't realize it herself."

"How could that be?"

"There are such cases on record."

She turned toward him with a sigh. "I suppose now I must go home and stay with Mother. That's what is expected of me, isn't it?"

"By her, yes."

"Then I'll get ready, if you'll excuse me."

"I'll drive you over, Helen."

"No. I'll call a cab. I don't want to interfere with your investigation."

"My investigation, as such, is almost finished. You asked me to find Evelyn Merrick. Well, I've found her."

"You think it's all over, then? Everything's settled?" Her voice was insistent. "You have no further work to do on the case?"

"Perhaps I have, but—"

"There's been a death, Mr. Blackshear. Evelyn's not going to stop now. Douglas's death may actually spur her on, give her a sense of power."

It was what Blackshear himself feared, but he hadn't wanted to alarm her by saying so. "It could be."

"Where did she get her information about Douglas?"

"From Terola himself, I guess."

"You mean they could be together in some extortion racket?"

"Perhaps Terola intended it that way, but Evelyn needs deeper satisfaction than money can give."

"But you think they were partners?"

"Yes. When I went to see Terola about her, I got the impression he knew the girl a lot better than he admitted."

"So if there's any evidence against her, this man Terola would have it."

"Evidence of what?"

"Anything that can be used to put her

away someplace. So far she's done nothing actionable. In Douglas's case she didn't even tell a lie. She can't be sued or sent to jail just for phoning Mother and telling her the truth. And yet, to a certain extent, she's morally guilty of Douglas's death. You've got to stop her before she goes on." She turned so that he couldn't see her face. "I may be the next victim."

"Don't be silly, Helen. She can't call you, she doesn't know your number. And if she comes to the door, don't let her in."

"She'll think of some other way. I feel she's—she's waiting for me."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"Look, if you're nervous about going over to your mother's house, let me drive you."

She shook her head. "I'd rather you went to see Terola. Tell him about Douglas; force him to talk, to give you information that can be used in court."

"That's a tall order, Helen."

"You can try, can't you?"

"That's about it. I can try."

He waited while she went into the bedroom to dress for the street. When she came out, she was wearing a dark gray woolen coat and an old-fashioned black felt hat with a broad brim turned down over her forehead. The outfit made her look as if she'd stepped out of the previous decade.

"Helen."

"Yes?"

"Mind if I say something personal?"

"You usually do, whether I mind or not."

"You need some new clothes."

"Do I?" she said indifferently. "I never pay much attention to what I wear."

"It's time you started."

"Why?"

"Because you and I will be going places together. All kinds of places."

She smiled slightly, like a mother at the exaggerated plans of a small boy.

They took the elevator downstairs and walked through the lobby together.

"My car's a couple of blocks away," Blackshear said. "Sure you don't want me to drive you over to your mother's?"

"It isn't necessary. The doorman will call me a cab."

"All right. Good-by, then."

"Good-by," Miss Clarvoe said.

Outside, on the busy street, Evelyn Merrick was waiting for her.

The wind had blown the storm out to sea and the streets, which had been fairly quiet half an hour before, now came alive, as if the end of the rain was an all-clear signal for activities to resume immediately and simultaneously. People marched up and down the sidewalks

briskly, like ants patrolling after a storm, but on the road traffic came almost to a standstill. Cars moved slowly, if at all, defeated by their own numbers.

It took Blackshear ten minutes to get his car out of the parking lot and another thirty to reach the long narrow stucco building on Vine Street which served as Terola's studio.

The office was exactly as it had been the previous afternoon except that someone had recently used the old brick fireplace. The remains of a fire were still smoking, and whatever had been burned had generated enough heat to make the room uncomfortably hot. Probably film. Blackshear thought. But whose film? And who was on it?

He noticed the smell of boiled-over coffee coming from the alcove, which was hidden by dirty flowered chintz curtains. Blackshear crossed the room, drew back the curtains of the alcove, and stepped inside.

Terola was lying on his back on the daybed with a pair of barbers' shears stuck in the base of his throat. A soiled sheet and a blood-spattered pink blanket covered the lower half of his body; the upper half was clothed in an undershirt. On a table near the foot of the daybed the hot plate was still turned on and the coffee pot had boiled dry. It looked as though Terola had got up, turned on the

coffee, and then gone back to bed for a few more minutes. During those few minutes, he'd had a visitor.

In life Terola had been unprepossessing enough; in death he was monstrous. The eyes bulged like balls of glass, the fleshy mouth hung slack, the tongue, grayish pink and thick, lolled against the tobacco-stained teeth. Blackshear thought of Douglas and his youth and good looks, and he wondered what dark paths had led him to Terola.

Without touching anything, he returned to the office and called the police. He didn't wait for them to arrive; he had a more important matter to attend to.

Sometime during the morning Verna Clarvoe had set out to see Terola. Had she, in spite of her story to the contrary, seen him, talked to him? Or had she despaired of words as a weapon and used a scissors instead? Perhaps other people had motives for killing Terola, but Verna's was fundamental, for in her, love and hate had merged and exploded like two critical masses of uranium. In the explosion, Douglas had died. Perhaps Terola was the second victim of the chain reaction.

A red-eyed maid in a wrinkled uniform answered the door.

Blackshear said, "May I see Mrs. Clarvoe, please?"



"It looks Divine!"

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

"She's not seeing anybody right now."
"I have something urgent to tell Mrs. Clarvoe."

"All right, but I warn you, she's been carrying on something awful. When the hearse came to take him away, she screamed. Such screaming I never did hear in all my born days. Then she called someone on the telephone and kept shouting things about a girl named Evelyn. It was fierce."

She opened the door wider and Blackshear stepped into the hall. "Has Miss Clarvoe arrived yet?"

"Miss Clarvoe?"

"Douglas's sister."

"I didn't even know he had a sister. Fancy that, no one mentioning a sister."

"She should be arriving any minute now."

"Will she be staying? I mean, sleeping and eating and so forth?"

"I'm not sure."

"Well, it's a queer household, make no mistake about that."

"I won't."

"You can wait in the den, I'll show you—"

"Thanks, I know the way."

The den smelled of last night's fire, and the morning rain. The glass door that led out to the flagstone patio was open and the November wind rustled across the floor and spiraled among the ashes in the fireplace.

Verna Clarvoe came in, her step slow and unsteady as if she were wading upstream in water too deep, against a current too strong. Her eyes were swollen shut, and there were scratches around her mouth as if she'd clawed herself in a fury of grief.

She slumped into a chair. "Don't look at me. My eyes, they always get like this when I cry. I've forgotten where I put my drops. It's so cold in here, so *cold*."

Blackshear got up and closed the door. "I talked to Helen. She offered to come home."

"Offered?"

"Yes, offered." It was true enough. He hadn't suggested it. "She should have been here half an hour ago."

"Why didn't she come with you?"

"I had some business to attend to first. It concerns you, Mrs. Clarvoe. If you're feeling well enough, I think I'd better tell you about it now."

"I feel all right."

"Terola is dead."

"Good."

"Did you hear what I said, Mrs. Clarvoe?"

"You said Terola is dead. I'm glad. I hope he suffered."

"He didn't. It happened pretty quickly."

"How?"

"Someone stabbed him with a scissors."

She sat, quiet, composed, smiling. "A scissors. I wish I'd seen it happen. I wish I'd been there."

"And I wish," Blackshear said, "that you could prove you weren't."

"What a silly remark."

"Perhaps, but it had to be made."

"I told you on the phone, I started out to see Terola, but I changed my mind and came back. The place looked so squalid, I lost my nerve. I never left the car. There's a yellow curb in front of the place; I just stopped there for a while."

"Did anyone see you?"

"I was there—people must have seen me—but there's no reason why anyone should have paid any particular attention to me."

"Let's hope no one did. You had a pretty good reason for hating Terola."

"If I killed everyone I hated, people would be dying like flies all over town."

From the driveway came the squeal of a car's moist brakes. They both heard it simultaneously. Verna with dread, Blackshear with relief. He hadn't admitted even to himself that he'd been worried about Helen's arrival.

"That must be Helen now," Verna said. "I don't know what I'll say to her, how I'll act. We've been apart for so long, we're strangers."

"Then act like strangers—they're usually polite to each other, at least."

Blackshear went to the glass door and looked across the patio toward the drive. A woman was paying off a cab driver, a plump gray-haired woman in a black and white suit. When the cab backed out toward the street, she stood for a moment staring at the house; then she started across the patio toward the den with quick, aggressive strides.

Sensing trouble, Blackshear went out to meet her, closing the glass door behind him.

"Hello, Mrs. Merrick."

Her face was stiff and hostile. "Is she in there?"

"Yes."

She tried to brush past him, but he reached out and clasped her arm and held it.

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Merrick. Why do you want to see her?"

"She called me at the office and made the most terrible accusations against Evelyn. She kept shouting about giving Evelyn a dose of her own medicine. Then she said that Evelyn was a murderer, that she murdered Douglas. When she finally finished, I asked the boss for the rest of the morning off and here I am. I've got to get to the bottom of this."

"Isn't it rather a bad time?"

"I have to find out why she said those

things about Evelyn. My daughter has never hurt anyone in her life; it's so *unfair* that she should be attacked like this. She isn't here to defend herself, but I am. And don't try and stop me this time, Mr. Blackshear. *I'm going to see Verna Clarvoe.*"

He watched her go into the house.

The two women faced each other in silence for a long time.

"If you've come for an apology," Verna said finally, "you won't get one. A person isn't obliged to apologize for telling the truth."

"I want an explanation, not an apology."

"I gave Evelyn back some of what she gave me. The truth," Verna turned away, pressing her fingertips against her swollen eyelids. They felt hot, as if they'd been scalded by her tears. "She called me last night and told me about Douglas, the kind of life he was leading, the friends he had—sordid terrible things—"

"You can't be talking about Evelyn. Not my Evelyn."

"Why not?" Verna said through clenched teeth. "She was talking about *my son*."

"Evelyn would never do such a thing. She felt vindictive, perhaps, for a time after the marriage, but she's all over that. She has no hard feelings now."

"I am too tired to argue. I told you what happened."

"You must be mistaken." Mrs. Merrick's plump face was like rising dough. "At least admit the possibility that you're mistaken."

"There's no such possibility."

"What time did she—what time was the call?"

"About ten."

"There. You see? You're wrong. Evie stayed with some friends last night. They had tickets for a play."

"It was Evelyn who called me. I recognized her voice." She began to sway back and forth, her arms hugging her scrawny breasts. "Doug. Doug is dead. It's his birthday. We'd planned a little party—"

"Mrs. Clarvoe, listen to me."

"No, no, no."

"I'd like to help you."

"Go away. My son is dead."

"All right," Mrs. Merrick said. "All right."

She left the way she had come, across the patio. Blackshear was waiting for her on the driveway, his suit collar turned up against the wind, his lips blue with cold.

He said, "I'll drive you back to work. Mrs. Merrick."

"No, thanks. You'd better go in to her." She began putting on her suede gloves. "At least Evie is alive. No matter

what she has done. at least she's *alive*. That's enough to thank God for."

She turned and walked briskly into the wind, her head high.

The wet patches on her dress, where she'd washed off the blood in the lavatory of the public library, were dry now, and it was safe to venture out into the street again. Even if the wind should blow her coat open, people wouldn't notice the faint stains left on her blouse, or if they did, they couldn't identify them.

She closed the book she'd been pretending to read and returned it to the reference shelf. She knew no one in the library, and no one knew her. Still, it was dangerous to sit too long in any one place, especially a quiet place, because sometimes her mind clicked noisily like a metronome and spies could tell from its frequency what she was thinking. This clicking went at odd moments, varying with the intensity of her thoughts; and if she was excited by an idea, the noise was almost deafening, enough to drive her crazy.

Crazy. Not a word to use lightly. Terola had tried.

She walked quickly down the library steps and turned north, thinking of Terola. She'd been perfectly nice to him, perfectly polite. He had had no reason at all to act as he did when she visited him.

When he answered the door, he was wearing striped pajama bottoms and an undershirt.

"Hello, Mr. Terola."

"What do *you* want?"

"I just thought I'd pop in and—"

"Look, kid, pop out again, will you? I'm hung over."

He started to close the door, but she was too quick for him. "I could make you some coffee, Mr. Terola."

"I've been making my own coffee for years."

"Then it's high time you tried mine. Where's the stove?"

Yawning, he led the way to the alcove and sat down on the edge of the daybed while she plugged in the hot plate and filled the coffee pot with water.

"What's the angle, sister?"

"Those pictures you took of me," she said. "Burn them up."

"Why?"

"They didn't do me justice."

His eyebrows humped like black bushy caterpillars. "So?"

"So burn them up and take new ones. Good ones, the kind they hang in museums."

"Look, Elaine, Eileen, whatever your name is—"

"Evelyn."

"Look, Evelyn, you go home now like

a good girl, and I'll consider your proposition."

"You don't mean it."

"Sure, sure, I do." He lay down on the bed and pulled the covers up to his waist.

"Do you promise, Mr. Terola?"

"Promise what?"

"To make me immortal."

"You crazy or something?" he said, punching the pillow irritably. "People hear you talking like that, they'll haul you off to the loony bin."

"Mr. Terola—"

"Blow, will you? I'm tired. I had a big night."

"Mr. Terola, do you think I'm pretty?"

"Gorgeous," he said, closing his eyes. "Just gorgeous, sweetheart."

"You're making fun of me."

"Be a good girl and blow, Eileen."

"Evelyn," she said. "*Evelyn*."

"All right, Sure."

"Say it. *Say Evelyn*."

He opened his eyes and saw her standing over him. "What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

Crazy. Not a word to use lightly.

Because of the clicking of her mind and the danger of spies, she tried never to go into the same bar twice, but it was difficult to tell one from another, they were so similar. It was as if the decorations, the neon signs, the furniture, the customers, the bartenders, had all come from the same warehouse in a package deal.

The important difference was the location of the pay phone. At the Mecca it was in the rear, cut off from the view of the people at the bar by a massive tub of philodendron.

With the folding door of the phone booth shut tight, she felt safe and warm and secluded, beyond the reach of society, like a child in an ivory tower.

She dialed, smiling to herself, breathing the stale air deeply into her lungs as if it were pure oxygen.

On the fifth ring a woman's voice said, "Hello."

"Is this the Clarvoe residence?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Clarvoe?"

A sharp sound came over the wire, like a metallic object striking the floor. "Who—is that you, Evelyn?"

"Didn't you expect to hear from me again?"

"Yes, Yes, I expected to."

A pause at the other end of the line, then a flurry as if people were moving about, and a man's voice, low and hurried, but distinct: "Ask her about Helen. Ask her where Helen is."

"Who's that with you?" Evelyn said. As if she didn't know. Poor old bungling Blackshear, looking for her all over town,

like a blind man feeling his way through a forest.

"No one's with me, Evelyn. There was, but I—I sent him away. I felt you—you and I could talk better alone, Evelyn? Are you still there?"

Still there. Safe, warm, secluded, the poet in the playhouse, the child in the ivory tower.

"Evelyn? Answer me. *Answer me*."

"Well, you needn't shout," Evelyn said coldly. "I'm not deaf."

"I'm sorry I—shouted."

"That's better."

"Have you seen Helen? Have you talked to her?"

"Why?" She smiled to herself because she sounded so sober and earnest when all the time she was bursting with laughter. Had she seen Helen? What a marvelous joke. "Why do you want to know about Helen, Mrs. Clarvoe?"

"She was due here hours ago. She said she was coming home."

"She changed her mind. She didn't want you to see her in her present condition."

"What is her—condition?"

"I promised not to tell."

"Please, for God's sake—"

"You keep shouting. I wish you wouldn't."

"All right," Verna whispered. "Just tell me, where's Helen and what's the matter with her?"

"Well, it's a long story." It wasn't really. It was short and sweet, but Mrs. Clarvoe must be taught a lesson: It was rude to shout. "She has a job. In a place on South Flower Street."

She had begun to tremble in excitement and anticipation, waiting for Verna's reaction, shock, disbelief, protest. None came.

"Did you hear me? Helen's working down on South Flower Street. No place for a lady. I can tell you. But then, Helen never wanted to be a lady. A little excitement, that's what she needs. She'll get it, too. Oh my, yes. She'll get it."

Still no answer, not even the click of the receiver. The excitement began to spill out of her, like blood from a severed artery. She stuffed words into the wound to stem the flow, the flow of a lifetime of pent-up excitement.

"I got her the job. I met her outside her hotel this morning. She said she was sick of the idle life she was leading; she wanted to have something interesting to occupy her time. So I said I knew of something. 'Come with me,' I said. And she came along with me, just as I asked her to."

"That's preposterous."

"Is it?" She hung up softly.

It was preposterous. **Nothing** could be

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

more preposterous, yet it was true. Poor old Helen.

She began to laugh—not ordinary laughter, but sounds with claws that tore at her chest and at the tissues of her throat. Burning with pain, she stumbled out into the street.

During classes she was known as Dr. Laurence, but after five she was Claire and she lived near the U.C.L.A. campus in Westwood with her husband, John, and an overweight spaniel called Louise. Frank and impulsive, Claire got on well with her students and had a great many friends, most of them university people. Her closest friend, however, had nothing to do with the faculty.

She had met Evelyn Merrick about eight months before on a double date with one of John's fraternity brothers, and the two women had taken an immediate liking to each other. During the ensuing months they had met quite often, for lunch or dinner or an early movie. When John, who taught in the biology department, had to take his students on field trips, Evelyn frequently came over to spend the night because Claire was nervous about being alone. This was the situation on Wednesday. John was away and Evelyn came over in the late afternoon to have dinner with Claire and spend the night. The two women had planned on going to see a play at the Biltmore Bowl, but the arrangements were cancelled when Claire arrived home with a severe cold. She went to bed at eight, drugged with antihistamines and codeine, and slept around the clock.

She woke up the next morning to the sound of dishes rattling and the smell of burning bacon. Slipping on her husband's old paisley bathrobe, she went out into the kitchen and found Evelyn making breakfast.

Claire said, yawning, "I could eat a horse."

"You may have to. I just burned the bacon."

"Well, Johnny says everybody should eat a certain amount of carbon. It acts as a purifying agent."

"I can tell you're feeling better this morning."

"Oh, I am. How about you?"

Evelyn turned, her face white and aloof. "Me? There was never anything wrong with me."

"You're looking rocky. If I didn't know you better, I'd say you'd been out on a binge."

"Binges aren't much in my line."

"I was just kidding. I didn't mean to offend you."

"I'm afraid I offend easily, these days."

"I know you do. John and I—well,

we've noticed, and we couldn't help wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"If you shouldn't get married."

Evelyn was silent.

"I mean," Claire said with awkward earnestness, "marriage is a wonderful thing for a woman. I don't know why you're looking so amused. What's funny?"

"I'm afraid," Evelyn said, smiling, "you wouldn't understand."

On Thursday afternoon Claire arrived home from her classes a little earlier than usual—around four-thirty. It was already getting dark, and she didn't notice the car parked at the curb until she let the cocker spaniel out. The dog streaked across the lawn toward the car and began pawing at the door.

A man wearing a gray felt hat leaned out of the window and said, "You're Mrs. Laurence?"

"That's right."

"I'm Paul Blackshear. I called you at the University this afternoon."

"Oh, yes."

"Is Miss Merrick here?"

"Not yet. She will be, though. If you'd like to come inside and wait—"

"Thanks, I would."

She led the way across the lawn, feeling apprehensive about letting the stranger into the house and wishing Evelyn would come, because she always felt safer with Evelyn around.

In the living room she turned on all four of the lamps and left the drapes open.

"I'm trying," Blackshear said abruptly, "to find a woman. There's reason to believe her disappearance was involuntary and that Evelyn Merrick knows where she is."

Claire stared at him, her face pale and astonished. "What are you implying?"

"The woman who disappeared is Helen Clarvoe, a friend of mine. She was also, at one time, a friend of Evelyn Merrick's."

"At one time. Does that mean they quarreled?"

"Let's say they lost touch. Until last Monday night. At that time Miss Merrick telephoned Helen Clarvoe at her hotel. I won't go into detail, but I assure you it wasn't an ordinary call from one old friend to another. As a result of it, Miss Clarvoe asked me to try to find Evelyn."

"Why?"

"She was disturbed and frightened by Miss Merrick's remarks. During the course of the week I've discovered that unusual telephone calls are Evelyn Merrick's specialty. Some people, when they have a grievance, blow their top; Evelyn Merrick telephones."

"Nonsense." Claire said sharply. "I don't believe it. Ev hates to talk on the phone. I know. I'm her best friend."

"Look, Mrs. Laurence, there may be some things about this woman that even her best friend doesn't know because Miss Merrick herself may not know them."

"That's not possible. Unless she's—are you trying to tell me she's insane?"

"It's a form of insanity."

"What is?"

"Multiple personality."

Claire rose abruptly and began to pace the room. "Ev is my best friend. You're a stranger. You come here and tell me some monstrous things about her and expect me to believe them. Well, I can't. I won't. What right have you got to go around diagnosing people as multiple personalities?"

The theory isn't mine. It was advanced by Miss Merrick's own doctor. I talked to him this afternoon. Miss Merrick has already suffered two emotional disturbances, one after her parents were divorced, and the other after the breakup of her own marriage last year."

"Marriage." Claire repeated. "Ev's never been married."

"It's a matter of record."

"She's never said a word to me about it. I—who was the man?"

"Helen Clarvoe's brother, Douglas." Blackshear hesitated, feeling a sudden and acute distaste for the job he had to do. "The young man died this morning."

"Why do you say it in that tone? You sound as if you think Evelyn had something to do with the man's death."

"There's no question in my mind. And two men have died."

She was shaken but obstinate. "There must be some terrible mistake. Ev is the gentlest creature in the world."

"Perhaps the one you know is. The other—"

"There is no other!" But the strength had gone out of her. She slumped into a chair. "She didn't—how did her husband die?"

"He killed himself."

"And the other man?"

"He was stabbed in the throat with a pair of barber's shears sometime this morning."

"My Lord," she said. "My Lord." And her hand slid down to her throat as if to try to staunch an invisible flow of blood. "She'll be here any time. What am I going to do?"

"Nothing. Act as if nothing's happened."

"How can I?"

"You must. Helen Clarvoe's life may be at stake."

"There's no chance you've made a mistake?"

"There's always that chance, Mrs. Laurence, but it's pretty small. When she called Mrs. Clarvoe about Helen this afternoon, she made no secret of her identity. She was even proud of herself."

He told her the content of the telephone call. She listened in stunned silence, rubbing the same place on her neck over and over again.

Outside, the dog began to bark. Blackshear turned and looked out the window. A young woman was coming up the walk, laughing, while the spaniel jumped around her in frenzied delight. As she reached the steps of the porch, she leaned down and put out her arms and the spaniel leaped up into them. Both the girl and the dog looked very pleased with themselves at this remarkable feat.

It was Blackshear's first sight of Evelyn Merrick, and he thought how ironic it was that he should see her like this, laughing, greeting a dog—the *gentlest creature in the world*, Claire Laurence had said.

He turned and looked back at Claire. There were tears in her eyes. She brushed them away with the back of her hand as she went to unlock the door.

"Did you see that, Claire? She finally did it, jumped right up into my arms! John said he's been trying to teach her that for years. How's your cold?"

"Much better, thanks," Claire said. "We have company."

"Company? Good."

"Come in and meet Mr. Blackshear."

"Just a sec. I'll shed my coat."

When she came into the room, she was smiling slightly; but it was a guarded smile, as if she already suspected that the company wasn't the kind she would enjoy. She had short dark hair and gray eyes that borrowed a little blue from the shirtwaist she was wearing. When Blackshear had first seen her greeting the spaniel she had seemed strikingly pretty. Now her animation was gone and she looked quite commonplace. When she shook hands, her clasp was limp and uninterested.

Blackshear said, "I heard Mrs. Laurence call me company. The term isn't quite accurate."

She raised her dark straight brows. "No?"

"Mr. Blackshear is trying to find a woman who disappeared," Claire said. "I told him you probably don't know a thing about it." She caught Blackshear's warning glance and added, "I'll go and make some coffee."

When she had gone, Evelyn said lightly, "This sounds very intriguing. Is it anyone I know?"

"Helen Clarvoe."

"Helen. Good heavens. I think that's

the last name in the world I expected to hear. You say she's disappeared?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's old enough to do what she likes, and, if she wants to disappear, why should anyone try to find her?"

"I'm not sure she wanted to."

"In either case, I don't see how I can help you. Mr. Blackshear."

"Are you acquainted with South Flower Street. Miss Merrick?"

"That's downtown, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I suppose I've driven along it. It's not the kind of section I'm familiar with, however."

"How long is it since you've seen Helen Clarvoe?"

"Over a year."

"Have you talked to her on the telephone?"

"Of course not. Why should I? We have nothing to discuss."

"There's no bad feeling between you?"

"There's no feeling at all between us. Not on my side, anyway."

"You were good friends at one time."

"In school, yes. That," she added with a shrug, "was a long time ago."

"You married Helen's brother, Douglas."

"I wouldn't say married. We went through a ceremony."

"Have you seen Douglas recently, Miss Merrick?"

"No, I haven't seen him. I've talked to him, though. Last night, after Claire had gone to bed."

"You called him?"

"He called me," she said sharply.

"What was his reason?"

"I don't know. It was the first time I'd heard from him since the annulment. He sounded lonely, confused. I was a little of both myself, so we talked about old times, years ago when Helen and I were at school together and I used to go home with her for holidays and weekends. We had a lot of fun. Even Helen was happy in those days. Funny how everything's turned out."

But she spoke with complete detachment, as if the Evelyn of those times had no connection with herself. Blackshear wondered when the split in her personality had begun. Perhaps it had been there from infancy and no one suspected. Or perhaps it had started during her teens, during the very times she'd been reminiscing about to Douglas, the "happy" days. It was possible that those were the "happy" days because she had already started on her flight from reality.

Of one thing he was almost certain: the split in her personality was complete. The woman he was talking to was unaware of the existence of her deformed twin. She remembered talking to Douglas

on the telephone the previous night, and yet he knew that if he had told her she had also talked to Mrs. Clarvoe, and in quite different fashion, she would be incredulous and probably very angry. His job was to wait until the change occurred and the twin took over. Only the twin knew what had happened to Helen Clarvoe and where she was now.

"Miss Merrick, how did you spend the day?"

"Looking for a job."

"Any particular kind of job, such as modeling, for instance?"

"Modeling. What on earth would give you that idea?"

"You're a very pretty girl."

"Nonsense. Thanks just the same, but I want a job with a future."

"You haven't been home, then, all day today?"

"No."

"Have you seen your mother?"

"No. I tried to get her at the flower shop this afternoon, but they told me she was taking the rest of the afternoon off."

"She went to see Mrs. Clarvoe."

"Verna? Why on earth would she do that?"

"Douglas died this morning."

Evelyn sat quietly, her eyes lowered, her hands folded on her lap. When she spoke, finally, her voice was clear and distinct: "Poor Douglas. In some ways he was the best of the bunch—of the Clarvoes, I mean. He at least had some warmth in him."

"Helen has it, too."

"Helen is cold to the very marrow of her bones."

A premonition of disaster struck Blackshear like a spasm of pain. He had a feeling that her remark was intended to be quite literal, that the woman was trying to tell him Helen was already dead.

"Miss Merrick, you remember telephoning Helen Clarvoe at her hotel last Monday night around ten o'clock?"

"I can't remember something that never happened."

It's useless, he thought, and turned toward the door. "Thank you for trying, anyway."

"You're welcome. When you find Helen, let me know."

"Why?"

"Auld lang syne or curiosity, you name it."

He opened the door and stepped outside. In spite of the lighted houses and the street lamps, the darkness seemed as impenetrable as a jungle.

Helen Clarvoe tried to run, but her legs felt rubbery and her head hurt just behind her left ear as if someone had struck her there. Her breath came in gasps that burned her throat, but she must not stop to rest. When she

BEAST IN VIEW (continued)

tried to think, her thoughts melted and fused and only one stood out clearly and distinctly from the others: I must get away. I must escape. I must run.

It was not important where she ran to. She had no plan; she didn't even know where she was until she reached the corner and saw the street signs: South Flower Street and Ashworth Avenue. She repeated the names to herself, hoping they would form a pattern in her mind, but neither of the names meant anything to her, and the neighborhood was strange. She could not remember ever seeing it before, yet somewhere, along these streets, she had lost the day. It was night. The day had gone, passed her by, passed without touching her.

She walked on, her head bent, as if she were searching the sidewalk and the gutters for her lost day. People passed, cars roared by, the night was filled with noise and light and movement, but Miss Clarvoe did not raise her head. *I must pretend*, she thought. *I must pretend not to know I'm being followed.*

A bus was unloading at the next intersection and she hurried to mingle with the crowd that was getting off the bus. Secure for a moment, she looked back, peering through the moving jungle of faces. Only one face stood out among the others, pale, composed, half-smiling. Evelyn Merrick. She was standing in the shadowed doorway of a small TV repair shop, leaning idly against the plate glass window as if she had just paused for a rest during an evening stroll. But Miss Clarvoe knew it was not an evening stroll; it was a chase, and she was the beast in view. She moved in sudden terror. The woman at the window also moved. For an instant, before fear blacked out all thought, Helen realized that the woman was her own image.

She turned and began to run across the street, blind and deaf and numb with panic. She did not even feel the impact of the car that struck her.

When she returned to consciousness, she was lying against the curb and people were standing over her, all talking at once.

"Saw her with my own eyes, out she dashed—"

"Red light—"

"Come on, Jo. I just can't stand the sight of blood."

Blood, Miss Clarvoe thought. I'm bleeding, then. It's all come true, what she said to me the first night. She saw it in her crystal ball: I was to be in an accident, bleeding, mutilated.

A young man wearing a cab-driver's uniform took off his coat and tried to put it under Miss Clarvoe's head. She thrust it away and sat up painfully. "I'm all

right. Leave me alone, please. All alone."

The words were muffled and indistinct, but the young man heard them. "You're supposed to lie there until the doctor comes."

"I'm not hurt." She dragged herself to her feet and began wiping the moisture off her face with a handkerchief, not knowing which was blood, and which was sweat from all the running she'd done.

The crowd began to disperse—the show was over, no one was killed, too bad, better luck next time.

Only the young man in the cabbie's uniform lingered on, looking fretful. "It wasn't my fault. You dashed right out in front of my cab, didn't give me a chance to stop."

Miss Clarvoe looked back at the doorway of the shop where she'd seen Evelyn Merrick just before the accident. The girl had left. Or else she had stepped farther back into the shadows to wait. That was the game she played best, waiting in shadows, walking the night, watching for the unwary.

The cabbie was still talking, aggrieved and belligerent. "Everyone could see I did the best I could. I stopped, didn't I? I tried to administer first aid, didn't I?"

"Oh stop it! There's no time for argument. No time, I tell you."

He stepped back, looking surprised. "I don't get—"

"Listen to me. What's your name?"

"Harry. Harry Reis."

"Listen, Harry, I must get away from here. I'm being followed. She was—I saw her in that doorway over there a few minutes ago. She intends to kill me."

"You don't say." A faint derisive smile stretched his mouth. He didn't even glance back at the doorway she was pointing at.

"I must get away. I must get back to my hotel and lock the door."

"Hotel?" Harry said, emphasizing the word. "Oh, sure, sure. Well, anything for a lady."

He led the way to his cab and Miss Clarvoe followed him. She wasn't aware yet of any pain, only of a terrible stiffness that seemed to cover her entire body like a plaster cast.

The inside of the cab was dark and the radio was turned on to a panel discussion on politics. All of the people on the panel had very definite ideas, firmly spoken, all of them knew exactly where the day had gone and what to expect from the night.

Harry got in and turned the radio off. "Where to?"

"The Monica Hotel."

"You live there?"

"Yes."

"You been living there long?"

"Yes. I have lived there a long time."

She could tell he didn't believe her. "I will pay you," she said. "I've lost my purse, but I have money in my suite."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'll send the boy down with it."

"Yes, ma'am."

She knew from his tone that he didn't expect any money, that he was humoring her as he would any drunk or liar or madman who happened to be his passenger. The customer is always right.

The headlights of the car following shone into the rear-view mirror and Miss Clarvoe saw Harry's face for a minute quite clearly. It was young and pleasant and very, very honest. A nice open face. No one would suspect what kind of mind lay behind it. Some people wore their malice and their miseries for all the world to see; Harry's were hidden underneath the youthful blandness of his face like worms at the core of an apple that looks sound from the outside.

Yet even Harry—even apple-cheeked, wormy-brained Harry—knew where his day had gone. She had lost hers, dropped it somewhere like a handkerchief and picked it up again, soiled, from the gutter of a strange street.

"Harry."

"Yes, ma'am." His tone was still sarcastically polite.

"What day is this?"

"Thursday."

Thursday, Douglas died this morning. Mr. Blackshear came to the hotel to tell me about it. I promised to go home and keep Mother company. Mr. Blackshear offered to drive me, but I refused. I went and waited in front of the hotel for a cab. People kept passing, strangers, hundreds of strangers. They terrified me. Cabs passed, too, but I couldn't force myself to hail one. Then someone spoke my name and I turned and saw Evelyn Merrick. She was standing right beside me, smiling, very sure of herself. The strangers, the traffic, didn't bother her; she'd always liked crowds and people, the more, the merrier. I held my head up high, pretending I was just as poised and confident as she was. But it didn't work. I could never fool Evelyn. She said, "Scared, aren't you?" And she took my arm. I didn't mind. I usually hate people to touch me, but somehow this was different. The contact made me feel more secure. "Come on, let's have a drink someplace," she said.

She took my arm like an old friend, and it was as if the years had never passed. We were in school together, giggling after the lights were out and plotting against the French mistress and sharing the treats from home. "Come and have a drink," she said. It was always like that—Evelyn was the one

who initiated things, who formed the ideas and made the suggestions. I was the one who tagged along. I worshiped her; I wanted to be exactly like her; I would have followed her anywhere.

"You want to go in the front or the back, ma'am?" Harry said.

"I am not in the habit of using a service entrance."

"I just thought, being you were messed up a little—"

It doesn't matter." It did matter; she wanted to use the back entrance and sneak up to her room unnoticed, but it was impossible. Her keys had been in the purse she'd lost. "About the fare, I'll send a hellboy down with the money. How much is it?"

"Three dollars even." He stopped the cab at the marquee of the hotel, but he made no move to get out and open the door for her. He didn't expect a tip, he didn't even expect the fare, and for once it didn't matter much to him. She was a creepy dame; he wanted to see the end of her.

Miss Clarvoe opened the door for herself and stepped out onto the sidewalk and pulled her collar up high to hide the wound under her ear. The torn stockings, the rip in her coat, she couldn't hide; she could only move as rapidly as possible through the lobby, trying to outrun the stares of the curious.

Mr. Horner, the elderly desk clerk, was busy registering some new guests, but when he saw Miss Clarvoe, he dropped everything and came over to her, his eyes bulging and his mouth working with excitement.

"Why, Miss Clarvoe. Why, Miss Clarvoe, for goodness sake—"

"I lost my keys. May I have a duplicate set, please?"

"Everybody's been looking for you, Miss Clarvoe. Just everybody. Why, they—"

"They need look no further."

"But what happened to you?"

She answered without hesitation. "It was such a nice day I decided to take a little trip into the country." Had it been a nice day? She didn't know. She couldn't remember the weather of the day any more than she could its contents. "The country," she added, "is very beautiful this time of year. The lupine is in bloom, you know. Very lovely." The lies rolled glibly off her tongue. She couldn't stop them. Any words were better than none, any memory, however false, was better than a blank. "Unfortunately, I tripped over a boulder and tore my coat and stockings."

"You should," Mr. Horner said with reproach, "have let someone know. Everyone's been in a tizzy. The police were here, with a Mr. Blackshear. I had to let

them into your suite. They insisted. There was nothing I could do." He leaned across the desk and added in a confidential whisper, "They thought you might have been kidnapped by a maniac."

Color splashed across Miss Clarvoe's face and disappeared, leaving her skin ashen. Kidnapped by a maniac? No, it wasn't like that at all. I went with an old friend to have a drink. I was frightened and confused by all the strangers, and she rescued me. She put her hand on my arm and I felt secure. By myself I was a nothing, but with Evelyn there beside me I could see people looking at us with interest and curiosity—yes, even admiration. I could have stood there forever being admired; it is a wonderful feeling. But Evelyn likes excitement. She wanted to be on the move. She kept saying, "Come on, come on, come on," as if she had some very intriguing plan in mind and wanted me to share it. "I've got a friend," Evelyn said. "He's lots of fun, a real joker. Let's go over and have some laughs." Douglas was dead, my own brother; I shouldn't have felt like laughing, and yet I did. I asked her who her friend was and I remember what she answered. It's odd how the name has stuck in my mind when I've forgotten so many other things. Jack Terola.

He's an artist with a camera," Evelyn said. "He's going to take pictures of me that will be shown all over. He's going to make me immortal." I felt the knife of envy twisting in my heart. I wanted to be immortal, too.

"I had to co-operate with the police," Mr. Horner said. "I didn't have any choice."

"I dislike the idea of anyone's prying into my personal affairs."

"Everyone acted in your best interests, Miss Clarvoe. After all, anything might have happened."

"What happened," she said coldly, "is that I went into the country with a friend of mine."

"Ah, yes. To see the lupine in bloom."

"That's correct."

Mr. Horner turned away, his lip curling slightly. It was November. The lupine wouldn't be in bloom for another four or five months.

He returned with the duplicate set of keys and laid them on the desk. "There are some messages for you, Miss Clarvoe. You are to call Mr. Blackshear immediately; he is at your mother's house."

"Thank you."

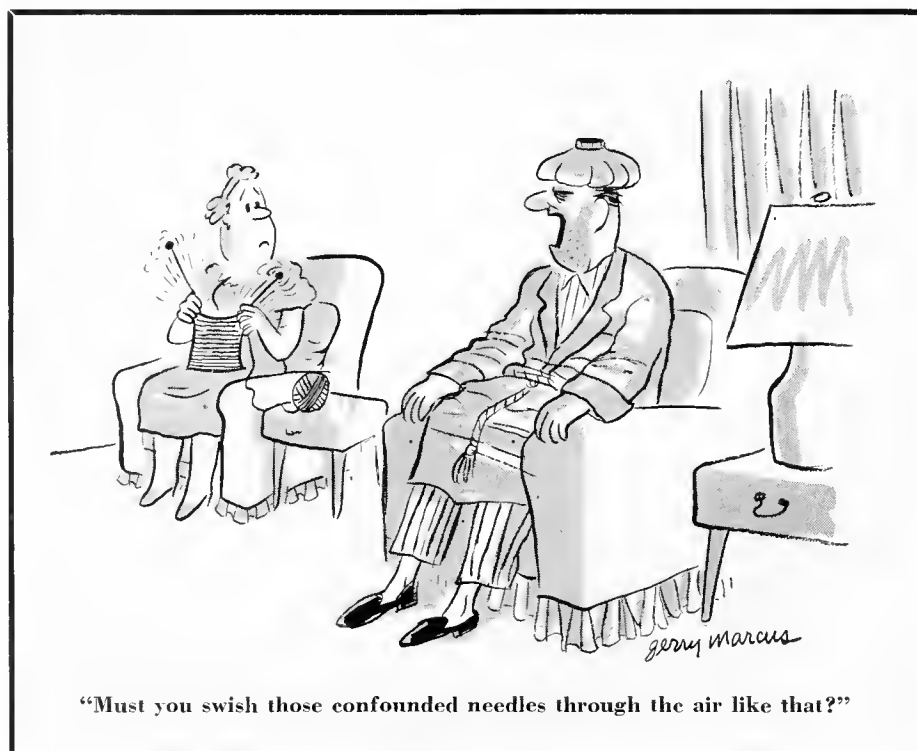
"Oh, yes, and someone asked me to put this note in your box. A young lady."

The note was written in an ostentatious backhand on hotel stationery which had been folded twice:

I am waiting in the lobby. I must see you at once. Evelyn Merrick.

She wanted to run, but her legs ached with weariness; they would not carry her farther. She'd already run too far, too fast, down too many strange and terrifying streets.

She turned and saw Evelyn Merrick coming toward her across the lobby, picking her way fastidiously through the crowd. The day, which had changed Miss



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Clarvoe, had changed Evelyn, too. She wasn't smiling and self-assured as she'd been when they met on the street. She was a grim-faced, cold-eyed stranger, dressed all in black as if in mourning.

"I see you got my note."

"Yes," Miss Clarvoe said. "I have it."

"We must have a talk."

"Yes." Yes, we must. I must find out how I lost the day, how the minutes passed overhead without touching me, like birds in a hurry. Wild geese minutes. I remember Father took us hunting once, Evelyn and me. Father was angry with me that day because the sun gave me a headache. He said I was a spoilsport and a crybaby. He said, *Why can't you be more like Evelyn?*

"Everyone's been worried about you," the stranger said. "Where have you been?"

"You know—you know very well. I was with you."

"What are you talking about?"

"We went into the country together—to see the lupine—we—"

The stranger's voice was harsh and ugly. "You've always told fantastic lies, Helen, but this is going too far. I haven't seen you for nearly a year."

"You mustn't try to deny it—"

"I'm not trying to deny it. I am denying it!"

"Please keep your voice down. People are staring. I can't have people staring. I have a reputation, a name, to protect."

"No one is paying the least attention to us."

"Yes, they are. You see, my stockings are torn, and my coat. You have forgotten we went into the country, you and I, to see the lupine. I tripped over a boulder and fell." But her voice trailed upward into a question mark, and her eyes were uncertain and afraid. "You—you remember now?"

"There's nothing to remember."

"Nothing?"

"I haven't seen you for nearly a year, Helen."

"But this morning—this morning you met me outside the hotel. You asked me to have a drink with you. You said you were on your way over to see a man who would make you immortal and you wanted me to come along."

"It doesn't even make sense."

"Yes, yes, it does! I even remember the man's name. Terola. Jack Terola."

Evelyn's voice was quiet, insistent. "You went to see this man, Terola?"

"I don't know. I think we—we both went, you and I. After all, I wouldn't go to such a place alone and besides Terola was your friend, not mine."

"I never heard the name before in my life. Until I read the evening papers."

"Papers?"

"Terola was murdered shortly before noon today," Evelyn said. "It's important for you to remember, Helen. Did you go there this morning?"

Miss Clarvoe said nothing, and her face was blank.

"Did you see Terola this morning, Helen?"

"I must—I must go upstairs."

"We have to talk."

"No. No, I must go upstairs and lock my door against all the ugliness." She turned, slowly, and began walking toward the elevator, her shoulders hunched, her hands jammed into the pockets of her old, unstylish coat as if she wanted to avoid all physical contact with other people.

She waited until one of the elevators was empty; then she stepped inside and ordered the operator to close the door immediately. The operator, an old man, was no bigger than a child, as if the years he'd spent inside the tiny elevator had stunted his growth. He was accustomed to Miss Clarvoe's idiosyncrasies, such as riding alone in elevators, and he'd been well enough tipped, in the past, to indulge them.

He shut the door and as the elevator began to ascend he kept his eyes on the floor indicator. "A wintry day, Miss Clarvoe."

"I don't know. I lost mine."

"Beg pardon, ma'am?"

"I lost my day," she said slowly. "I've looked everywhere for it, but I can't find it."

"Are you—are you feeling all right, Miss Clarvoe?"

"Don't call me that."

"Ma'am?"

"Call me Evelyn."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, say it. Go ahead. *Say Evelyn.*"

"Evelyn," the old man said, and began to tremble.

Back in her suite she locked the door and without even taking off her coat she went immediately to the telephone. As she dialed, she felt the excitement rising inside her like molten lava in a crater.

"Mrs. Clarvoe?"

"Is that—that's you, Evelyn?"

"Certainly it's me. I've done you another favor."

"Please. Have mercy."

"Don't snivel, I hate that, I hate snivelers."

"Evelyn—"

"I just wanted to tell you that I've found Helen for you. I have her all locked up in her hotel room, safe and sound."

"Is she all right?"

"Don't worry, I'm looking after her. I'm the only one who knows how to treat

her. She's been a bad girl; she needs a little discipline. She tells lies, you know, awful lies, and so she must be taught a lesson or two like the others."

"Let me talk to Helen."

"Oh, no. She can't talk right now. It isn't her turn. We have to take turns, you know. It's very inconvenient, because Helen won't voluntarily give me my turn, and so I just have to go ahead and take it. She was feeling weak from the accident, and her head hurt, so I simply took over. I feel fine. I'm never sick. I leave that to her. All the sordid things like being sick or getting old, I leave to her. I'm only twenty-one; that old crock is over thirty. . . ."

Evelyn Merrick was waiting for Blackshear in the lobby when he arrived twenty minutes later.

"I got here as soon as I could," Blackshear said. "Where is Helen?"

"Locked in her room. I followed her up and tried to talk to her, but she paid no attention to my knocking. So I listened at the door. I could hear her inside."

"What was she doing?"

"You know what she was doing, Mr. Blackshear. I told you when I called you. She was telephoning, using my name, my voice, pretending to be me."

Blackshear was grim. "I wish that's all it was, a child's game, like pretending."

"What else is it?"

"She has a rare form of insanity, Miss Merrick, the disease I thought you had. A doctor would call it multiple personality. A priest might call it possession by a devil. Helen Clarvoe is possessed by a devil and she gives your name to it."

"Why should she do that to me?"

"Are you willing to help me find out?"

"I don't know. What must I do?"

"We'll go up to her room and talk to her."

"She won't let us in."

"We can try," Blackshear said. "That's all I seem able to do for Helen—try. Try, and fail, and try again."

They took the elevator up to the third floor and walked down the long carpeted hall to Miss Clarvoe's suite. The door was closed and locked and no light showed around its edges, but Blackshear could hear a woman talking inside the room. It was not Helen's voice, tired, uninterested; it was loud and brash and shrill, like a schoolgirl's.

He rapped sharply on the door with his knuckles and called out, "Helen? Let me in."

"Go away, you old fool, and leave us alone."

"Are you in there, Helen?"

"Look at the mess you've got me in now. He's found me. That's what you wanted, isn't it? You have always been

jealous of me; you have tried to cut me out of your life. Now you've done it, calling in that man Blackshear and the police to hunt me down like a common criminal. I'm not a common criminal. All I did to Terola was touch him with the scissors to teach him a little lesson. How was I to know his flesh was soft as butter. An ordinary man wouldn't even have bled, my touch was so delicate. It wasn't my fault the poor fool died. But the police won't believe that. I'll have to hide here with you. Just you and me, how about that? God knows if I can stand it, you should be able to. You're dull company, old girl, you can't deny that. I may have to slip out now and then for a bit of fun."

Blackshear tried to call out again, but the words died of despair in his throat: *fight, Helen. Fight back. Stand up to her.* He began pounding on the door with his fists.

"Listen to that, will you? He's trying to break the door down to get to his sweetheart, isn't that touching? Little does he know how many doors he'll have to break down; this one's only the first. There are a hundred more and that pitiful idiot out there thinks he can do it with his fists. Funny boy. Tell him to go away, Helen. Tell him not to bother us. Tell him if he doesn't go away, he'll never see you alive again. Go on. Speak. *Speak, you ugly crone!*"

A pause, then Helen's voice, a tattered whisper. "Mr. Blackshear. Paul. Go away."

"Helen, hang on. I'm going to help you."

"Go away, go away."

"Hear that, lover boy? 'Go away,' she says. Lover boy. Lord, that's funny. What a romance you had, eh, Helen? Did you *really* think anyone could fall in love with you, you old hag? Take a look in the crystal ball, you crow."

She began to laugh. The sound rose and fell, a siren screaming disaster, and then there was a sudden silence, as if the loud night were holding its breath.

Blackshear pressed his mouth against the crack of the door and said, "Helen, listen to me."

"Go away."

"Unlock your door, Evelyn Merrick is here with me."

"Liar."

"Unlock your door and you can see for yourself. You are not Evelyn. Evelyn is out here with me."

"Liar, liar, liar!"

"Please, Helen, let us in so we can help you. . . . Say something to her, Miss Merrick."

"We are not trying to fool you." Evelyn said. "This is really Evelyn. Helen."

"Liars!" But the lock clicked and the

chain slid back and slowly the door opened and Miss Clarvoe's tormented face peered out. She spoke to Blackshear, her pale mouth working painfully to form the words: "Helen is not here. She went away. She is old and sick and full of misery and wants to be let alone."

"Listen to me, Helen," Blackshear said. "You are not old and sick—"

"I'm not, no. *She* is. You're mixed up. I'm Evelyn. I'm fine. I'm twenty-one. I'm pretty. I'm popular. I have lots of fun. I never get sick or tired. I'm going to be immortal." She stopped suddenly, her eyes fixed on Evelyn Merrick, fascinated, repelled. "That girl—who is she?"

"You know who she is, Helen. She's Evelyn Merrick."

"She's an impostor. Get rid of her. Tell her to go away."

"All right," Blackshear said wearily. "All right." He turned to Evelyn. "You'd better go down to the lobby and call a doctor."

Miss Clarvoe watched Evelyn go down the hall and get into the elevator. "Why should she call a doctor? Is she sick?"

"No."

"Why should she call a doctor, then, if she isn't sick?" She added peevishly, "I don't much like you. You're sly. You're a sly old man. You're too old for me. Not much use your hanging around. I'm only twenty-one. I have a hundred boy friends—"

"Helen, please."

"Don't call me that, don't say that name. I'm not Helen."

"Yes, you are. You're Helen, and I don't want you to be anybody else. I like you exactly as you are. Other people will, too, if you'll let them. They'll like you just as you are, just for yourself alone, Helen."

"No! I'm not Helen. I don't want to be Helen! I hate her!"

"Helen is a fine young woman," Blackshear said quietly. "She is intelligent and sensitive, yes, and pretty too."

"Pretty? That croke? That hag? That ugly crone?"

She started to close the door, but Blackshear pressed his weight against it. She released the door and stepped backward into the room, one hand behind her back, like a child concealing a forbidden object. But Blackshear did not have to guess what she was concealing. He could see her image in the round mirror above the telephone stand.

"Put down the paper knife, Helen. Put it back on the desk where it belongs. You're very strong; you might hurt someone accidentally. . . . How did you meet Terola in the first place, Helen?"

"In a bar. He was having a drink and he looked over at me and fell in love with me at first sight. Men do. They

can't help it. I have this magnetism. Do you feel it?"

"Yes, Yes, I feel it. Put down the knife, Helen."

"I'm not Helen! I am Evelyn. Say it. Say I'm Evelyn."

He stared at her, saying nothing, and suddenly she wheeled around and ran across the room to the mirror. But the face she saw in it was not her own. It was not a face at all, it was a dozen faces, going round and round—Evelyn and Douglas and Blackshear, Verna and Terola and her father, Miss Hudson and Harley Moore and the desk clerk and the little old man in the elevator—all the faces were revolving like a Ferris wheel, and as they revolved, they moved their mouths and screamed out words: *What's the matter with you, kid, are you crazy? You've always told the most fantastic lies. What a pity we didn't have a girl like Evelyn. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Why can't you be more like Evelyn?*

The voices faded into silence, the Ferris wheel of faces stopped, and there was only one image left in the mirror. It was her own face, and the mouth that moved was her own mouth, and the words that came out were uttered by her own voice: "God help me."

Memory stabbed at her with agonizing thrusts. She remembered the bars, the phone booths, the running, the strange streets. She remembered Terola and the odd, incredulous way he looked just before he died and the acrid smell of the coffee boiling over on the stove. She remembered taking the bills from her own money clip and then thinking later that they'd been stolen. She remembered the cat in the alley, the rays from the night air, the taste of rain, the young man who'd laughed because she was waterproof. . . .

"Give me the knife, Helen."

In the mirror she could see Blackshear approaching, slowly and cautiously, a hunter with a beast in view.

"It's all right, Helen. Don't get excited. Everything's going to be all right."

A pause, and then he began to talk again in a low, persuasive voice, about doctors and hospitals and rest and care and the future. Always the future, as if it were definite and tangible, rosy and round like an apple.

"It's only a matter of time, Helen. You'll be well again."

"I don't—believe it."

But she turned towards him and the knife slid out of her hand onto the floor.

He led her over to the window and they stood there quietly, side by side, watching the people on the street below, until they came for her. THE END



AN OLD PAL of dead-broke days, Jackie Gleason gives Lescoulie's Irish-born wife, Bridie, a friendly hug. The Lescoulies live in a modest house in Garden City, Long Island. Daughter Linda is their favorite topic of conversation.

Jack Lescoulie's \$100,000 Grin

How can a fellow who does not sing, dance, or tell jokes appear each week on three network television shows, and some weeks get more fan mail than the shows' three stars combined? The answer lies in the paradoxical personality of smiling Jack Lescoulie, a boyish old pro, whose current fame is an amazing climax to thirty years of seesawing between success and starvation

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

A husky, grinning announcer, straight man, and M.C. named John Pierre Lescoulie, more familiarly known as Jack, is without question television's most paradoxical personality. A "paradox," says the dictionary, is "any phenomenon with seemingly contradictory qualities," and this definition fits Lescoulie the way his ready-made suits fit his six-foot, two-inch, 190-pound frame. Technically, Lescoulie is not a star, but each week in season he is seen on three network shows by more people than any TV star except, possibly, President Eisenhower. For this he is paid a star's salary of more than \$100,000 a year; yet he continues to live almost as modestly as he did in 1949-50, when he was out of work

and flat broke for eighteen months. Finally, there is the spectacular paradox of his appearance and his age. Many of his seventy million viewers—count 'em, *seventy million*—are deceived by his youthful air and think him a mere boy, when actually he is a veteran of more than thirty years' professional experience.

A Foot in Both Doors

Lescoulie works on the Jackie Gleason show on CBS and the Milton Berle and "Today" shows on NBC, which makes him one of the few people in TV with a foot in both major networks. He also startles audiences by turning up occasionally on other networks in cowboy movies which may have been made around the

time of "The Great Train Robbery." In some of those hoary epics he is one of the bad guys, a far cry from the indefatigably affable, friendly, quick-to-grin personality he displays today. His work now consists almost entirely of exhibiting an easy, natural charm which, though hard to define, exerts a powerful magnetism on his fans. Some weeks he gets more mail than the combined intake of Gleason, Berle, and Dave Garroway, star of "Today."

Lescoulie's public is frenetically demonstrative. If he mentions that he's been playing golf, his favorite sport, he gets a deluge of tees, balls, and trick clubs in the next mail. His desk is littered with trout flies and bass plugs sent in by fans who know he also loves to fish. When he

(continued)



THE LESCOULIE CHARM is a mysterious compound. "He's foolproof," says Mort Werner, "Today"'s producer. "Kids think he is a nice Joe Palooka type. Men like him because he's not too slick looking. Young women feel like mussing his hair. Old ladies feel like smoothing it." Agreeable Lescoulie is a Jack-of-all-stunts on "Today," has played with U.S. Olympic Water Polo team, wrestled with a walrus, and eaten six breakfasts at a single sitting.



HIS BIGGEST JOB is seconding Dave Garroway on NBC's three-hour morning show, "Today." "Jack makes me better than I am," Garroway says. "He can gag or play it straight, and he knows just what to do if I get monotonous." When Jack went to CBS to host Gleason's Saturday night show, NBC threatened to fire him, but has yet to find a replacement.

so much as speaks of Linda, his two-year-old daughter, unseen hands send toys, dresses, and things they've laboriously knitted themselves. On the first of every month he gets a letter from a woman who is firmly convinced that he is in love with her: "I can tell by the way you look," she swears. Much of his mail is severely parental in tone. "Jack, you don't look well," wrote an Iowa lady last year when Lescoulie had a slight cold. "I want you to take care of yourself," she added.

The "Average Man" Illusion

Such devotion is inspired by Lescoulie's manner—that of a genuinely warm, decent fellow, which, incidentally, he happens to be. He laughs readily and has a pleasant smile apparently composed, as his friend Mike Zeamer has said, of "one long, horizontal buck tooth." He never appears rigidly rehearsed but behaves like an average man who, being slightly ill-at-ease, makes an occasional mistake,

as he did once when he introduced Jane Pickens as "our guest star, Jane Froman!"

Lescoulie's hold on his public puzzles some people. "The guy is making a million bucks on nothing," one dissenter said.

Actually, his very normality is the key to his success. People like him because he appears no more talented than, say, the wisecracking neighborhood soda jerk (in fact, while he was in high school he *was* a soda jerk). Yet the truth is that he possesses a good sense of timing as well as a fine delivery, and he never loses the professional manner he has developed in the course of a career in which he has been well-off, broke, well-off, broke, and well-off again. Nowadays his capability is instinctive. Once, after carousing all night with some high-spirited companions, he showed up for the "Today" job at 4 A.M. in such a state of exhilaration that his co-workers wondered whether he would be able to calm down sufficiently to perform. To their surprise, he went on when he

got the signal and behaved as though he had just been aroused from a night's rest.

Lescoulie carries the average-man motif right into his private life. He lives in Garden City, Long Island, in a \$30,000 house, in a neighborhood where most residents earn about a tenth of what he does. He seldom carries more than \$20 in walking-around money. His wife, Bridie, keeps a budget. He becomes ill-at-ease at large, formal parties, and prefers to entertain by inviting a few neighbors in to watch the ball game on TV and drink beer (he is a baseball addict, of the Giant persuasion). He loathes talking shop at home. This is about the only thing he actively hates. Mrs. Lescoulie says, "I can't remember a single time when I ever saw Jack angry at anyone or anything."

Because Lescoulie is always so pleasant and always seems to be having the time of his life, many believe that he does not work very hard. Actually, each week he goes through a schedule that would silence a complaining sandhog. From Monday through Friday, inclusive, he is awakened from a deep sleep ("I sleep like a rock") by his wife at 3:45 A.M. While she makes coffee, he showers and dresses. He gulps down two cups and then drives into New York. He drives a Buick (Buick sponsored Berle last season and will sponsor Gleason next season, and Lescoulie is meticulously loyal).

He Is Fairly Uninhibited

The ride takes about forty minutes. On the way, Lescoulie thinks about his imminent appearance on "Today." Having attended the previous day's production meeting, he knows roughly what will be expected of him, and during this time he tries to think up funny lines or bits of business. Lescoulie is fairly uninhibited. When he hits upon a funny remark, he says it to himself and laughs out loud. Many of his jokes come out of his own family and interests. When his daughter began watching Miss Frances, the glamour girl of the diaper set, Lescoulie opened "Today" one morning by saying, "Welcome to 'Today'—the three-hour warmup for 'Ding Dong School.'" This broke him up, both when he said it in the car and later when he said it on the air.

Arriving at the studio, the RCA Exhibition Hall on Forty-ninth Street, Lescoulie checks in with the on-the-spot producer, Lou Ames, to see if there are any changes in his routines. There often are, because "Today" is primarily a news show. When he finishes going over the script with Garroway and the day's guest stars, he goes downstairs and has coffee with the technical men. Then he returns to the set, sits down at his desk, and begins working a crossword puzzle with the absorption of a commuter. He sometimes continues working on the puzzle long

after the show goes on the air at 7 A.M., and it is a source of wonder to director Jac Hein that Lescoulie can surface from what seems to be total immersion and take a cue on the split-second.

"Jack responds as if something inside him's waiting to explode," Hein says.

Nice People Like Him

"Today" goes dark at 10 A.M. Lescoulie immediately calls his wife, chats for five minutes, exchanges a word or two with the baby, and then walks across the street to Cromwell's, a drugstore on the ground floor of the RCA Building, where he eats a delayed breakfast—bacon-lettuce-tomato sandwich and chocolate malt—with Frank Blair, the "Today" newscaster. Almost every day, tourists stop at his table to say "hello."

"It's a funny thing," a friend of Lescoulie has said. "Whereas big stars pull the crackpots—the arm-pullers, the real pests—Lescoulie seems to draw only the nice, quiet, undemonstrative people. They don't make some kind of brass saint out of him; they seem to see in him something of themselves, and they talk to him as if they've known him a long time."

Lescoulie, in turn, talks to his fans as

though they were old and trusted friends. One morning as he was crossing to the drugstore a woman of forty-odd leaned out of a passing car and nearly fell to the ground in her eagerness to wave at him. Lescoulie responded cheerily, as usual. "Who was that?" an acquaintance asked.

"I don't know," Lescoulie answered, "I never saw her before."

At 10:30 A.M., after a fourth cup of coffee, Lescoulie goes upstairs to attend the "Today" production meeting. He never knows what the staff will devise for him to do; on occasion he has wrestled a walrus, played polo, and interviewed a penguin ("Tell me, sir, what cigarette do you smoke?"). The meeting lasts until nearly noon, and then he goes to his office: a six-by-ten glassed-in cubicle shared with Blair, hidden behind two filing cabinets. He answers fan mail there, calls his wife again, and finally decides that he has finished for the day.

He Reveres Toots Shor's

By now it is around one. Lescoulie heads for Toots Shor's, nearby on Fifty-first Street. He reveres this restaurant and its owner because, in the days when he was broke, Toots permitted him to eat

there on credit, and because in the days when he was not broke but was struggling as a disk jockey, he used to go in there and collar celebrities to appear as guests on his show. Nowadays at Toots', Lescoulie joins a jovial group of noontimers: TV people, song pluggers, advertising men, writers, and other idlers, not to mention the remarkable proprietor himself.

After he talks shop for a while and confers with Lee Meyers, his manager, he goes back to the office and answers mail.

His Suits Are "Store-bought"

When he finishes his in-town business, Lescoulie drives back to Garden City. There he changes from his habitual dark blue suit—he owns ten, all store-bought because he feels his fans would not like him to be what he terms a "sharp" dresser—into a sport shirt and bluejeans. Then he begins puttering around the house. His wife says he is "very handy." The grounds around the house measure less than a half acre, and Lescoulie keeps them in careful trim. He loves to mow the lawn. He fancies himself a fine cook, and likes particularly to barbecue things outdoors on a small portable grill. The role

(continued)



A PERFECT SECOND MAN, Lescoulie remains unruffled by Jackie Gleason's antics. Their friendship began when both were going nowhere in show business. Later, whenever Lescoulie had an open hour on his all-night record show, Gleason tried his routines. The comedian swore he would hire Jack when he hit the big time, and kept his word.

Jack Lescoulie (continued)

he enjoys most of all, however, is that of Devoted Father. He is an energetic snapshot-shower and anecdote-teller, and soon after Linda arrived he became the bane of Frank Blair's existence. Blair has seven children. "Jack drove me half-crazy with new-father questions," Blair says, fondly.

This portrait of a well-adjusted family man who happens to work in TV for a living has been a long time in the making. Lescoulie's age is a mystery. His official NBC biography now lists his birthdate as 1917. A previous one set it at 1912. He does not lie about his age; he says, "Well, the NBC biography says . . ." and stops.



COMPLETELY relaxed, Lescoulie often reads a magazine or works a crossword puzzle while "Today" is on the air. But he responds to cues instantly. Part of his charm is that he never seems rigidly rehearsed.

A safe bet would place him at forty-four or -five. However old he is, he was born on a November 17, sometime before World War I, the son of John Marie Lescoulie and the former Daisy Teazle. His father was a lineman who later moved from Sacramento, California. Jack's birthplace, to Los Angeles, where he became a technician in silent movie studios. His mother was a stock-company and variety actress. Lescoulie's father worked in silents with most of the big, now-forgotten stars, and Jack credits his encyclopedic knowledge of silent films to his father's powers as a raconteur.

On the Boards at Early Age

The first son was followed by another, Armand (Bud), and by a daughter, Sylvia. When Jack was eight, his mother put her three children on the boards in an act that played club dates and weekend vaudeville. Lescoulie sang and hoofed. Later he learned to play trombone. He still plays it, over friends' protests. "Come down and see us some night," Eddie Condon, the jazz night club proprietor, once said to him. "but please leave that trombone home." Lescoulie likes to sit at home of an evening and play his trombone along with his collection of Dixieland records. This annoys his dog, a boxer named Rippie-Boy, but seems to delight his daughter. "Lescoulie would rather play trombone with a name band," Jackie Gleason has said, "than star in 'Hamlet.'"

This is not quite true. Lescoulie began memorizing the Bard as a boy, and once aspired to play Romeo. He still can quote long Shakespearean passages, and often does, at slight provocation. Numerous things forestalled his classical ambitions, among them a bad case of acne (he still has some scars), and a willingness to act in *anything*. At Fremont High in Los Angeles he appeared in such plays as "Captain Applejack" and "Seventeen," and, encouraged by a teacher named Mrs. Mattison, entered the University of Southern California to study dramatics.

After six months he transferred to Los Angeles City College, where there was more thespian activity. Even so, there was not enough for Lescoulie. He took a bit part with Edward G. Robinson in a play called "The Racket"; worked as a radio announcer; studied with a little theatre group; played trombone in his own dance band; and, as he says, "would have cut chemistry class to play a three-dollar vaudeville date." Presently he had cut so many classes that the Dean cut him.

Lescoulie next won a Shakespeare-declaring contest that netted him a scholarship to Pasadena Playhouse, where he joined a class that included Dana Andrews and Wayne Morris. He learned to fence, and was picked for a scene in

a movie, "Lottery Lover," starring Lew Ayres. It was at Pasadena that he also broke into radio, as a disk jockey at KGFJ. The job did not last long. He was fired when he asked for a raise.

Around this time the veteran actor Walter Hampden was rehearsing a play called "Achilles Had a Heel," preparing to try it out at Pasadena before taking it east. Gilmor Brown, director of the Playhouse, told Lescoulie he had been picked to play with Hampden. Lescoulie was delighted until he learned he was to be an offstage elephant. During the play the elephant was to: establish its presence, be friendly with Hampden (its keeper), fall ill under a witch doctor's spell, almost die, recover through Hampden's efforts, go mad, and regain its sanity. "Thanks a lot," said Lescoulie, "but it can't be done." When he heard that the elephant had more cues than Hampden, the ham in him overpowered the prudence. He took the part.

On opening night he stood in the wings rattling the imaginary elephant's chain, blowing chaff through a hose, and trumpeting through a megaphone. He had studied for the part by spending three days at a nearby zoo, and had learned it so well that although Hampden's notices were mild, the elephant's were raves. "We'll never get another elephant like you," Hampden said. "Come along to New York."

Stranded in New York

"Achilles" opened on Broadway in October, 1935, and lasted seven days. Lescoulie was stranded. He went to work for a dry-cleaning shop operated by a lady named Ida Gentler, who kindly gave him time off to look for jobs. He lived in miserable off-Broadway hotels and ate in beaneries. It was a year before he landed a part in "Tapestry in Grey," starring Melvyn Douglas. It lasted three weeks only, but the salary got him a new suit and a bus ticket back home.

Now he returned to radio and simultaneously began taking bit parts in "B" movies. He became a cowboy, working mainly in low-budget epics produced at breakneck speed. Along with Duncan Renaldo (now The Cisco Kid) and Robert Livingston, Lescoulie appeared in most of the "Three Mesquiteer" films.

This dissatisfied him. He began looking around for a radio show of his own, and eventually evolved "The Grouch Club" with Nat Hiken, a writer. An immediate hit, it was picked up by the NBC network. Lescoulie was earning \$750 a week and spending it like a wild man on such items as \$200 custom-made suits and twenty-dollar tips to headwaiters. Then the sponsor suddenly dropped the show. Undaunted, Jack went to work incognito for \$35 a week at KFWB, spinning hillbilly

records, talking with a soft drawl, and selling Crazy Water Crystals. Presently he and Hiken scraped up funds and took "The Grouch Club" to New York, where it was picked up and dropped again.

"Broke in New York all over again," he says ruefully of those days. There was one bright spot: lunching one day in a B/G restaurant, he met Bridie McManus, who had come from Ireland some ten years before. They were married on St. Valentine's Day in 1943, but a month afterward Lescoulie was in the service. He became a combat reporter in the Air Force, and flew twenty-five missions in three campaigns.

A Future with "The Greatest"

Back in New York after his discharge, Lescoulie was hired by a local station, WNEW, to do an early-morning radio show with Gene Rayburn, who now announces on the Steve Allen show on NBC. From there he moved to WOR as an all-night disk jockey. It was then that he began recruiting guests from Shor's. One of them was Jackie Gleason, who was flat broke but mountainously confident. "One day I'll be the greatest," he would say. "When I am, you'll work with me."

Lescoulie lost his all-night show when Big Joe Rosenfeld, a disk jockey from out of the South, walked into WOR with a sponsor in his pocket. Now began a terrible time. Lescoulie could not get work anywhere. Even small-time managers would not hire him; they thought he would stay a month and leave for something better. He and Bridie exhausted their savings. He took commercial jobs for \$40 and \$50 a spot; he took anything he could get.

Existence was complicated by his suddenly finding himself responsible for the support of Bridie's three teen-aged nephews after their father died. Lescoulie moved his brood into a four-and-a-half-room house in Maspeth, Long Island, and kept making the rounds of the studios. Bridie went back to work part-time as a waitress. The kids took odd jobs to keep the pot bubbling. Unquestionably, this dismal, hopeless period had a profound effect upon Lescoulie; yet, Bridie recalls, he remained his usual smiling self throughout.

Failing to find anything in radio, Lescoulie went to work at Camp Tamiment, a resort in the Poconos. His boss was Max Liebman, now producer of NBC's Spectaculars, whose budget was then somewhat restricted. Lescoulie got \$75 a week, and "found." He did a little of everything: hoofed, played in sketches, sang, and (ignoring complaints) played the trombone. In the fall he was finally taken on as a production assistant at CBS. Before long, he was made assistant program director, and he was sure his



MILK TOAST with Toots Shor gives Lescoulie and famed restaurateur a smile. Shor let Lescoulie eat on credit when he was broke, later allowed him to corner celebrities at the restaurant to beef up his all-night disk jockey show. Lunch at Toots' is now part of Lescoulie's daily routine.

performing days were over. He threw himself into his executive job with his customary energy, and toward the middle of 1951 began trying to talk CBS executives into trying out an early-morning TV show. Rumors of one brewing at NBC had reached him, and he wanted to beat the rival network to the punch. His CBS superiors vetoed his idea.

Meanwhile, the brass at NBC was going crazy trying to find a suitable partner for Garroway on its show. They had interviewed scores of men. One day Mort Werner, NBC Director of Participating Programs, spotted Lescoulie at lunch and asked him to call up the next day. Lescoulie forgot about it. Two days later Werner called again, auditioned him, and hired him. That was the beginning of the Lescoulie avalanche. The following year Gleason became big and, true to his word, sent for Lescoulie. NBC objected at first. Lescoulie could not work for CBS, the executives said.

"I'll go with Jackie," Lescoulie said.

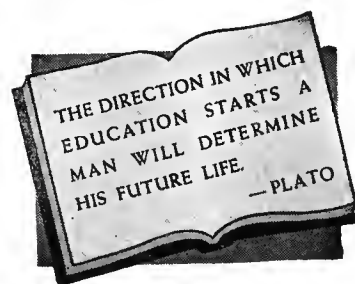
"Stay with us until we get a replacement," NBC begged. (They have yet to find one, and have given up looking.) Then came the Berle show, and Lescoulie found himself on top of the world, a position in which he is likely to remain for a long time.

Lescoulie is much more restrained than he was in his "Grouch Club" days. He is saving money and investing in a California avocado ranch his brother operates for him. The brother, after a career as a trumpet player with Kay Kyser and other name bands, now trains horses and looks after the avocado ranch when he is not on the turf. "He's been a dreamer all his life," Lescoulie says, affectionately. He could hardly apply this term to himself, providential as he is these days. He is by no stretch of the imagination a tightwad, but he is extremely practical about the future.

For the Future, Several Plans

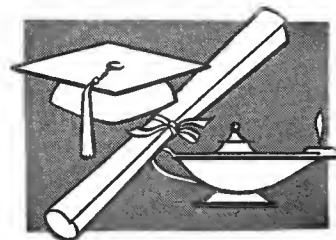
Remembering his out-of-work days, Lescoulie does not feel fully secure in his present eminence. Although he feels that if he is lucky he will have at least ten more years on TV, he is already making retirement plans. While living on the ranch, he hopes either to run a little theatre or to establish a school for kids who want to get into TV. When he speaks of these plans he breaks into the familiar Lescoulie grin: "I guess I'll never get the ham completely out of my system," he says. His seventy million—count 'em—loyal fans hope that he never does.

THE END



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6-55

Preparatory School _____

Junior College _____ Senior College _____

For Boys _____ Girls _____ Coed _____ Boarding _____ Day _____

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The Pathologist

A doctor whom the patient may never see —
indispensable before, during and after an operation,
his is the decision your life may depend on

BY DONALD G. COOLEY

They're marking time in the operating room. Waiting.

Everyone is under tension except the patient. Draped, quiet, sleeping peacefully, she is blessedly unaware that her operation has been interrupted to await a verdict from a doctor she will never see.

A few moments ago a bit of tissue was removed through an incision in her right breast. The chief surgeon, his two assistants, the anesthetist, and the nurses worked with the smooth precision of a trained operating team. Now their skills are temporarily halted.

The anesthetist turns valves to give the patient more oxygen, less anesthetic. The chief surgeon begins to pace restlessly up and down the tiled floor. He speeds his steps as the minutes drag. Finally he sputters to the instruments nurse, "What's taking him so long?"

She shakes her head slightly and says nothing, but her eyes seek a clock on the wall. She is thinking, "It's less than three minutes."

In a small laboratory just off the operating room, a man in a white coat sits before a table. He has just inserted a glass slide under a microscope. As he bends over the eyepiece he sees what anyone else would see—a weirdly confused pattern of cells that a moment ago were parts of a human body. But to his trained eyes and brain the jumbled design tells a treacherous story of cells that have gone wild.

He gets up from the microscope and gives a verdict that cannot be appealed. "Malignant," he says, and adds a few explanatory words.

Now the tension breaks. The operating team swings back into action, certain now that the breast is cancerous and must be removed to save a life.

It has been less than five minutes since the bit of tissue was removed for examination.

The man in the laboratory remains nearby while the operation proceeds. How far have cancer cells invaded? How extensive must the operation be? His advice may be needed by the surgeon. If not, his expert knowledge may be vital to the patient's welfare, after the surgeon's job is done.

He Shuns the Spotlight

The man in the white coat is a pathologist. The woman on the operating table will probably never lay eyes on him. He is an anonymous doctor, a doctor's doctor, an unknown specialist behind the scenes whose exacting knowledge is indispensable to the best practice of medicine and surgery. His trained eyes see hidden secrets of health and disease written with terrible finality in cell structures, tissues, organs, blood, and body fluids.

Without the pathologist, accurate diagnosis of disease (upon which effective treatment depends) is often impossible. In desperate emergencies his vast knowledge of disordered body processes can swing the tide toward life and away from death. The pathologist and his staff help immeasurably to make surgery the remarkably safe procedure it is today. His reports may warn a surgeon that a planned operation is unnecessary and should not be performed, or that it is urgently needed. The pathologist is at once an unseen guardian of the patient and a policeman enforcing the highest medical standards, for he deals with the unarguable facts that may stand in judgment of the doctor's mistakes and triumphs.

Although he is a doctor of medicine, the pathologist does not treat patients, but consults with the patients' doctors; therefore he is virtually unknown to the general public. Between 2,500 and 3,000 pathologists have been certified by the American Board of Pathology, a medical organization which examines candidates and certifies those able to meet its high standards. Every accredited hospital must have the services of a pathologist. Smaller institutions that do not meet this standard may or may not give good medical care. There is no way to be sure they do if, for instance, operating room tissues are immediately incinerated

without scrutiny by a pathology watchdog.

The training of the pathologist is particularly strict. First he must graduate from a recognized medical school with an M.D. degree. Then he must work five years in a hospital especially approved to give specialized training (not all accredited hospitals are equipped with such facilities). One of the five years may be spent in practice in an approved institution, either as assistant or pathologist. Only then is he allowed to take the very stiff examinations supervised by the American Board of Pathology.

An Exacting Profession

Recently I spent some time with a typical member of this exacting and difficult profession. Dr. Hollis K. Russell is a quiet-spoken, unhurried man with the grave eyes of one who may have to pronounce some irrevocable judgment every time he looks into a microscope. For ten years he was pathologist for Sing Sing Prison, where his duties included the performance, required by law, of autopsies on executed murderers. He remembers that "ninety per cent of those executed were under twenty-five years of age," and as a pathologist he was impressed by the normal, healthy condition of organs of youthful killers who paid their debt to society. Dr. Russell is pathologist for five hospitals, including St. Barnabas Hospital for Chronic Diseases

(continued)

CANCER OR NOT CANCER? Pathologist Dr. Hollis K. Russell rushes tissue from operating room, freezes it in icy blast from gas cylinder (in background, at right), cuts thinner-than-paper slices for microscope. What his trained eyes see will determine the future course of the operation.





THE PATHOLOGIST MUST INSPECT all organs removed in the operating room. Above, he performs the first step in the preparation of routine specimens. Tissues go into perforated cups beside the cutting board, will be dipped in solutions and mounted in paraffin blocks for cutting and study.

in New York City, where he is Director of Clinical Laboratories and of the Pathology Department. There I watched him make a frozen-tissue diagnosis of the type done for the patient with breast cancer.

Preparing for a diagnosis is a mechanical process which involves freezing tissue and placing it on a slide for examination under a microscope; but the next step—reading the story told by a cell layer much thinner than a sheet of paper—involves heavy responsibility for human life. Are the cells in orderly arrangement and of normal, healthy shape? Fortunately, that was the case with this particular tissue sample. But they might have been grossly misshapen, riotously dividing, clustered in crazy heaps, infiltrating into normal tissues with the malignant property of cancer. Sometimes the pathologist sees cells that do not belong where he finds them. For instance, a specimen of lung tissue may contain cells that

belong in the prostate gland. Then he knows that primary cancer exists in the prostate and that daughter cells have migrated to distant parts of the patient's body.

"Usually we complete a frozen-section diagnosis in less than five minutes," Dr. Russell told me. "And very often we are able to say that a suspicious growth is *not* cancer, but a benign tumor or some other condition that can be treated with complete success."

Baffled Surgeons Ask His Help

Surprises sometimes lie in wait for surgeons, for no one can predict what strange and puzzling conditions may be disclosed during an operation. Frequently the pathologist gets a hurry-up call to put on mask and gown and look over the surgeon's shoulder as he works. Such a call once came to Dr. Russell, who stood by while a baffled surgeon pulled out

strings of mucoid material from a patient's liver.

"He kept asking, 'What's this stuff?' as he worked away with his forceps. It looked to me like a hydatid cyst. I advised the surgeon to block off the patient's abdomen and to be very careful not to drop any of the material into the cavity. When he finished, there was quite a hole in the patient's liver, but he made an excellent recovery."

The sand-like material contained particles of a species of tapeworm that infests dogs and sheep and, occasionally, humans. Any fragments dropped into the abdominal cavity while this dangerous stuff was being cleaned out of the patient could have multiplied into huge masses, with fatal results. That surgeon will undoubtedly recognize a hydatid cyst the next time he sees one, but he may never encounter another case in his lifetime. The pathologist, however, continually encounters rare and unusual conditions, and his special knowledge can be lifesaving in those breathless moments when critical on-the-spot decisions must be made.

Apparent Innocence Is Probed

Deadly dangers may be hidden by an appearance of innocence, as in the case of a woman who had a huge abdominal tumor. An exploratory operation was begun, and the surgeon exposed a formidable swollen mass that overflowed the abdominal cavity. It had none of the earmarks of cancer but seemed to be filled with thick jelly. The great bluish mass was so large that the surgeon felt it necessary to drain the contents in order to remove it.

The pathologist who had been looking over the surgeon's shoulder gave an urgent warning: "Be extremely careful not to spill a single drop."

He recognized the tumor as a benign growth but one presenting a very sinister danger. Its thick, viscous contents contained a strange material known as pseudomucin. A few drops of this weird substance, if spilled on healthy tissues, could grow slowly and inexorably into masses of gelatinlike material that would eventually fill the whole abdomen and almost surely kill the patient. This particular woman made an uneventful recovery and left the hospital in much better shape, in more ways than one.

If you have been a hospital patient, you know that technicians and interns are continually pricking you for blood and demanding various specimens that vanish from your ken. The words *Laboratory Fee* on your bill give no idea of the painstaking, meticulous scrutiny given to these grudgingly contributed samples of you.

What mysterious ingredients go into the bottles that hang by a patient's bedside, dripping strange fluids into his

veins? These recipes must be expertly prepared. Much of the safety of today's operations rests on pre-operative and post-operative care based on exact knowledge furnished by unknown specialists in the laboratory.

The stuff of life in our cells contains mineral elements in watery solutions. If the exquisite balance of these elements (electrolytes) is upset by stress or disease, the cells and the bodies that own them are gravely weakened and sickened, and may die. Salt and water are simple substances, but if their balance in the body is upset, a patient may die of kidney failure several days after an operation that was perfectly executed and completely successful.

St. Barnabas is the oldest hospital of its type in the nation, but its laboratory is equipped with many new precision instruments that probe unerringly into enthralling life processes. In the flame photometer, vapors from body fluids are sucked into a jet of burning gas, changing the color of the flame—like minerals sprinkled on a wood fire to give rainbow colors. Electronic eyes scan the flame and report: too much or too little potassium, sodium, calcium, or other elements. It is not only in surgery that such information is vitally needed. Choice of effective drugs, measurement of dosage, and diagnosis of baffling maladies may be determined by shadowy clues contained in body fluids.

Much of the exacting work in a laboratory is done by "M.T.'s," or medical technologists, who have had special training and are registered by the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. Tissue sections, blood counts, and lab tests can be done by these skilled co-workers, but the final responsibility of interpretation rests with the pathologist.

Reports Start the Day

If he is not scheduled to attend an operation, Dr. Russell's day may begin with a study of reports he must sign for official hospital records. Miss Gertrude Foley, Laboratory Technician Teacher at St. Barnabas, usually has some problems requiring his decision. Today she is quite cheerful, as she discusses what the staff has been doing with a couple of cotton-stuffed test tubes and a small agar dish crisscrossed with grayish streaks.

The tubes contain germ cultures from a patient who has a vicious urinary tract infection that has not responded to treatment. Streaks of this culture have been painted on the nutrient material in the dish, and grayish lines show that the germs have thrived. Tiny wafers, each impregnated with a different drug, have been set into the streaks. The gray color extends to the very edge of every wafer except one. A clear, colorless ring around

this single wafer proves that its drug has stopped the growth of the germs. Now the patient's doctor can prescribe the right medicine, and another gravely ill person is on the way back to health.

The Microscope Passes Judgment

A tray of slides beside a microscope awaits Dr. Russell's study. Some are sections of tissues imbedded in paraffin blocks and cut by a microtome, stained and prepared like frozen tissues but with no need for instant diagnosis. One slide may contain sections of a mole removed from a patient's face by a physician who wants to know whether it is malignant. The next slide may show the blood cells of a patient who has leukemia, but whose excessive white-cell count is not so great as is usual in this disease; dosage of drugs that suppress the cells must be carefully adjusted.

Another slide may be a smear of body secretions containing castoff cells—the famous Papanicolaou smears that reveal priceless clues leading to detection of hidden cancer in early stages. It is so simple to take a smear of vaginal secretions that thousands of women probably do not realize that the procedure has been used on them. Many gynecologists take smears during routine checkups of private patients. Interpretation, however, demands the very highest skills of the trained pathologist. One kind of cancer of the cervix, or neck of the womb (carcinoma in situ), may remain localized and harmless for months or years. Smears and biopsies enable the pathologist to

make an early diagnosis at a time when the removal of the cancer can effect a complete cure.

At any moment the pathologist's routine may be interrupted. Sometimes a life hangs on knife-edge balance. From the maternity ward comes an urgent call for help. A woman who has just given birth to a stillborn baby is hemorrhaging. Every method of stopping the flow has been tried. Nothing suffices. She is bleeding to death. Time is fast running out. Can the pathologist tell what has gone so devastatingly wrong? Perhaps. He tests the blood and finds that it contains too little fibrinogen, a substance essential to clotting. Fibrinogen is scarce and precious, but some is on hand, and soon a solution is being fed into the patient's veins. The tide turns dramatically. The bleeding slows, ceases. Another life saved—and so the pathologist goes back to the anonymity of the laboratory.

He Plays the Role of Watchdog

All organs removed in operating rooms of accredited hospitals must be saved for the pathologist's inspection. A day's collection may include tonsils, an appendix, a gall bladder full of gritty stones, a thyroid gland, a brain tumor, a uterus, or any other parts of the human machine. Study of these tissues may sometimes shed new light on a patient's disease. Often, the reason for removal of diseased organs is obvious to the expert. Occasionally the pathologist comes upon a sacrificed organ that appears to be completely healthy and normal. Why was it

(continued)



THE FLAME PHOTOMETER "sees" elements in body fluids, tells doctors what ingredients to mix in bottles that drip fluids into patient's veins to give life-saving support before and after operations. The photometer also helps make quick diagnoses of baffling derangements of body processes.



A PATHOLOGIST'S DAY begins with study of reports he must sign for official hospital records. All reports are meticulously preserved for future reference. Miss Gertrude Foley (right), Laboratory Technician Teacher at St. Barnabas Hospital in New York, checks on a slide from the tissue "library." Much laboratory work is done by medical technologists, but final responsibility for interpretation always rests with the pathologist.

removed? Is it an instance of unnecessary surgery?

Maybe Yes, maybe No. The tissue committee will review the facts. This important and relatively new group is a kind of Supreme Court of medical practice where surgeons and physicians stand in judgment of their peers. Every approved hospital must have a tissue committee. The pathologist is always a member, but he prefers not to be chairman; he deals in hard, impersonal facts and dislikes being thought of as both judge and accuser. There may be sound reasons why some perfectly normal tissue is removed during operations. The review board considers all the facts in the case, medical and clinical as well as pathological. If a procedure seems to have been questionable or ill-advised, the physician responsible is invited to explain his reasons to the review board.

A Chastening Influence Is Felt

The mere existence of a tissue committee can be chastening to those few doctors who have a tendency to perform too many operations which are medically

unnecessary. Often, when a tissue committee is instituted, the number of these unnecessary operations suddenly drops.

In his routine examination of tissues, the pathologist occasionally makes a discovery that completely astounds him—like the strange case of the man who was accidentally cured of cancer he never knew he had. The patient underwent surgery for repair of a hernia. In due course the removed tissue came under Dr. Russell's inspection. He was amazed to find a small tumor in the hernial sac. It was unquestionably malignant. But it had been completely and unwittingly removed by a surgeon who was merely doing a commonplace hernia repair.

The pathologist stands between the patient and unnecessary surgery in many ways. Infectious mononucleosis is a fairly common virus infection which at times can imitate acute appendicitis to perfection. No doctor could be blamed for suspecting appendicitis; he would be remiss if he didn't. A blood test, however, reveals with absolute certainty that the patient is ill with infectious mononucleosis. If the doctor insists upon removing an

appendix which turns out to be perfectly healthy, he will have some explaining to do later.

Purpura Victims Are Aided

"Blood will tell"—but it will not tell everything until the pathologist's staff makes it speak out. A serious condition of bleeding into the skin is known as purpura. One of the most dramatic and satisfying of all surgical procedures is removal of the spleen of purpura victims. Improvement begins almost instantaneously when arteries of the spleen are clamped shut. But there are different kinds of purpura. Which patients will be cured by splenectomy? A sample of bone marrow, the blood-forming organ, is studied by the pathologist. He looks for a special kind of cells called megakaryocytes. These cells produce platelets, tiny blood elements much smaller than red or white cells. Platelets are concerned with blood clotting. If the pathologist reports ample megakaryocytes in the bone-marrow sample, the surgeon has every reason to expect that removal of the spleen will cure his patient. If it will not,

surgery is both useless and dangerous.

Mysterious bleeding into the skin may be caused by reactions to drugs, chemicals, or unknown substances. A worried and puzzled general surgeon asked a pathologist to suggest procedures and treatment for a woman who suffered an alarming relapse after surgery. She was bleeding into the skin and from the membranes of nose and throat. She lapsed into a coma, probably caused by bleeding into the covering of the brain. The pathologist arrived at a diagnosis of allergic purpura and suggested treatment with hydrocortisone. Within eight hours the woman was out of coma; the bleeding stopped, and she made an uneventful recovery.

Your blood is probably as uniquely your own as your fingerprints. More than a dozen blood factors, in addition to the well-known A, B, O, and Rh typing groups, have been identified. Many are rare and difficult to detect, but occasionally they may cause dangerous transfusion reactions between donor and patient bloods that are perfectly compatible by usual tests. In a Boston hospital, a physician's wife who had a miscarriage was given a transfusion of donor blood of her own type. She had a shocklike reaction, and a second bottle of blood from a different donor was substituted. This caused no trouble, but a third bottle triggered the same dangerous reaction as the first. Each bottle had been carefully typed to be sure the blood was compatible with the patient's. Yet something made the blood of two of the three donors dangerously different from this particular patient's.

Tests Improve Transfusions

To make transfusions safer, the pathologist resorts to sensitive cross-matching tests. Battles between incompatible bloods are waged in test tubes rather than in the patient's body. Red corpuscles and serum of donors and recipient are mixed and observed with a microscope. If the cells clump together and show other signs of antagonism, that donor's blood is rejected.

The pathologist's duties are not ended should the patient die. He performs an autopsy if the family permits. Too often, relatives recoil at the suggestion. They are not horrified by surgery performed on a living person. But autopsy, done under the same meticulous operating-room conditions, seems to many to be a desecration and useless mutilation of the dead. Doctors and pathologists sympathize with the heartsick and very human cry, "What good will it do? You can't help him now." They explain with gentleness and understanding that autopsy is not done to satisfy morbid curiosity. It may be the last chance for a legacy of

life to be left to the living by the dead.

I watched Dr. Russell in quest of just such a legacy one morning at St. Barnabas Hospital. He was preparing some specimens of lung tissue obtained at autopsy. The pathologist suspected that this particular sample of lung tissue was tuberculous. His suspicions would be confirmed or denied when he had finished various studies. If the lung was found to be tuberculous, he would have an urgent duty to the living. The tissue came from a woman who was not known to have had tuberculosis during life. But she had lived in intimate contact with a family. Now these innocent persons must be warned, examined, X-rayed. If they had unsuspected tuberculosis, it could be treated early.

Autopsies Help Physicians

The services of a pathologist during an autopsy help greatly to ensure an accurate identification of the cause of death. It sometimes takes courage for a physician to attend an autopsy of his own patient; he may be in for a shattering surprise. One man whose doctor was certain he had had lung cancer was found to have died from unresolved pneumonia, which should have been treated with effective drugs—a grim reversal of the more usual case in which a lung cancer patient is treated for pneumonia. By observing the facts revealed at autopsy, physicians gain knowledge which helps them give better care to living patients.

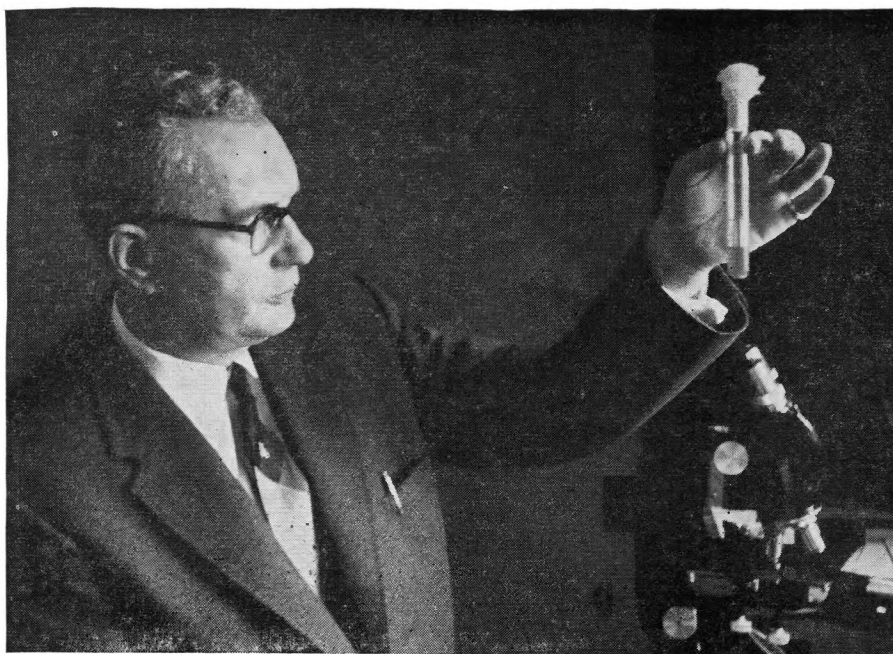
Exact knowledge of the cause of death can sometimes lighten a family's burden of grief. An elderly man who was driving home from a business trip stopped at a roadside bar. He had a drink, relaxed for a few minutes, and resumed his trip in the night. A few miles from the bar his car left the road and crashed into an oak tree, killing him instantly.

His Report May Ease Sorrow

The family's grief was intensified by the thought that the father had been befuddled by drink and that the whole tragedy was bitterly unnecessary and shameful. But the pathologist's report told a different story. The man had been stricken with a massive coronary occlusion. He was dead before his car left the road.

A pathologist's special knowledge cuts across the basic disciplines of medical science: cytology, bacteriology, serology, hematology, toxicology, chemistry, biochemistry, and others. Some pathologists are especially expert in subdivisions of their field. A few will occasionally play dramatic roles—a toxicologist, for instance, may give the evidence that sends a killer to the chair. But the typical pathologist is temperamentally averse to the spotlight. He prefers to remain behind the scenes, a dedicated scientist guarding the patient and maintaining the highest standards of medical care, the unknown doctor the patient never sees.

THE END



LABORATORY TESTS, interpreted by the pathologist, can identify germs from infections that have not responded to ordinary treatment, pinpoint drugs that will destroy them. His daily routine is often interrupted by emergency calls from surgeons and other doctors battling to save a life.

THE LAST WORD

KELLY TO QUIT?

Los Angeles, California: I enjoyed your article on Grace Kelly [April], but I felt she baffled you as much as she does everyone else. Let me go out on a limb,

I.N.P.



Grace Kelly, Marlon Brando, and Oscars

then: Since she won the Oscar, why should she go on slaving? She doesn't need money. My bet: she will quit when her contract expires, go home, and marry a genteel Philadelphian. —LOIS MORAN

A DOCTOR'S RESPONSIBILITY

Kansas City, Missouri: Shocked by the untimely death of one of our most beloved officers—a death preventable by

earlier examination—the American Academy of General Practice recently initiated a campaign urging regular examinations by a family doctor for each doctor's family. We cannot render a lesser service to our patients. Regular examinations by card appointment, such as you suggest ["My Patient Just Died," April], would save many people worry engendered by a friend's death, and could be lifesaving in detecting incipient disease or curable cancer.

—DR. IVAN C. HERON
CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF DIRECTORS
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF GENERAL PRACTICE

Chicago, Illinois: This is part of an insidious trend to treat everyone like a three-year-old. Anyone without the brains to go to a doctor when he is ill doesn't deserve to live. We have too much "Big Brotherism" already. —R. LENNINGER

PALS CABIN

West Orange, New Jersey: In 1932 LeRoy Sale and I started a hamburger and soft-drink stand called Pals Cabin in West Orange. We had little more than determination, willingness to work, and the desire to succeed, but our efforts have made the Pals Cabin of today a real institution in northern New Jersey.

In 1941, when our Cabin had grown considerably, we employed as a pianist Walter Liberace, who was not then so well known. Liberace's engagement here provided the avenue of expression and contact he desired. Completely happy in his association with us, he left to conquer

new worlds and achieve his present fame.

We are proud of the fact that, as Liberace has succeeded in his field of activity, Pals Cabin is now one of the most famous of the metropolitan area's charcoal-broiled steak houses, catering to the finest clientele. We are grateful to the editors of COSMOPOLITAN for printing this letter to correct what was obviously a misunderstanding in the reference in their December issue to Liberace's employment here.

—MARTIN L. HORN

LAY MINISTRY IN ACTION

Everett, Washington: I noted a striking parallel between the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) and the "new" movement Dr. Trueblood describes ["America's New Religious Vitality," April]. The Mormon Church has always been run entirely by the "lay ministry." There is a job for every member—even the children. "Laymen's Sunday" is every Sunday and every day.

—MRS. A. W. GEHRET

VIVE LE GOBEL

Garden City, Louisiana: I am replying to the Newark lady who criticized George Gobel ["The Last Word," April]. Anybody who has the slightest idea of what is funny appreciates Gobel. Dirty Bird or Filthy Flamingo, he is tops. —S.L.

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Looking into July

THE CALCULATED RISKS OF LIFE—Henry J. Taylor's startling article shows how the facts about today's greatest fears—lung cancer, heart disease, air travel—prove that it is smarter to live dangerously.

OFFICIAL HOSTESS OF THE U.S.A. Mrs. Victoria Geaney, manager of Washington's Blair House, has probably entertained more royalty and other VIP's than anyone else in the world. Her celebrity-packed story in next month's COSMOPOLITAN will intrigue you.

WHY MEN PAY FOR LOVE is a question which has long stirred ineffectual whisperings. Now one of the country's leading psychiatrists, in "Your Personal Interview," explains what is behind this social and individual problem—and what can be done about it.



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT—a suspenseful novel by Whit Masterson that will tie you in knots.



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“The Devil was having wife trouble”

“**H**ERE I AM, twenty-four years old and what have I done?” he had once written. But he was 53, and his face, like his indomitable will, had become seared and toughened by years of Arctic struggle before he reached his ultimate goal.

On December 15, 1909, Robert E. Peary finally stood where no man had ever set foot:



North latitude 90°, longitude 0°. That day, he planted the American flag on the North Pole.

His return, afterward, to his base camp was so uneventful that one of his Eskimos explained it by saying the Devil must either have been asleep or having trouble with his wife.

Actually, good luck of that sort was a rarity to Peary. Enduring intense hardships, he had failed six times before to reach the Pole, but he never gave up. He lived all his life by his personal motto: *I shall find a way or make one.*

Peary's was a motto Americans find easy to understand. In fact, it typifies the practical “strike-out-for-yourself” spirit of the 160 million American citizens who stand behind U. S. Series E Savings Bonds. Perhaps that's why these Bonds are among the finest investments in the world today.

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Beautiful Hair

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